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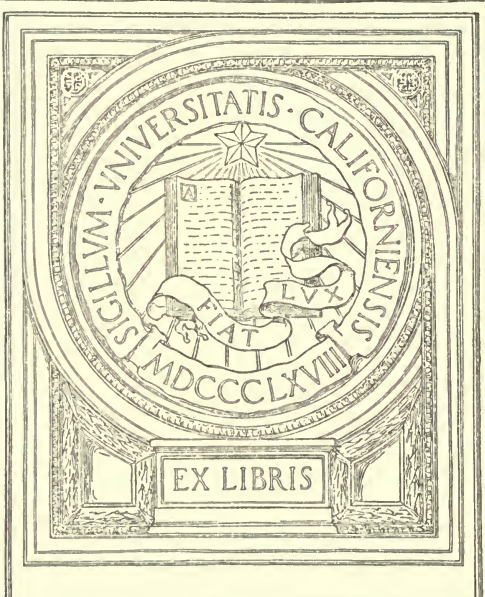

MY COURTSHIP

AND

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MY COURTSHIP

AND

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY

HENRY WIKOFF.

"An honest tale speeds best,
Being plainly told.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE

MARQUIS DE CAVOUR,

OF SARDINIA,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated,

BY

HIS VERY HUMBLE AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

M712946

TO MY READERS.

It may be recollected that some two years ago and upwards, I was arraigned at Genoa, Italy, for the "abduction" of my affianced bride, Miss Jane C. Gamble, and condemned to an imprisonment of fifteen months. Publications appeared before and after my trial, distorting the incidents of my courtship, and accusing me not only of unmanly violence, but of crimi nal acts during my surreptitious interview with Miss Gamble, at Genoa. To exhibit the partiality and injustice of the Genoese tribunal, as well as to rectify and expose the errors and calumnies set afloat, I have decided to publish the present volume.

I should be wanting in self-respect as well as a natural sympathy for a woman so long my friend, and more recently my betrothed, if I did not feel a profound repugnance at giving to the public details of so delicate and personal a nature. To avoid so painful an alterna-

tive, I endured an odious and cruel imprisonment in silence. From the hour of my liberation, in February, 1853, to this moment, I have appealed earnestly and often to the equity and sympathies of Miss Gamble, entreating her to co-operate with me in my vindication, so that the truth might be revealed without invading the sanctity of our previous relations. Whether from policy or indifference, she turned a deaf ear to my pleadings. My sufferings and forbearance alike failed, and I was compelled to choose between submission to undeserved injuries, with the loss of my prospects in life, or the full and undisguised revelation of my ill-starred courtship and its inconceivable consequences. From such an ordeal I would fain escape, but Fate is inexorable, and I yield to her decree.

> "Are these things, then, necessities?
> Then, let us meet them like necessities."

It may provoke criticism that I have written with so much levity and freedom under circumstances so grave, and, even, afflicting. To describe events of so playful and often ludicrous a nature, I was forced to abandon myself to the spirit that inspired them, else my style would have been in jarring contrast to the subject. That I have been so candid, and prodigal of such scenes and incidents, is not my choosing. To have dropped here and there a link in my story would have exposed

me to contradiction or suspicion. There is a line where good breeding raises a barrier—there I have stopped.

Should it excite the wonder, pity, perhaps contempt, of any, that at a mature age, and with some experience of the world, I should have forgotten in the ardor of the chase the dictates of prudence, the suggestions of propriety, and at times, even, dignity itself, I will plead to the benevolent, the excitement of passion; to the incredulous, the hope of victory; to all, the weakness of human nature. It is pleasantly recorded, that even the stern and wily Cardinal Richelieu fell so far a victim to the caprices of a royal coquette, that to the scandal of his cloth and his own humiliation, he was induced to venture on a *pas seul* for her amusement, and to the delight of her courtiers concealed behind the arras. It is less strange, then, that a person professing to be neither wily nor stern, and, "albeit not unused to the melting mood," should have been led such a "merry dance" over hill and dale, in the delusive hope of finally grasping his *ignis fatuus*.

Whatever may be thought or said of this stray chapter in the annals of literature, let me trust, in spite of wrong, degradation, and anguish of mind and heart, that none can trace an angry word or vindictive feeling—that none can say here the bitter oozes up, *surgit amari aliquid*.

It will be seen with surprise and dissatisfaction in this country, that the conduct of the English Consul at Genoa, in straining every nerve to send me to the Galleys! and that of the English Minister at Turin, in vehemently opposing my pardon, was not what might have been expected of honorable men, or dignified officials of Her Britannic Majesty's Government. As I was not personally known to these gentlemen, nor my offence one to stir their indignation or rouse their sense of duty, it is natural to look elsewhere for their motives. It is not to be inferred, for a moment, that either would have abandoned themselves to such unworthy excesses against an American Citizen, but under the instructions of their Government. It may be in my power, even, to cite proofs to that effect. What could have exposed me to the unprovoked hostility of the English Foreign Office, it is not my purpose here to discuss. The incredible denial of the English Consul, before the public of Genoa, of my reputed connection with his Government, compelled me, then, to assert it, and now to establish it by a conclusive document. At no distant day I propose to publish the entire history of my relations with the English Government, and naught will be seen therein, I may venture to say, that can bring my patriotism or honor into question. Regarding the interests of England as identified with those of my own country, and of

France, and all compatible with the progress of nations, and the cause of civilization, I readily accepted the offers of my Lord Palmerston, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and conscientiously undertook my delicate task. I may be permitted to say, "I did the State some service and they know it." This fact, however, together with the motives for my withdrawal from the English Foreign Office, will appear hereafter. The subject is one but little in harmony with that descanted on in this volume. Let me add, that however just my claims for redress against the agents of the English government in Sardinia for Conspiracy, so clearly proved, still I refrain, in this place, from any accusation against a Minister of the Crown; whilst I am glad to express none but the most cordial sympathies for the welfare of England and her people. My humble views of the true interests of Great Britain may conflict with the policy of some of her leading statesmen, but that should rather be the subject of temperate exposition, than of acrimonious or hostile controversy.

It is fitting I should state here that it was only upon my return to New York I ascertained that a petition had been got up by a warm-hearted friend of mine, to the King of Sardinia, after my condemnation, alleging the insignificance of my offence, and the gravity of my punishment. This petition was signed from motives of

humanity, by numerous influential persons, and by many of the prominent members of the New York press, as well as by other distinguished friends of mine in other cities. To one and all these gentlemen I beg to return my very humble and most grateful thanks. This petition was forwarded by the Sardinian Consul at this place, and letters were addressed, at the same time, to Mr. Kinney, United States Chargé d'Affaires at Turin, and yet, strange to say, no mention of it ever reached me. I was destined to be, unto the end, the victim of mystification, both female and diplomatic.

Should, perchance, exception be taken to the necessary use of private correspondence to support my case, I may refer to the late instance of Mr. Keogh, in the English House of Commons, when Lord John Russell, Secretary of State, declared "that, however regretable, occasions arose that rendered it inevitable."

May I appeal to the impartiality and good feeling of the editors of journals in various parts of the country, who may have given currency to the injurious aspersions this volume disproves, to give my exculpation a fair scrutiny and a liberal judgment.

In fine, I commend my book to the indulgence of my readers—my errors to their tolerance, and my vindication to their approval.

HENRY WIKOFF.

St. Denis Hotel, New York.

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A LAST WORD.

PART I.

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il est, il fut, ou doit l'être."

Voltaire, on a Statue of Cupid.

TRANSLATION.

"Whoever you are, behold your master,
He is, was, or will be."

MY COURTSHIP

AND

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

INTRODUCTION.

Before beginning the narration of my Cœleb's Adventures in Search of a Wife, I may as well say a word of my first acquaintance with the fair object of my pursuit. It dates as far back, I am sorry for both of us to say, as eighteen years ago. On setting out on my European travels, in 1834, I received from Mr. Gillent Robertson, the British Consul at Philadelphia, whom I had known from my boyhood, several letters of introduction, and one of them, I observed, was addressed to Mr. James Dunlop, of Russel Square, London. After making a tour of France and Italy, I reached England in the spring of 1835, and lost no time in presenting my letters, and the one in question among the rest. I thus made the acquaintance of a charming and interesting family. Mr. Dunlop was a Scotch gentleman, who had amassed a considerable fortune in the tobacco trade with America. His wife was an American lady, and they had an only son, James, of weak intellect but amiable disposition. A fourth member of this pleasant circle, Miss

Gamble, was a niece of Mrs. Dunlop, who had left her home in the United States some years previous, to be adopted by her aunt, though she had been born in England from the accident of her parents travelling there at that moment. My acquaintance with these amiable persons grew rapidly; and during the years 1836–37, at which period I was attached to the American Legation in London, I was in the constant habit of frequenting their house, both in town and country. The mild character of Mr. Dunlop, and the cheerful disposition of his wife, inspired me with great regard; nor was it possible to remain wholly indifferent to the many attractions of their accomplished niece. To personal beauty of no ordinary kind, Miss Gamble added a very superior and highly-cultivated intellect, graceful manners, and a sprightly temper, which rendered her society at all times very seductive. If it is wondered at that I stood proof against so many charms, then at their culminating point, and which few did who dared to confront them, I would not have it set down either to my insensibility, or want of due appreciation. The fact was, that I had not long before escaped from the tiresome discipline of a protracted University career. Having come into the control of an ample fortune, I felt disposed, instead of settling prematurely down in life, rather to carry out the ardent dream of my youth, and to devote some years to a wide tour of Europe. It will excite the incredulity of none who knew this engaging person at the time I am speaking of, to say that my intimate acquaintance with her left upon my mind impressions so deep and pleasing as to preserve them unimpaired through long succeeding years. With occasional intervals of absence from England, my delightful intercourse with the Dunlop family went on to the year 1840, when I returned to the United States. Not very long after this, I learnt, to my profound sorrow, the death of Mr. Dunlop, which was followed in a few years later by that of his affectionate wife. Though in the habit of visiting

Europe frequently at different periods after these sad events, I never had the good fortune to meet with my old and cherished acquaintance, Miss Gamble; and it was only during the winter 1850 that I learnt, from Mrs. Joshua Bates, then in Paris, that she was residing in London, and would be pleased to renew our former friendship. The suggestion was not lost upon me, as may be supposed; and having occasion to come to London in the spring of '51, on business at the foreign office, I determined to employ my first leisure moments in the agreeable task of visiting my old friend.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON.

In order to correct much error and misrepresentation, I may as well state, *en passant*, that one motive, and not the only one, that brought me to London at this moment was to draw my quarter's salary at the Foreign Office, due on the 1st April. I was also the bearer of some diplomatic papers of no little importance. Having got through, as in duty bound, with my special business, I set about discovering the address of my former esteemed acquaintance, Miss Gamble, which was the only *agrément* I promised myself, and I found it to be in Portland Place, 41.

It was the afternoon of April 3d that I called, and the old butler of the family answered my knock. He recognized me immediately. I was startled to see him attired in deep mourning, and asked in haste what had occurred, when he informed me that they had buried "Master James" only the day before. This was the only son, as I have mentioned, of my old friends

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop ; and thus, of this amiable family I had once known so intimately, Miss Gamble was the sole survivor.

Leaving my card, with the expression of my sincere condolence for her bereavement, I went away, but wrote the next day to Miss Gamble to assure her of my pain at her afflicting loss, and further to say that, if her feelings permitted it, I should be most happy to pay her a visit before leaving London, which it was my purpose to do almost immediately. I was much gratified to receive the following reply the same evening :—

"Miss Gamble presents her compliments to Mr. Wikoff, and will be happy to see him any time before half-past two o'clock on Saturday or Sunday.

"41 *Portland Place.*

"*April 4th.*

"If more convenient, Miss Gamble would receive Mr. Wikoff on Sunday Evening."

I was flattered and touched by this prompt and cordial reply. In spite of her very recent misfortune, she was not only disposed to receive me, but showed her readiness to do so by assigning the day or the evening as might suit me best. It was clear that I was well and favorably remembered. I responded to this kind note by going immediately to Portland Place. It was natural, whilst waiting in the drawing-room, that I should experience no small emotion at this sudden renewal of my acquaintance with a person I had once known so well and esteemed so highly; but my satisfaction was tinged with melancholy at the thought that all the familiar faces I had been accustomed to see grouped around her had dropped away, one after the other, in the lapse of years. These *triste* reflections were scattered by the entrance of Miss Gamble, who welcomed me with great warmth. Our interview was long, and it is needless to say that we talked incessantly of old times,

of past scenes, and of my excellent friends, her uncle and aunt, who, she said, had always borne me in kindly recollection. I could not fail to remark that time, with its usual rudeness, had taken some liberties with the former fresh and youthful visage of my fair friend, and she looked all the paler for her long and fatiguing duties in a sick-chamber. Her manners, however, were as graceful, her conversation as brilliant as ever, whilst her mind had a firmer tone, the result of riper age and a more independent position. She complained of a keen sense of solitude, left all alone in the large house she was occupying, with no other companions than the old servants of the family.

I rose, at last, to take my leave, hardly knowing whether I should see her again, when she kindly bid me come and take tea with her on the following evening.

I went away rejoiced at this prompt recovery of my dear old friend, and feeling an interest in her welfare I had scarcely known before, and which I attributed to the lonely situation in which I found her. I was punctual to my invitation for tea on Sunday evening, and met a lady friend of Miss G. there. My hostess was in a livelier mood than the day before, and several hours soon passed away in pleasant conversation. Before going, she informed me of her intention to leave town at once for the sea-side, hoping that change of air and scene would resuscitate her jaded spirits, and named Thursday ensuing for her departure. She was to be accompanied by Mrs. Leslie,* an old friend of both of us, and her daughter. I begged permission to call and bid her adieu ere she went, which was cheerfully granted. I did so on the Wednesday following, but had hardly entered the room when a visit was announced. I hastily expressed my regret at

* The wife of the celebrated painter, Charles Leslie, R. A., a native of New England, I believe. For many years past he has been esteemed in England as one of the first artists of the epoch, and worthy to rank with Reynolds or West. His pictures are sought after by the English nobility with the greatest avidity.

having lost the only opportunity of giving her some details of myself that I hoped might interest her, when she said she would be sure to see me again next month, at Paris, whither she was going, *en route* to Switzerland for the summer. Soon after her new visitor called, I withdrew.

I have often thought since, that these agreeable interviews, following in quick succession, with a person bound to me by so many associations, the strongest of all ties, had done me more mischief than I was at all aware of at the time. The strongest emotions are usually the most imperceptible in their germination. All that I can now recall is, that I felt a lively sorrow at losing sight of her so abruptly, with all the uncertainty hanging over our *rencontre* at a future period.

It is clear that my restlessness, however vague, must have been very strong, for I jumped up early on the morning fixed for her departure, and wrote to ask if she would allow me to say "good-bye" again, as I passed her place of sojourn on my return to Paris. There can be no great harm in this, I thought, surely. She cannot think for a moment that I have any particular object in wishing to see her again. My anxiety on this point made me suspect that I had ; I felt that it was rather presumptuous to make the request in question ; after her late affliction, she might prefer the solitude so congenial to mournful meditation. Besides, she might consider it improper, though accompanied by a married woman, to receive the visit of a single man, albeit an old and intimate acquaintance. Still I was lured on by the tempting reflection that if she consented, that even if she did not refuse my desire, that I might infer—I hardly knew what. Off went my note, however, which I shaped in as diplomatic a manner as possible. After stating my request, I boldly asked at what hotel she would reside, thus taking her assent for granted. I hardly expected a reply, which I would likely have interpreted into a favorable sign, on the strength of the old

adage. An answer came, however, and nothing could be more satisfactory. It ran thus—

"Excuse this scrap—all my writing-paper is packed up. I believe there is only *one* hotel at Bournemouth. I am quite ignorant of the place—I am at breakfast, and expect my friends *à l'instant.*

"Yours, very truly,

"J. C. GAMBLE."

How delightfully familiar, I thought. Not the least objection in the world. Says there is only "one hotel," which is as much as to say, you can't miss it. What a fool I was to imagine she could object. Alas, how easily the head is turned with one success! but it was the first.

I had not quite done with the matters that brought me over, and was detained in London for several days longer. Besides, I thought it prudent not to hurry too quickly down to Bournemouth, lest it might excite suspicion against me, and I was very solicitous on this point, as I believed myself entirely innocent of any motive save that of a mere friendly character. Perhaps it was so. I loitered about London, then, a week longer, and without writing to say whether I was coming or not. This I thought would excite a little curiosity, if Miss G. was like other women. I took it into my head—and the deuce take my head for it—to call on an old friend during the week in question, and make revelation of what had occurred. As this person is destined to play a conspicuous part in my sad adventures, I had better introduce her at once to my reader.

In the year 1839, I encountered in the *salons* of M. Guizot, at Paris, Mr. and Mrs. George Grote of London. Mr. Grote was at that time M.P. for the city of London, and noted for his desperate devotion to the forlorn cause of the Ballot. I found him a very amiable and unassuming person, and not a little remarkable for his profound erudition. It is only true to say, however,

that his wife interested me far more deeply. She was a singular-looking person, past middle age, apparently, very tall, abrupt in manner, and with a countenance denoting decision and strength of character. It was not her personal traits, therefore, that attracted me. I discovered, though, as our acquaintance ripened, that her intellect for breadth and cultivation was far beyond the ordinary standard of her sex. Her conversation had an elevation and force, even upon the most trifling subjects, that surprised and charmed me. Notwithstanding her somewhat stern and even masculine exterior, her nature seemed soft and kindly, and there was, besides, a dash of romance in her character that compelled her often to seek excitement in things or persons that were odd and eccentric. Fortunately, her fancy drew a sketch of me that resembled the original as little as fancy sketches usually do, but it served to interest her. On the other hand, I was fascinated by her marvellous gifts of mind,*

* I could hardly give a more striking proof of Mrs. Grote's very rare capacity than by quoting the following article from the *Spectator* of January 5, 1850, wherein she reviews with marked ability a political essay I had just published at Paris. The reader will pardon my vanity in making a quotation so much to my advantage, but it may serve as a light set-off to the heavy amount of disparagement I have undergone:

"FRENCH POLITICS.—*La Presse* is distinguished among Paris Journals for an audacious self-reliance on journalist ability, and with the vices of audacity it possesses not a few of the good qualities of courage. It can, when so pleased, be candid; and it has thus given circulation to a remarkable and interesting series of letters, by an American gentleman, on the Political Constitutions of England, the United States, and France under the actual Republic.

"Compared with the wearisome and pompous declamation of the Democratic organs, or with the mystical and high-flown homilies of Legitimacy, these letters claim a marked attention, coming as they do from a citizen of the greatest Republic ever organized since the world began; from one schooled in its discipline, familiar with its machinery, and extensively conversant with its doctrines; accustomed also to compare them both in their theory and in their practice with the old institutions of Europe. Mr. Henry Wikoff has lived much with the French; he admires their nation, and loves to dwell among them: hence his earnest longings to be useful, according to his ability, in assisting them to arrive at that most important blessing, a solid and well-constructed form of government. Taking as the text of his first letter 'the Constitution of the United States,' he expounds the action of its respective forces in securing the nearest approach to liberty and equality ever beheld in the social state, coincidently with that security to life and

and hence a strong friendship sprang up between us, which, with occasional interruptions, had gone on to the moment, April, 1851, that I am speaking of. Not feeling quite sure that I was

property without which any government were a worthless pageant. We hardly know in what shape instruction on political philosophy could be rendered more available to the people than in the one Mr. Wikoff has chosen. His exposition of the American apparatus of government is delivered in an unpretending, simple style, such as might characterize the description of machines or instruments in the pages of a scientific treatise. One is made to see so clearly the relations between the several parts, that ideas of mechanical laws unconsciously rise to the mind, and we half expect to see an illustrative cut, with 'A the cylinder, C the fly-wheel, F the revolving pinion, H the valve-index,' and so forth. Once familiar with the structure of a political constitution sanctioned by experiment, the French people will be furnished with a model according to which their own may be made to fit its purpose; although, starting from a condition less favorable to constructive organization than the colonial architects, some compromises must be made with ancient principles. It depends upon the French people, as a nation, how far these compromises shall extend; and they may thank the author of the letters to *La Presse* for lending them a helping hand towards a better comprehension of their interests in respect to the nature of these compromises.

"The striking feature, we repeat, of these letters is their transparent clearness; a feature in which the writers of the day in France, with all their talent, certainly do not shine. The view Mr. Wikoff has taken of the English constitutional course may be pronounced sagacious on the whole; and it is instructive as tracing the conflict between the mighty elements of English life, Aristocracy and Democracy, through a long historical period, till the curious and indescribable thing which the English government has come to be, got into operation, to the despair of foreign statesmen and the misleading of foreign imitators. The New Yorker, however, is not quite so much at home in his subject when writing upon England; but it is hardly open to censure for incompleteness, seeing that he has treated a prodigious subject within the space of a few columns, and that without violating any important historical sequence, although he has necessarily overlooked a vast number of intermediate and connecting links.

"But the really essential lesson to be inculcated on the French nation is, not so much how their new framework of civil government should be put together, as how it should be worked and applied to its purpose when set up. For here lies the formidable difficulty with that people, so insidiously cheated of their hopes by each successive dynasty, and so unfairly reproached by lookers-on for manifesting discontent under their disappointments.

"It is to no purpose that the French people make revolutions, since the government which succeeds contrives to get back into the vicious track of its expelled predecessor; or, if not into the same, into a course no less fatal to national credit and tranquillity. The moral to be deduced from this is twofold. Some will choose to affirm that this fact proves how much wiser the people would show themselves if they would let revolutions alone, and submit to the unavoidable evils of bad governors. Others, more keenly alive to the principles of equity and the reciprocal duties of governors and governed, will

right in neglecting my diplomatic avocations in running after any chance fairies that might cross my path, though this one looked very harmless in her deep mourning, I determined to go and hold

adopt the maxim that care must be taken in reforming a government to put at the head of it persons interested in its going on successfully and healthily. But this is just what cannot be hoped for in the case of the present Republic of France.

"In that beautiful country, rich in all the elements which can constitute earthly happiness and solid prosperity, there unhappily wants a steadfast desire for the growth and permanent establishment of the actual government. The whole of the upper class of Frenchmen, from the President down to the Lecturer on Botany at the Academy of Dijon, are in a tacit league to the end that the Republic shall *not* stand. In the face of such a coalition, what are the working classes to do? Is it conceivable we would ask, that, under the original American Constitution even, a Republic could have got on its legs, if Washington, if Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin, and that class of political men, had looked unkindly upon its birth? What made the infant Republic spring to vigorous life? what made the Constitution gradually evolve itself into effective operation after the Convention of 1787-8-9?

"It was the cordial patriotism of the American statesmen, principal no less than secondary, which mainly brought about the success of that memorable experiment: it is the absence of this element in France—patriotic singleness of purpose, and a disposition to accept the present fabric as her permanent destiny—which, it is to be feared, will hinder it from taking root in her soil, or in the attachment of her sons. Can anything be more disheartening than to see a noble man-of-war betrayed by her officers? Yet such will be the spectacle offered by the Republic of France, unless some means can be found to frustrate the combination formed against it by every cluster of parties engaged in public life.

"It is not difficult to specify in what consists the disposition to abolish this government. Every attentive observer can see that it is not rich enough to corrupt the hungry harpies who supported the late system. Their support is withdrawn, whilst that of no other party can be relied on: simply because they desire and hope to establish each their own idol on the ruins of the Republic. The President, weak in his personal following, is thus obliged to play the game of attracting the favor of the working classes and of the army. And a game more destructive, in respect to permanent popularity with the nation at large, there cannot be. With Mr. Wikoff's aid we may recur to the leading points which bear upon the difficulties of the French nation in getting even a good constitution into work. Meanwhile, let us refrain from those too common accusations against the people, as such, for allowing no government to stand, whilst as yet they have destroyed none which has deserved to endure.

"Should the present one perish, it will certainly owe its destruction, not to the 'Republicans of the streets,' but to the conspirators of the *salons;* to the very class from whom we have heard such unmeasured revilings against the 'restless discontents' of the lower orders. The Republic, it is manifest, suits neither the aristocracy nor the office-seekers; the Monarchy did not satisfy the people. Shall we never get beyond a choice between one class interest and another?"

counsel with Mrs. Grote. If she advised me to stick to business, as I thought likely, and not to give way to the charm of old recollections, then I fully determined to send an apology down to Bournemouth, and start off directly to Paris. Mrs. G. listened quietly to my simple recital, and then inquired my object in going out of my way to say adieu when it had been already said. I could give no satisfactory explanation of this, but, unfortunately, she said there was no great harm in that, which exactly echoed my own thought. I half suspect that Mrs. Grote thought that, happen what might in consequence, there could only come of it a little harmless amusement and occupation for her. She had both, and more than she expected; but what was often fun to her, was sore perplexity to me.

CHAPTER II.

BOURNEMOUTH.

The die was cast, however, and on the 16th of April, just a week after Miss Gamble had gone, I started in quest of her, and reached Bournemouth the same evening at six o'clock. I found, upon inquiring at the Bath Hotel—the only one there, as Miss Gamble said—that my party was still on the premises, so I ordered my dinner in the coffee-room, meaning to *faire mes hommages* to the ladies in the evening. I sent word of my arrival, however, to Miss Gamble, and, to my agreeable surprise, the answer returned was that "the ladies would wait dinner for me." I asked twice over if there was no mistake, for I thought it too pleasant to be true; but the solemn head waiter, napkin

in hand, repeated the message in the same words over again, without changing a muscle of his grave countenance.

Hurrying through my toilet, not a little elated at escaping from a stupid dinner by myself, I made my way to the saloon of Miss Gamble, whom I found with her friend Mrs. Leslie, and daughter, politely awaiting my coming, when dinner was ordered. In the conversation that ensued, Miss G. let drop that she had been expecting me some days earlier, and I explained that serious matters had conspired to detain me. I relished secretly this flattering intimation. The evening passed off pleasantly in lively chat around the fire-side, and I made use of the occasion in examining quite attentively my old acquaintance Mrs. L.—who seemed pleased to meet me again—and her sprightly daughter.

Though I had no distinct object in view, I thought it best to know the exact nature of the surrounding country, as it were; —and he must be a careless general who begins a campaign without taking such a precaution. I made up my mind speedily that Mrs. L. was decidedly an amiable person, but there was something in her quiet exterior that made me suspect a subtle spirit played beneath, and that her assistance or opposition, therefore, in any "enterprise of pith" was worth looking after. Her daughter was a pretty, lively girl, of some seventeen summers, as gay as a lark, and as unsophisticated as all young ladies ought to be, but as, alas! they rarely are.

I soon discovered, as I had anticipated, that the week elapsed had quite exhausted the very slender attractions of the place. There was a nice walk in the morning on the beach, with a fine view of the sea, which could be varied by an equally pleasant walk for the afternoon in an adjoining wood. Beyond this, and the good cheer of the well-appointed one hotel, there was nothing to render Bournemouth the most attractive place in the world. My lady friends had gone over these walks every day since their

arrival, and they were naturally in a very rabid state for some new excitement. My advent enlivened them not a little, and each and all were disposed to make the most of me as a novelty. I failed not to perceive, the very first evening, from the mischievous glances of Miss Gamble's very roguish eyes, and the significant demureness of Mrs. L.'s manner, that I was suspected of some depredatory motive in coming to Bournemouth. I considered this fatal to my hopes, if I had any. My first resolution was, therefore, to disarm the doubts of my fair antagonists, which would make my ulterior manœuvres more successful. I effected this quite easily, by assuming a cheerful, harmless manner, and dividing my attentions equally between all parties. In the endless walks that ensued, and which made our chief occupation, I took care to be as attentive to Mrs. L. and her daughter as to Miss G. herself. After a sharp scrutiny of two or three days, that I underwent as though quite unconscious of the ordeal, the vigilance of my fair companions was completely lulled, and they jointly came to the conclusion, as I afterwards learned, that whatever brought me to Bournemouth, nothing could be further from my mind than making love or seeking marriage with any one I met there. It is downright fun to outwit a woman, which ought to have been put among the labors of Hercules. It is dangerous sport, though; for one triumph is sure to be paid for in endless defeats, as my story will show.

The wisdom of my tactics was soon apparent; for, my hostess having thrown aside all apprehension of danger for her heart, changed her manner of cautious defiance that she wore at first, and became familiar, playful, and exceedingly captivating, because entirely natural. By sly degrees I took advantage of it, and advanced stealthily upon my unwary prize. One day, without thinking, of course, of what I was doing—I dived my hand into the recesses of her reticule, and drew forth the identical note I wrote on the morning of her leaving London. My glance wan-

dered from the missive to the eyes of Miss G., into which I pryed intently. She must have been guilty of something, for she blushed deeply, and censured me sharply for my impertinent curiosity. It is strange how often women's secrets are betrayed by letters, which they can't bring themselves to destroy. It is a lucky thing for us men, *sometimes*, that this weakness of theirs is our advantage.

Certainly, no *entrepreneur* ever had a fairer chance for beginning a courtship. Not only had I no rival in the field, but a thousand opportunities, morning, noon, and night, to advance my standard and push on my cause. For much the better part of the twenty-four hours, I was in the society of my *inamorata*, and I made the best use of my time. I still kept up my *insouciant* air, and made myself as agreeable as possible, for no other motive, apparently, than that I couldn't help it. It may not be the most gallant way to woo a lady, by affecting indifference—no easy matter, often, to do ; but I think it is the surest ;—at all events, it saves a deal of resistance.

Perhaps I ought to say now, in all seriousness, that when I came to Bournemouth I had no settled purpose of making love to my old friend, Miss Gamble, and still less any intention of proposing marriage. As far as I can remember, my purpose was chiefly to see that, if I attempted the former, I should meet with due encouragement, and there was then time enough afterwards to think of the latter grave alternative. What I had seen of Miss Gamble in London served to revive all my ancient regard for her, which was not slight; but my daily intimacy with her at Bournemouth brought her under notice in such various aspects, and all of them so enticing, that it is not to be wondered at that, entertaining no objection to fall in love with her, I should do so—and which, moreover, I have never regretted since, though it cannot be denied that I have had reason enough to do it.

Miss Gamble was not so young by ten years as when I saw her last, nor was she as handsome, but her person still retained many charms for me. Her eyes were as bright and roguish as of yore, her smile still more significant, whilst her figure had lost nothing of its symmetry by the rounding of its outlines ; her grace and dignity of manner were the same, and her intellect had grown stronger and more brilliant with larger instruction and greater experience. She had, besides, a good income, as far as I could judge, from her late uncle's property, which was no object to me, as I had then enough for my own wants, but not enough for the support of a wife in the style I would prefer to live. Miss Gamble's income, whatever it was, united to my own, would be sufficient, I felt sure, for all the exigencies of married life. As there were no reasons, material or otherwise, that I could see to forbid the scheme, I made up my mind to try my luck. Whether from pride or nervousness, I felt exceedingly anxious not to make a mistake, and I watched the unsuspecting Miss Gamble, therefore, with a lynx's eye. Every mark of partiality, every attention, and every civility, I took note of, and carefully weighed in the balance of my self-love. At the expiration of a week I began to remark symptoms that I did not hesitate to construe into favorable ones. The fair object of my loving designs by degrees grew more serious and meditative ; she complained of not sleeping quite so well, in spite of our long walks ; and, more significant still, her appetite, so good at first, sensibly fell off at last. I am no *connoisseur* if these signs are to be mistaken. A woman may lose her sleep and appetite from other causes than love, it is true ; but if she takes more interest in any man than she ought, they are sure to be more or less affected. At least, this was my reasoning at that time, and my vanity may have had a share in it.

I thought it time now to experiment a little. I made a feint one day of going away, when Miss G. asked me quickly

when another steamer left for Havre, whither I was bound; and, upon my answering in three days, she asked why I could not postpone my departure till then. I said something about duty calling me away, but confessed that it was so pleasant to do wrong on the present occasion that I would stay, as she wished it.

The ninth day—the last of my stay—came, which is the conventional end of all wonders; and I hope, therefore, it will not be wondered at that I resolved, before going, to *propose*.

It was on a Friday—ominous day. As usual we had settled upon a walk, and the weather was balmy and bright, just the sort of day to inspire gentle emotions. It was arranged that, instead of coming home to lunch, Thomas, the assiduous footman of Miss Gamble, should present himself, at the hungry hour of two, in some of the shady ravines that intersected the noble cliffs that overhung the beach, our favorite promenade, and with his basket suitably supplied with dainty sandwiches and refreshing stout. We set off, but our *partie carrée* was disturbed by the absence of its gayest member, Mary, the lively daughter of Mrs. L., who was suffering from a cold, and remained at home. One chance of interruption the less, I thought, if the occasion come. For the first time in my life, I went through all the phases of that panic which is said to precede the formidable act of "popping the question." I had always wondered at the pusillanimity of bearded men trembling under circumstances so trivial as these; but fighting a battle in theory is a different thing from a decisive encounter with the enemy hand to hand, and the flash from a woman's eye is sometimes as startling as the glare of a whole platoon of small arms. Mrs. L. frequently stopped to pick up shells along the shingles, and I found myself constantly alone with Miss G., but my offer, like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in my throat, and resisted all my attempts to dislodge it. My

unsuspecting friend was little aware of my fell purpose, and was as blithesome as the twittering bird on the branch, all unconscious of the deadly aim of the fowler lurking near. Up to this time I had never laid aside the mask I had worn from the beginning. Neither look nor word had ever once betrayed my thoughts or feelings, and I was certain that a bomb falling at the feet of my startled companion would scarcely astound her more than an abrupt offer of marriage on my part. As I failed to screw my courage to the "sticking-place," I resolved to skirmish a little, thinking my secret might slip out in that way. Suddenly Miss G. directed my attention to a fine view on the right, but instead of it I regarded her, saying, that "there were other objects I had more pleasure in contemplating." Finding my eyes fixed on her, she blushed, and asked me, in downright astonishment, "what I meant." To my shame, I confess, I was unable to tell her. Another chance occurred; for, taking off a 'kerchief she found too warm round her neck, she gave it me to pocket. I took it, and retained her hand in mine. Another look of excessive surprise upset me again, and her gentle admonition "to be quiet" was quite unnecessary. My strong and varying emotions at last made me hungry, and I sat down to lunch with great relish.

Thomas had selected a most inviting spot for the occasion. Our cloth was spread on a nice patch of sand in a lonely dell, protected from the hot sunshine by a thick group of trees, whilst the soft murmurings of some neighboring rill discoursed most eloquent music. Our lunch passed off pleasantly enough, and I felt my resolution revive under the stimulus of a tumbler of bitter ale. If I was only *tête-à-tête* now, thought I—when I was startled by Mrs. L. getting up in a wonderful mood, and sauntering alone up the valley. Quaffing a little more ale, I began, quite determined.

"I was just thinking, Jane"—and I stopped.

"Why do you call me Jane?" she said, turning her inquiring glance full upon me.

"Because I have known you so long, I suppose. But I was just thinking"—I stopped again.

"Well, what is your thought?" she asked curiously.

"That it is strange you have never married."

"I think so myself, sometimes," she drily answered.

"What *can* be the reason, pray?"

"The simple one that I have met no one to my liking."

I was just a-going to say, *à la* Richard in the play, "Take more pity in your eyes and see him here," but I didn't.

"What sort of a man would suit you?" I continued, still hoping to sidle up to the main point.

"A nice-tempered person, who would go out after breakfast, and let me do as I pleased all the day long," she answered, in a bantering tone.

"You are, then, so *very* fond of having your own way?"

"That is one of my weak points."

"But compromise is the surest basis of happiness in married life," I expostulated.

"I might adopt that doctrine if I met anybody worth the sacrifice."

Here was another chance; but the idea struck me, that it would be very awkward if Mrs. L. were to come back in the midst of my declaration, and I decided to postpone it. This was sheer cowardice, no doubt, but I gave up the attack and turned the conversation. Whilst dressing for my last dinner, I revolved in my mind various expedients for getting at a solution of my case, when a letter to Miss Gamble, big with my hopes, struck me as the shortest and best method. I wrote it at once; but instead of addressing my elect, I thought it would be more tasteful to discuss her merits, and the aspirations they had

awakened, in a letter to a third party, and I selected Mrs. Grote as its proper recipient. I put it in my pocket on going to dinner, intending to deliver it to Miss G. under some pretext or other, in the course of the evening. I never imagined that I could be guilty of such arrant skulking as this; but it only proves how little our actions correspond with our preconceived notions of what they would be under trial. Tea followed dinner, and backgammon succeeded that, Miss G. and I being the combatants as usual, and the struggle between us for victory was never keener, or more uncertain. At last we came off quits. Was this typical of what was to occur hereafter? Eleven o'clock came, and bed-candles were rung for, when I exclaimed that I had been writing a letter to one of my friends in London, commenting upon my visit to Bournemouth, and conveying my candid impression of the agreeable companions I had met there. As I had foreseen, great curiosity was expressed to know its contents, when I handed the portentous epistle to Miss G. for perusal after she had retired to her room. We separated for the night, and I chuckled over my ingenious device for ascertaining my fate without undergoing the dire ordeal of a personal demand. I could divine that my unlooked-for revelation had produced no ordinary effect, for the loud report of banging doors echoed along the corridor where we lodged for several minutes, as though a quick circulation of the startling news was making amongst the party I had just left, and then all was still again. I could not help exclaiming with the hero of Bosworth field, as I extinguished my candle, "Here will I lie to-night, but *where* to-morrow?"

It has always been my practice, in the face of all impending events, never to lose my sleep or appetite; and though there was a chance, at least, that this was the last night of my bachelorhood, I determined to "sleep it into morn," all the same. I succeeded perfectly, in spite of the tingling of marriage-bells

that haunted my sleep, only varied by discordant sounds that issued from an imaginary nursery of which I dreamt myself to be the happy proprietor.

It would be uncandid to disguise that my hand trembled a little as I shaved next morning, and the nearer I got to breakfast-hour the more this unmanly tremulousness pervaded me. I grew suddenly conscious that it was *very* presumptuous of me after nine days of no courtship at all to make a violent grab, as it were, at the very heart of my old friend. It is all very well if I get it, I soliloquised; but I could not suppress various misgivings on this point, as Miss G., I feared, was not a woman to be taken by storm, for her intelligence was not more remarkable than her character seemed firm, however amiable. Such people are apt to reason first, and decide afterwards, whilst any attempt to carry them by a *coup-de-main* is resented as a presumption, if not an indignity.

Besides, I had played a game with Miss G. out of fear, it is true, lest she'd play one with me. Polite, kind, and admiring by turns, as my manner had been all along, yet I threw into it a certain reserve, not unmixed with *nonchalance*, that I knew must keep her in doubt of my motives.

This adroit angling caught her, for she was enticed into attention and marks of favor that otherwise would never have been my lot. But what will be the effect on her *amour propre*, I queried, when she discovers the love-net I spread for her? Will she quietly consent to be enmeshed, or, with the spirit of an outwitted woman, will she desperately drag both net and fowler clean under water? Well, I shall know that at once, I thought, as I wended my way to the breakfast-room, my heart meanwhile dancing a jig in its socket. I entered, and found Mrs. L. sewing in a very mysterious manner near the fire. Neither Miss G. nor Mary were there, though the usual hour was already past. After salutations were over, Mrs. L. said—

"I have a note for you from Miss Gamble," and she handed it to me.

"Indeed!" I said, as if it were the last thing I expected, and took it.

I was dying to read it, but put it calmly into my pocket. It will never do to let the effect, good or bad, be seen, it occurred to me, and I walked to the window planning some pretext for withdrawing. Directly I pretended to miss my handkerchief, and in another minute I was alone, devouring the reply of my intended. She began by explaining that the demonstrations of regard I had alluded to were proofs only of the warm friendship she had always cherished for me, and which were justified by our long acquaintance and the strong esteem her family had entertained for me. The fact was, she wrote, "you are so identified with those dear objects now no more, that it is not wonderful I yielded too much to my feelings, and so have led you into error. I never dreamt what your sentiments were towards me, and that you were secretly contemplating an offer of marriage, which I must refuse. After what has happened," she continued, "*our acquaintance must end.* Should we meet again in society," she graciously added, "it may be permitted us to exchange such greetings as politeness demands."

I was not so ignorant of that mystery of mysteries, the female heart, and still less of female tactics, not to penetrate what inspired this letter. She was piqued to the quick to find herself caught in a trap, which she ingeniously explained herself out of on the plea of our long friendship. Retaliation was her next thought, and therefore she not only rejected me, but said our acquaintance was at an end. She chuckled, no doubt, over this double blow, and expected, in return, the humblest apologies and the most touching remonstrances at her cruelty. "But she has mistook her man," I muttered, and rang the bell.

"When does the train start?" I inquired of the servant.

"In ten minutes, sir."

"Order a carriage, and give me my bill."

"Will you breakfast first?"

"I have no time—the bill."

In five minutes I was ready, and just as I left my room, who should intercept me but Thomas, Miss G.'s footman, who seemed quite flustered.

"Miss Gamble's compliments, sir," he said, "and she begs you will take breakfast before you go."

"Where is your mistress!" I asked, hesitating.

"Breakfasting."

"Who is with her?"

"No one, sir."

I wrote two lines in pencil, such as a man would write who was going to lose his breakfast, and giving them to Thomas, who looked quite confounded, I said:

"My compliments to Miss Gamble, and say I am anxious to catch this train, but that I will write to her to-day from Southampton."

In another minute, I was in the carriage and off. So ended my visit to Bournemouth.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS.

It may surprise my reader, perhaps, that I should have given way to such apparently violent emotion, on learning Miss Gamble's decision, as to fly instantly from her presence. It was an

occasion certainly, when some would have yielded to a sense of humiliation, and been ashamed to stand their ground, whilst others would have been carried away by resentment, and sought to put leagues, if not oceans, between themselves and their contumacious *adorées*. I felt neither one nor the other ; but saw that the occasion had come for a cool calculation of my future mode of proceeding. I was convinced that Miss G. was not in earnest, and the best proof was her sending to invite me to a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, just after writing me word that our acquaintance was at an end. If I had accepted, explanations would have ensued, and my courtship would then have begun in due form. I had seen enough of Miss G.'s cleverness to be satisfied that if ever she got me into the position of a regular pretender to her hand, she would keep me dangling at her apron-string till I had lost my patience, or she had exhausted every resource known to coquetry. There was nothing to be done, therefore, if I wished to gain her, and save time, but to employ a species of manœuvering that was likely new to her, and more certain, consequently, of success. She was pretty well aware of her value in every point of view, and expected me, of course, to pursue her with the same ardor that others had done—and probably with as little effect. But I determined to entice her into pursuing me, and to this end I meant to adopt, when the occasion arose, the tactics of the great Fabius of old, who often gained by a retreat more than a victory would have given him.

It may be thought that my reflections on this occasion were rather those of a schemer than of a lover, and that my chief design in seeking Miss Gamble's hand was rather the acquisition of her fortune than the possession of her person. In a word, it may be considered there was more of diplomacy than sentiment in my mode of courtship. This would be an unjust conclusion. My attachment for Miss Gamble was as profound as it was sudden ; else, why aspire to her hand ? Her fortune

was no object to me, since my position was perfectly independent, as will be proved hereafter. I repeat, my attachment was sincere, but my success depended, as I thought, on concealing its depth from her. In all cases, this is, perhaps, judicious; for is it in a woman's nature to know her power and not abuse it? I was sure, however, from my scrutiny of Miss Gamble's character, that it would never do to let her think she had obtained any ascendancy over me, and this forced me, at once, into the use of finesse. Still, I consider her, in part, answerable for all the manœuvering that ensued between us. Had she replied to my offer of marriage, either by a distinct refusal, however polite, or plainly said that she would take time to consider, I should have acted differently. Instead of this, her letter was full of feminine craft, neither accepting, nor refusing decidedly, but artfully unsaying in one line what she declared in the previous one. I was convinced of her incipient regard for me; but I saw that before she surrendered, if she ever did so, she meant to wield against me all the strategy her subtle wit and ample experience could supply, and that my only chance was to contend with her by employing the stratagems she would bring into the field against me. Love has its tactics as well as war, and to accuse the wooer who resorts to them of insincerity, is as unfair as to condemn a conqueror for a triumph obtained by an ingenious *ruse*.

You will now understand, gentle reader, why I dashed off so impetuously from Bournemouth, and by-and-by you will see the result. If I went away fasting, it was only because I suspected that my obdurate fair one would be more moved at the chance of my famishing, than at the risk of my heart breaking. She refused me her hand, but offered me a breakfast as a substitute. Consoling myself as well as I could with a dry biscuit or two picked up at the first station, I reached Southampton the same afternoon, and after a good dinner at Radley's comfort-

able hotel, I sat me down to give the most eloquent expression possible to all the unutterable emotions of which I had *not* been the victim on that eventful day. Of course, my object was to convey a vivid impression of the deep grief that my cruel rejection was intended to awaken, but I thought it well to mix up a little pride along with it. The ladies always like your high-spirited men, because, I suppose, it enhances their delight a thousand times in tormenting them. I really dropped a tear over the touching portrayal of the tumultuous feelings that ought to have agitated my breast, and I felt a lively desire that it should produce a similar effect on the unsuspecting lady it was intended for. "If she stands that unmoved," I exclaimed, as I folded my letter, "then I may as well despair my charms, and give up the game at once." I embarked that night for Havre, and made my way straight to Paris, pretty confident I should get some news shortly from the "girl I had left behind me."

On my return I found that my absence had excited no small curiosity, to say the least, at the British Embassy at Paris, which I endeavored to account for as well as I could without revealing the truth; for I determined to keep the enterprise I had engaged in quite to myself, till I saw more clearly how it was likely to terminate. It is not pleasant to go about as the snubbed one of even the fairest Laura; the world has no sympathy for rejected ones, and the harder the case, the more likely are you to be laughed at. Besides, a callous *Diplomat*—and I had to do with one of this breed—would consider it an idle waste of time to contend against the wiles of the sex, which he would be apt to look down upon as shallow game. Bless the stupidity of some folks! From my small experience of both, I should say the shrewdest politician was but a poor match, in dexterity and real address, for the most untutored woman; and they often find it so to their cost, albeit the manœuvering, which compasses States, may be a more important

business than that which aspires only to the conquest of a heart.

So little confidence had I in myself on the occasion, that I thought it would be much safer to take counsel of some friend, on whose judgment and discretion I could rely. If he be not adroit enough to guide me along the tortuous paths I am entering, it will be a comfort at all events, I thought, to have a friendly voice to encourage me amidst the windings of the labyrinth. I found just the man I wanted, ready to my hand.

A week or so before I left Paris, at the end of March, an old friend of mine suddenly arrived, the Count S——, Chamberlain of his Majesty the King of ——. He was a handsome man, of little over thirty. To high birth, favor at Court, and good fortune, he added scientific acquirements of no mean order. The Count was a sober-minded man, of serious pursuits, but with much knowledge of the world, and well versed in those subtle intrigues which make the *métier* of a courtier. The Count revealed to me, with due injunctions of caution, that he was journeying about in search of a wife. Having concluded, he said, that there was a time when all men should marry, and convinced that his time had come, he had determined, before committing himself prematurely, to make a tour of the European capitals, and take his chance of being captivated by the way. I should not wonder if I had caught the infection of matrimony from my German friend, who had set about it in such a systematic way, and whose grave moralizing on the topic, before I left him for London, may have prepared me for the adventure that fell in my way. On my return, I related to him faithfully all that had occurred, and as we were engaged in the same pursuit, a double sympathy sprang up between us. We exchanged mutual vows, like the knights of old, to stand by each other in every extremity, and it would be funny enough if

I could relate all the "accidents by flood and field" that were our joint lot. But, however, I may think fit to dispose of the vicissitudes that overtook me, I have no right to remove the veil from the different, but hardly less romantic fate that was destined for him.

The Count was a little startled by the lively recital of my abrupt flight from Bournemouth.

"You were too precipitate, *mon cher*," he said; "you should have accepted the invitation to breakfast."

"And so I would, my friend, if I had not thought it would have occasioned me the loss of many more to come."

"We shall see," was his discreet rejoinder.

I had not long to wait; for by the first post from England came the reply of Miss Gamble. What a triumph! My flight, my fasting, and my letter from Southampton, had succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Miss G. was bowed down by repentance. She expressed in admirable language her poignant regret at having wounded me so deeply! She never meant, she wrote, to drive me from her in so violent a manner. Of course she didn't. "Let us be friends again," she proposed in the most irresistible manner. The letter wound up by telling me that "after my departure she had gone out in a dull mood to walk, when she was overtaken by a drenching storm, as she deserved, and that she had hurried conscience-stricken home, lest the avenging lightnings might fall on her guilty head." Her *amende honorable* was complete and unreserved. Nothing could be sincerer or more affectionate than her tone, though maintained with true dignity. The Count was electrified at my easy success.

"You see, my dear Count, that the matter-of-fact way is not always the shortest to a lady's heart."

"I yield to your superior discernment," he replied, "and

shall henceforth consult you as an oracle. Accept, *en attendant*, my hearty congratulations."

I replied to Miss Gamble the same day, and made a mistake. Inflated by the extraordinary luck that had followed my late tactics, I kicked away the cunning ladder by which I had mounted, and stupidly revealed to her in ardent language the honest affection I felt for her. I not only sent her plenary absolution for her naughty note of rejection, but begged permission to come at once to London to prosecute the suit I had so abruptly broken off. My letter would have given extreme satisfaction to any unsophisticated young lady who was content with the admiration of her lover, and happily blest with no disposition to torment him. The next day came the answer of Miss G., and it gave a rude shock to my illusions. Nothing could be more unlike the last letter. It was cold to chilliness, and she closed by saying that "though she would not forbid my coming to London, yet it might inconvenience her, as she was busy preparing for a continental tour." The Count was as much astonished at this as he was at her first letter, but in a different way.

"That is rather disheartening," he said, "but I hope you will take it coolly."

"I shall have need of all my *àplomb*," I answered, "and of all my experience, or I shall get terribly worsted."

"I don't quite understand you," said my friend, looking rather puzzled.

"It is pretty clear, Count, that I have to do with an adept in the art of fence, and that whatever may be her ultimate intentions, she does not mean to let me carry her off an easy prize. I don't like the job, but after all, a little resistance will only sharpen my zeal."

"But suppose there is a good deal of resistance?" gravely asked my reflecting friend.

"Well, then, there will be a good deal of perseverance on my part," I replied.

"Every one to his taste," observed the Count, "but I'd rather have as little trouble as possible."

"Ah, my friend," I responded, "when once you get entangled in a woman's web, you can never tell when or where you will fall out of it."

The Count shivered at the prospect, and little did I dream how prophetic were my words. From the little that had occurred, I hardly knew how to shape my courtship of Miss Gamble. My affected indifference at Bournemouth had drawn her towards me. The sudden revelation of my passion had been followed by a disdainful repulse. My indignant flight, throwing a Parthian arrow, well aimed, behind me, had led to apologies, and to a frank proposal for me to renew my suit. No sooner had I done so in unmistakable language, than came another check, not decisive, but very perplexing. My difficulty was to discover whether there was any attachment on her part, for in this case I would go on in spite of all her doublings. But if she only meant to entice me up the hill for the Sisyphean sport of rolling me to the bottom, where she had left not a few of her previous admirers, why, the sooner I got out of the scrape the better. My self-love, perhaps, blinded me somewhat, but I entertained the agreeable conviction that I had got hold of Miss G.'s fancy. I was naturally anxious to tighten my grasp, but it was no easy matter; for the moment I advanced, she retreated, and with a skill that Xenophon or Moreau would have applauded. It was evident that I must employ the nicest stratagem to cover my approaches, and that was a hard task with a lady so keen-witted and experienced as Miss G. I allowed a couple of weeks to elapse, and then wrote to her a very gay letter, stuffed full of Parisian gossip, and studiously avoiding any repetition of my former ardors and hopes. My object was to make her think

that, amid the distractions of my pleasant life in Paris, I was beginning already to forget her. Ladies don't like to be forgotten, even by objects they care nothing about. I calmly awaited the effect of this *ruse*, whilst planning another. In two days it came, and it had fully succeeded, for she desired me to come over to London, saying that "explanations were always better made in person." Shall I go, or plead my diplomatic avocations and postpone it? I pondered this question and hesitated. The less anxiety I show, the less will be her resistance: that's clear. I consulted the Count.

"What's best to be done, *mon ami*?"

"I am afraid to advise you."

"And wherefore?" I asked.

"Because the woman you have encountered is a tougher problem to me than any I've met in the domains of science. I am afraid of nothing I can work out by known rules; but she sets all rule at defiance."

"The greater glory, my logical friend, in bringing her to a solution at last."

"I am glad you think that possible, but"—the Count stopped, not wishing to discourage me.

"Will you go with me to London?"

"I will never desert you," he returned, "but you had better give it up."

"Take care, Count, I am not married before you."

"Alas!" he sighed, "it is not half so easy a thing as I thought it was."

"It is like everything else in the world, my faint-hearted friend. If you want to reach a prize, you must jump for it, and never mind the falls."

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON.

We started the next morning, 17th of May, and reached London the same evening. I reflected along the road over the new ordeal that attended me. I was pretty well satisfied that Miss Gamble had called me over to give me her hand. Her purpose was to travel, for she had been tied down all her life to home; but to travel without a companion and protector was a difficult thing. She had no male relations at hand, and her choice lay, therefore, between a courier or a husband. This circumstance was in my favor. On the other hand, our courtship was barely a month old, and, *malgré* our old acquaintance, I dare say she felt a desire to reflect more before she decided. Everything, I saw, depended on the way I managed matters, and candor forces me to admit that I might have done considerably better than I did.

I wrote to Miss Gamble the evening of my arrival, to inform her that I would call on her the next day. It was about noon on the 18th I presented myself in Portland Place. On entering the room, her intelligent face wore a smile that was affable enough, but it had a lurking meaning that disturbed me a little.

After greetings were over, she said—

"Well, you are a more skilful adversary than I thought."

"Adversary!" I echoed, as if in surprise. "What! can you be playing a game with me?" The best way to escape the suspicion, I thought, was to attribute it to her.

"Oh! no," she returned, colouring a little at my retort,

"But"—she hesitated a moment, "will you tell me what brought you over to London?"

"What brought me?" I said, this time really astonished. "Why, your letter, of course."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, seemingly unconscious of the fact.

"Did you not write to me that explanations were better made in person?"

"No doubt they are," she replied, with the same smile always. "So, if you have any to make, begin."

"That's very well said, my dear Miss Gamble, but do you know what I really did come for?"

"Not to give me any annoyance, I hope."

"On the contrary, I have come to marry you."

She threw herself back, and tried to look as if she had never imagined such a thing.

"Why, did I not refuse you at Bournemouth?" she demanded.

"If you had not," I said, taking her hand, "I should not now have the pleasure of asking you again."

I leave to the reader's fancy the conversation that ensued. I made sundry bold dashes at the heart of the citadel, under the smart fire of her raillery, but though I gained ground, I was still far from the goal. I promised to return to the attack at the same hour on the following day. She bid me on leaving to bring the letters she had written to me.

This request rather puzzled me. Is it her object, I inquired, to recover them lest they may compromise her hereafter? That would be a bad sign. Or is it merely to glance over them to see how far she stands committed already? No matter what she means, I will gratify her whim.

I was at my post again punctually next day, as brimful of ardor as ever. The same smile welcomed me as yesterday, and daunted me even more than before. It was such a smile

as Macbeth wears when he vaunts that "he bears a charmed life." It seemed to say, I am conscious of my strength and your inability to shake it. Until I exorcise that smile, I thought, my efforts are in vain.

"Did you bring my letters?" she asked.

"Here they are," I said, handing the packet to her.

She read them over hastily, always smiling, and then rose and approached the fire.

"What are you going to do?" I asked interposing.

"Burn them, of course."

"What! and without my leave?"

"You can have no object in keeping them, surely," and she still persisted, and I still opposed.

"Indeed, but I have," I replied, "and I mean to keep them. If you want them back, you must take me with them."

"On that condition, I resign them at once."

She returned them to me, but seemed pleased at the value I seemed to set upon them. I thought she would be.

I began my task of yesterday, and was certainly making headway. She began to stipulate :—

"If I were to do such a mad thing," she said, "as to marry you, I must have the approbation of Mr. Bates, one of my trustees."

"Shall I run and ask him?"

"Good gracious, don't go so fast! Besides," she added, "I would never part with Mary, my old nurse."

"Part with her," I exclaimed, "I should have a sorry opinion of you if you did."

"I don't believe, from the beginning of the world, a man ever found himself in the very pleasant position I then was, that something did not occur to mar his hopes and dash his prospects. Richard, in the play, never longed for a horse half so earnestly as I did for another half-hour, when lo! the drawing-room door

opened, and a visitor was announced. Miss Gamble seemed delighted at her escape and at my discomfiture. I hurried away, lest I might commit homicide on the unconscious object that had just snatched from me the casket my fingers almost touched.

I meditated over my next step. I was satisfied with my progress, and my prospects gleamed brightly. All I wanted was a little time, but unhappily I had none to lose ; my absence from Paris the whole of April had nearly got me into a scrape with my diplomatic supervisor, and to linger in London now was almost impossible. I must ascertain her mind without delay, was my exclamation, and I will venture upon another experiment which, if successful, "will cheer me ever."

I wrote to Miss Gamble the next day, and asked if she would allow me to come and pass the evening with her. I knew she was living alone, and feared she would refuse me. If she grant it, I thought, it will be the strongest proof yet that she intends deciding in my favor. To my delight, she consented, and named eight o'clock in the evening for my visit. If I fail now, I cried, I deserve never to succeed.

When I entered her drawing-room at the hour appointed, I found Miss Gamble in a pretty attitude of meditation, apparently deep in thought. She received me with a different manner from what I had seen before. It was subdued, almost sad. The smile of defiance had disappeared. What can she mean ? I wondered. There is some new artifice awaiting me. We talked for a while on different subjects. Remarking a box lying open near her filled with letters, I observed that her correspondence seemed extensive.

"Oh," she replied, very coolly, "they are only answers to an advertisement in the *Times*."

"An advertisement ! and for what ?" I inquired.

"For a courier," she answered, listlessly.

This was the insidious blow she had prepared for me. It took my breath away for a moment.

"Ah," I said, recovering courage, "you are rash enough to think of travelling under the care of a courier ; some rogue of a fellow that will pick your pocket, and get you into endless scrapes."

"I shall take care to see that he is properly recommended," she returned, in the same *nonchalant* tone.

"Besides," I continued, "I think it highly improper for a single woman to be travelling on the continent under the sole protection of a man servant, and one that you know nothing of beyond the worthless certificates he may have in his pocket."

"Make yourself easy, for I mean to take some female or other to accompany me."

"Some old friend, I hope."

"No ; I shall advertise for her, too, or inquire for such a person amongst my friends."

"What a mad scheme !" I exclaimed, "to set off on a continental trip of a couple of years, as you propose, with no other society than a couple of hired attendants that can neither protect nor amuse you. Besides, you know nothing of foreign travel nor of the risks that attend it. An opera-dancer would hardly venture with such an escort as yours."

"But what am I to do ?" she asked pettishly. "I have no relations about me whose time I can dispose of. Besides, I hate putting myself under the control of anybody."

"That's the reason, perhaps, you would prefer the company of a courier to that of a husband, who could look after you, and keep the other in his place."

"Ah," she said, with a mocking air, "I thought you were speaking one word for me and two for yourself. It's very selfish of you."

"On the contrary, it's a proof of my regard for you to be willing to undertake so troublesome a job."

I proceeded at some length to argue my cause *versus* the prospective courier, and by degrees Miss Gamble ceased to combat against her own convictions. After a pause she said, with a confiding tone—

"I've half a notion to tell you of a strange dream I had last night."

"Of course you dreamt of me."

"I regret to say I did. I thought my Aunt appeared to me, and told me to accept you. 'But I have refused,' I thought was my answer. 'I know it,' she said, 'but he will offer again, and accept him, or misfortune will befall you. He has come to supply the place of James.' This vision was so clear that it has left a deep impression on my mind, and I don't know what to do."

"You almost incline to be superstitious," I said, "but I am quite sure if your dear Aunt was alive that she would back my suit."

"Yes, I dare say she would."

Upon this hint I spoke, and redoubled my solicitations to induce her to utter the magic word that would crown my hopes. I pressed her so hard that she lost ground every moment, and seemed drifting on a shoreless sea of indecision.

"Do you know what Mrs. L. said?" she remarked, looking up at me.

"Nothing against me, I hope."

"She said if she were me she would take you straight."

"Such a warranty from one of your oldest friends ought to decide you," I replied; "and still you hesitate."

"I do," she exclaimed, breaking away from me, "and I cannot help it."

Midnight came, and I was still unblest. I was compelled to go, disappointed but not cast down. I wrote to her next day, in a passionate strain, beginning with "My own dear Jane," and ending with a vehement desire to see her again.

"Strike while the iron's hot" is the old adage. I chided her not a little for her prolonged indecision. Her reply of the same day was the heaviest thump I had got yet. I was at the bottom of the ladder again. In an impetuous way she wrote, "There must be an end to all this vexation." She declined to receive me again that evening, and named next day for an interview.

"What do you think of this, Count?" I said, handing the note to my consulting Fides.

"I think that either the women I've met are better specimens than the rest, or that there are varieties of the sex that I have yet to study."

"Spoken with the discretion of a veteran botanist," I retorted.

"If you don't give her up now," continued my friend, "I'll set you down as incomprehensible as she is."

"*Give her up!* That's not a bad idea, Count: I'll try the effect of that."

"I hope you are in earnest."

"Yes, earnest in my new pretence."

The Count shook his head mysteriously.

I feared from her last note that Miss Gamble found courting so pleasant a pastime, that she was inclined to prolong it indefinitely. I'd have liked no better fun, but I was on thorns at every day's absence from Paris. Besides it will be more generous, I thought, to give my old friend a little more time to reflect. She will feel the want of me more than ever, if she *will* go travelling, and what have I to fear from a postponement, if she really cares for me? This vital secret I had failed, hitherto, to extract, and I hit upon the following expedient in hope to force it out.

I called at noon the succeeding day in Portland Place. Miss Gamble received me gaily, but I wore a look of sombre discontent. I bowed, and sat down in silence.

"What do you mean," she began, taking out my letter of yesterday, "by calling me your own dear Jane?"

"It means that I was a fool to say any such thing," was my brief reply.

My voice was cold and harsh. Miss Gamble looked at me in surprise, and quickly returned the letter to her pocket.

I then went on to say, as if deeply incensed, that either she had trifled with me, or that I had totally misunderstood all that had passed between us. I blamed her for calling me over to London, only to amuse an idle hour; adding, that now her object was clear to me, my intention was to return to Paris, forthwith. My language and manner completely deceived her, and she set to work with her usual ingenuity, but in pretty evident agitation that I secretly enjoyed, to defend herself and extenuate her conduct.

"You ought not," she expostulated, "to judge me so severely; as the loss of poor James [her cousin] and your sudden apparition have no doubt disturbed my mind, and I may have acted thoughtlessly, and been indiscreet."

"That is very cleverly urged, Miss Gamble, but I see nothing else than traces of cool premeditation in all you have done. However, recrimination is useless. My decision is taken. I return to Paris, and will send you back your letters."

I rose in a very grand manner. Poor Miss Gamble was silent, but looking so sad that I found it difficult to play out my game. I took her hand, and kissing it respectfully, bid her adieu.

"That's more than you deserve," she said, in a touching tone.

I was afraid to speak again lest she might detect me. I stalked to the door.

"When we meet again," she ejaculated, looking wistfully after me, "you will find me in a better disposition."

I bowed low and vanished.

Now we shall see what that will bring, I muttered, chuckling down the street; I have given her a Roland for her Oliver of yesterday.

On my way back to Long's Hotel I called upon Mrs. Grote, whom I had kept duly informed of what was going on. She took great interest, seemingly, in my progress. When I told her of what I had just done, she exclaimed—

"Why, you are mad. It will break off everything."

"Not if she is attached to me. Otherwise, let it drop."

"True, but it is a good match."

"But you know I can fall back on a better."

"Perhaps that is your intention, from acting in this way."

"No; for my liking to Miss G. grows stronger every day; but I wish to know if it be reciprocated before I am past cure."

"You are carrying matters with too high a hand," persisted my prudent adviser.

"But I mean to go further."

"Surely you will not return her letters, as you threaten?"

"I have come to ask if you will send them to her; I want a witness to that effect."

"I will do it if you insist. But believe me, she will not forgive the outrage, and you will hear no more of her."

"That's certain, unless," I added, with a smile, "her love is greater than her pride"

"It's a great risk, but I'll not oppose you."

The next morning, the 23d, I wrote a brief and formal note to Miss G., requesting her to send me back the last letter I addressed her, *before six that evening*, as I left at seven, and to burn all the rest. I added I would give her letters to a friend of mine to be forwarded to her immediately. I was extremely uneasy as to the result. If she comply with my demand, I am gone, was my sober second thought.

I repented in my heart that I had taken up a position I could not abandon, but I consoled myself with thinking it was all for the best.

To my extreme delight, six o'clock came, but not the letter I had called for. She made no reply at all, expecting, no doubt, I would come up in search of what I wanted. I have often regretted, since, I did not. Instead, however, I sent her letters to Mrs. Grote, as agreed, and dashed off to Paris.

I left the Count in London, who by this time was thrown into such consternation by my adventures that he began to draw back in affright from a probation that looked so trying. I scoffed at his scruples, and bid him throw himself into the *mêlée sans crainte.*

"*O Corydon, Corydon,*" he replied, as we shook hands, "*quæ te dementia cepit.*"

"It may be so, Count; but you know *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" And so we parted.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS.

The very morning after my return to Paris came a letter in hot haste from my deserted one of Portland Place. *Io triumphe!* I cried. She deplored what had happened; "but come what may," she wrote, "my friendship is yours for life!" She wound up by saying she had received her letters from Mrs. Grote, whom she meant to call on that day, *sans ceremonie.* "I dare say we shall soon understand each other," was her last remark.

This was a very decisive victory, and convinced me that the

spirited woman I had to deal with must be very far gone indeed, else she could never have chased after me in this epistolary fashion. Her calling upon Mrs. Grote without an introduction was yet a stronger proof of her anxiety to retain me. Her expression that "we'll soon understand each other," puzzled me. When two women understand each other, a man had better look to himself. I felt some instinctive dread, without knowing wherefore.

I resolved now to take a rest, and to look after my diplomacy a little, sadly in arrears. I endeavored to turn my attention to the lively debates in the Assembly, and to watch the political coquetry going on between his Republican Highness the President, and the veteran spinsters of the Right, Messrs. Molé, Thiers, and Co. To say nothing of my long acquaintance with the captive of Ham, my admiration was excited at his skilful manœuvering against tremendous odds. "I wish him luck," I used to say, "but I shall be married long before he is Emperor. I am almost in sight of the altar, but he has a weary road to travel ere he gets even a glimpse of the throne." Things, however, don't always turn out as we calculate.

After a week or so elapsed, I began to fancy that politics had recovered their charm for me, and that courting was second-rate fun after all. It is odd how indifferent we grow when we feel sure of an object. I thought I would write, however, to Mrs. Grote, to see if Miss Gamble had really called on her. She replied :—

"I send you a line, simply to tell you there is nothing to communicate, beyond the fact that Miss G. did call on me on Saturday, and I called on her yesterday. We have not met, however, so far. When we do, I will give her my impressions of your character, as modified by experience and time, which I may say appear to me to have done their work in materially improving it, and in strengthening the meritorious points of your dis-

position. Rest satisfied that your hopes are cheering, and that, perhaps, my conversation with Miss G. will tend to improve rather than impair them."

The stately tone of this letter startled me seriously. If they have not met, then there has been an exchange of notes, I suspect, and the *understanding* Miss Gamble hinted at may have begun. If Mrs. Grote lets out the secret of my last manœuver, then I am infallibly done for. I shall never get another advantage over my adroit adversary, thus put on her guard. What a shame in Mrs. Grote to betray me; but what a fool I was to lug her in! Miss G. did it, though, by calling on her.

These were my uncomfortable reflections, and I began to chafe under the prospect of contending against two women who, in cleverness and address, were each a match for the Right and Left of the Assembly put together, which was all Louis Napoleon had to contend with. But can it be so? I wrote again to Mrs. Grote. Here is her reply:—

"June 4th.

"Dear Mr. W.—To stay your anxious curiosity, I must send you a line, though it is scarcely worth the postage. Miss G. called on me on Monday last, and we talked together for more than an hour. Your name was *mentioned*, and that's all. Not a word was said *about* you. It was not my place to *force* on a subject with a stranger, and she gave me no opening. I shall meet her at the Poet Rogers' at breakfast on Tuesday next, when perhaps more may come of it. In that case you shall hear from me. Miss G. seems to me a decidedly gifted woman; and is well-bred and dignified in her bearing; fond of letters and of good society. She has got a *compagne de voyage*, and appears bent on a long tour. She will, I suppose, pass through Paris, when you can judge for yourself whether she is *irrevocably* decided on single blessedness. *If* she gives me a chance, I will do you what service I can. Thanks for the journals.

"Very truly yours,

"H. G."

A rank conspiracy, I cried, jumping up in a fever. The absurdity is transparent of their talking for an hour and merely *mentioning* my name, when it was the only subject that brought them together. I saw it all. Mrs. Grote had revealed my attachment, and my *ruse* to get at the fact of a reciprocity. Miss Gamble had, no doubt, begged her to keep me in the dark, and leave me to be managed by herself. I was in a worse scrape by far than any yet. If this combination go on, I am a lost man. To learn the worst, I wrote over to Miss G.; not knowing well what tone to adopt, I tried all in turn, and was ardent and reserved, discontented and resigned. In a few days came her response. The earth seemed to give way under me when I read it. Down I went to the very bottom of the abyss, without a hope or a rope to cling to. Her style had the glitter of sunshine upon ice, and was quite as cold. She summed up my whole course of wooing with a vigor and lucidity that the master intellect of Lyndhurst could hardly have surpassed. She defended her inconsistencies with a subtlety of expression that charmed me. She even turned round and assailed me: she could say nothing against my conduct, which had been logical throughout, but she said my language was contradictory :—

"You accuse me of coquetting with your affection. How can you lay claim, then, to the regard of a person you ought to despise? If you believed me ingenuous and upright at Bournemouth, how can you account for your subsequent impression? If I acted a part at Bournemouth, what contradiction was there in my subsequent conduct? I *believe that you are sincerely attached to me*, and think you would be willing to support any vexation if you could consider me exempt from blame. How painful must be a sense of the unworthiness of a person we love? However, love cannot long exist without esteem, and this will be your cure now. Yet, if you think of me hereafter, I would have you think of me as I appeared to you at Bournemouth, which is my true character."

She went on writing in this tantalizing, confusing strain till

I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or heels, and wound up by announcing the close of our correspondence.

"We must not write again. It would be unwise, and for many reasons improper. This is my farewell."

That's plain enough, at all events, I exclaimed, sitting down to ruminate. Can she be in earnest, or is it only a feint to throw me on my knees to implore pardon for trifling with her feelings, as I had impertinently done in running away from London lately? I pondered over her skilful phrases, and determined to eschew any epistolary warfare with such a pen as hers. She could stave me off in quibbles, but I felt more confidence in my manœuvering, and in love as in war the best position often decides the battle. To recover all I had lost, I saw some flank movement, bold and unexpected, was necessary. What shall it be? Suppose I write back in gloomy despair, and begin to talk of some desperate remedy to end my wretched existence. No; my case is hardly bad enough for that. I have it. Miss Gamble was aware that it would not be a difficult thing for me to contract another very enviable match. If she is really in love I will bring another letter from her before long, in spite of her farewell. Jealousy is a dangerous instrument, but a sure one, if its cords are skilfully touched. I answered Miss G., therefore, in the most placid tone—approving of her conduct—withdrawing all reproaches; but confessing that unless I banished her from my memory my peace of mind was seriously endangered. To effect this, I said, there was no course now left me but to put my duty to another between her and my weakness. I never hoped to be happy with another, I admitted, but it was useless longer to cling to an illusion that her last letter had forever dispelled. I affected thus to believe in her formal farewell, for then it would appear natural to her that, in pique or despair, I should turn round and wed another. In the face of such a

contingency, I was certain she would withdraw her second rejection as she did the first, if at all attached to me. I looked forward pretty confidently, then, to some news of her before long. I hoped to get another summons to London, for I hardly thought she would set out on her travels under the escort of a courier. Still, in a spirit of bravado, I feared she might do so. After the lapse of a few days, I wrote to Mrs. Grote to find what was going on. Her reply startled me with the intelligence of Miss Gamble's departure from London. Instead of sending me some comfort, Mrs. Grote, with a merciless pen, rather sought to aggravate my uneasy situation. I did not expect her to aid me against my fair antagonist, but it was annoying to see her take up arms against me.

"Dear Mr. W. [began her letter]—You will not be satisfied without a line: so albeit I am only recovering from a severe *accès* of headache, and hardly able to write, I will give you the latest intelligence of the obdurate fair one whom I had the pleasure to see and converse with on the eve of her departure for the Continent last week. Poor soul, she is much in need of repose and refreshing scenery, for her nerves are sorely shaken by all her various duties and trials, and the affair which causes *you* so much feverish anxiety is not among the slightest of *her* embarrassments. She told me of a letter you wrote to her a week ago which annoyed her, methought. I think I possess a tolerable insight into her state of mind as regards you, and I fear I must add that it is not favorable to your ultimate success. You may be assured that I rendered you all the aid it was possible for me to do, and I said everything in your behalf which I could urge to Miss G. She is a woman, however, of singular perspicuity and self-relying judgment, and I was strongly impressed by the beauty of her character. She did your better qualities full justice, and acknowledged your general merits and amiable disposition; but"—

Mrs. Grote then went on in a spirit of sport to string together every possible difficulty and objection, which she attributed to Miss Gamble, but which I learnt afterwards were of her own coinage.

"*Somme toute* [finished her letter], I do not augur favorably of the chance of your carrying her. Yet I have long since ceased to deem anything *impossible* in love affairs; and thus, after her spirits are somewhat refreshed, she *may* be more disposed to listen to the soft pleadings of a really attached suitor. She would be a prize worth the winning, certes."

I am so decidedly of the same opinion, my sly dissembler, was my comment, that I am resolved to go on as long, at least, as I receive the smallest encouragement.

But there was nothing to be done now than to pause, and trust to Cupid for a lift. If Miss Gamble was faithful to her last expressed intention to correspond no more, my case seemed hopeless. I had not long to wait, though, for in so short a time as ten days after she left London I received a letter from her dated St. Goar, on the Rhine. To my supreme delight, I found that the dart I had flung at random had hit the mark. She was clearly alarmed at my committing some "rash act." Her letter began thus :—

"It was my intention not to have written to you again, and I had informed Mrs. Grote of the resolution. But I fear I must contradict myself."

She then went on, with matchless art, moralizing and sophisticating by turn, yet the apprehensions my letter had stirred up, broke out in spite of all.

"It gives me no pleasure [she wrote] to know that you are unhappy. On the contrary, I would be glad to hear that you were in a more tranquil state, and less inclined to do some *rash* thing of which you would afterwards repent."

Again she says :

"I shall pass through Paris on my return in the spring, and I trust we shall then meet as good friends. Do not give way to any rash or incon-

siderate ideas, and whatever happens, do not marry a woman you do not love, for you will be unhappy, and so will she. If you despise my counsel, bitter regrets are in store for you."

The bait was swallowed without suspicion, and the trap had again closed upon her. There she was, threatening me with "bitter regrets if I thought of any other woman." As the play says, "Nor poppy nor mandragora will medicine thee to thy sweet sleep of yesterday." I thought I could not do better than let the poison work. I determined not to reply to her, and I had an excuse for my impoliteness as she had given no address, but merely said that she was going thence to Frankfort. I was pretty sure that when she found no letter in the Post Office there her fright would redouble, and that she would write again.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON—SWITZERLAND.

Before going further, I owe some explanation to my reader. He or she may think it very ridiculous, both in Miss Gamble and myself, to go on coquetting in this juvenile manner with each other; and he or she may be ready to suggest that a little more gravity, and a little less absurdity, would have been more becoming our respective or united years. I am quite of that opinion. But when people fall in love, they are less responsible for their vagaries than when intoxicated in any other way. Both of us were old enough to know better, but neither of us were so far down the inclined plane as to be utterly beyond the reach of the tender passion. Indeed, philosophers say no age is

proof against it: that the skin may wrinkle, and the muscles grow rigid, but that the heart maintains its sovereignty to the last; that thought and emotion survive the wreck of matter; and that, when the exhausted frame is no longer subservient to the will, that love and hate still hold their sway, and inspire the soul with gentle or evil impulse, till it finally ceases to throb.

Fortunately, neither Miss Gamble nor myself had got to the freezing-point yet, and it was no phenomenon, therefore, we should yield to a mutual longing, and being once in that predicament, our mutual pranks were natural. Ordinary people, under strong excitement, artificial or otherwise, do extraordinary things. They must be extraordinary people not to do so. But are there any people, extraordinary or common, falling in love, who do not in one way or another set common sense at defiance? Oxygen gas is a fool to it; and as under this subtle agent the dominant trait is sure to reveal itself, so under the stimulus of love the peculiar failing of each character is certain to come out; and hence ensue those freaks that excite, by turn, the astonishment and merriment of unconcerned spectators.

From all this, I wish my amiable reader to understand that as Miss Gamble and myself had both fallen victims to the delirious draught, so we were compelled to be attached; but inasmuch as our master-passion, pride, was only the more strongly in the ascendant, so we were forced into coquetting with each other. I don't know if I have made this very clear, or the contrary, but I will finish with one more general remark. It is the hard lot of nine people out of ten in love, no matter what the temperament, to delight in tormenting each other. The favorite mode of accomplishing this is for one to affect indifference for the other; and the greater the torture to one, the greater the delight to the other. Certainly, love and hate so nearly resemble each other at times, that it is difficult to distinguish between them. Doubtless, it is a solace to our self-love to see another

suffering keenly, merely because we look coldly on him or her. In all such cases, happily, when love is mutual, the suffering is atoned for by the repentance which follows. Finally, I trust, my intelligent reader will be convinced for the reasons alleged, and for others that are not, that if my *inamorata* and myself went on committing greater follies than ever, it was because we could not help it.

To return to my story. After the receipt of Miss Gamble's aforementioned letter, I went to London, on the 1st of July, for the same pleasant object that had called me there the previous April, viz.: to receive my quarter's salary at the Foreign Office. Before I left, I took care not to miss a splendid *fête* at "Willis's Rooms," given by my patriotic countryman, Mr. George Peabody, in honor of our national anniversary, July 4th. Who should I meet there but the identical Mrs. Leslie who had witnessed my break-down at Bournemouth! Before I relate what occurred between us, I can't help saying that I shall never forget that night for another reason more impressive.

It was the last time I ever saw the "Iron Duke," as it was the first and last occasion that the eyes of most of my electrified countrymen then present, ever dwelt upon that venerable form. A quadrille was dancing when the Duke of Wellington entered the room; the news flew like wildfire, and the first effect was the suspension of all motion, as though every frame had been struck by a sudden paralysis: the next was a burst of feeling in a wild hurrah that showed American lungs were not affected by an English atmosphere. The Duke was surprised and gratified, for his cheek reddened, and a warm smile lit up his features as he made his way, bowing to the right and left, to the top of the room. There was then a rush at him by the assembled crowd, and such a *stare* followed from hundreds of eyes that it must have cost the great Duke more endurance than many a battery he had faced in other days. On his retiring, the

ladies stretched out their hands, which he shook by dozens as he went along. I remember that a pretty girl near where I was standing, and who seemed reeling almost with emotion, raised her hand, but feared to advance it; but the Duke's eye caught her movement as he had detected many a more hostile one before, and leaning over he shook her very cordially by the hand. She has never forgotten it, I am sure, nor have I. It is touching to see a great man stoop to do a simple, good-natured thing.

To come back to my old friend, Mrs. L——.

"What!" she cried on beholding me, "are you in London again?"

"I may come safely now," I replied, "that your naughty friend is gone."

"Naughty, indeed! Why it was you that sprung a mine under the feet of all of us."

"Yet there was nobody blown up but myself."

"Which plainly shows," she retorted, "that there is a retributive Providence."

In the lively conversation that followed, I discovered, to my amusement, how entirely I had taken both Miss Gamble and Mrs. L—— by surprise at Bournemouth. It appeared that both had suspected my matrimonial motive at first, but that my discreet reserve had gradually disarmed all suspicion, so that when I let drop the mask their astonishment was only exceeded by their pique at having been so completely *done*.

"But I assure you," I declared, "that it was not for the pleasure of deceiving you that I acted so."

"Then what was it for, *beau masque?*"

"To see if I stood any chance before showing what a blow my heart had received."

"And all you got was a heavier blow on your vanity."

"I hope you had no hand in such cruelty."

"No, for I tried to save you all I could."

"Thanks, dear madam. But tell me, before I bid you good night, what had I best do now."

She smiled and hesitated.

"I pray you give me one word of comfort."

"Will one word suffice?" she asked.

"Yes, if it is not despair."

"*Persevere*," she whispered, and disappeared.

Of course I called on Mrs. Grote one day, and my intention was to rate her sharply for lending a treacherous hand to Miss Gamble to aid her more effectually to bewilder me. When I attacked her, however, she put on such a wonder-struck look of perfect innocence that I gave up the task at once. When a woman is driven into a corner to defend her honesty, no matter what the proof, he must be an inexperienced person, indeed, who goes beyond her first denial. A man often confesses; the Chancellor Bacon did; but a woman never.

Not knowing what trouble Mrs. Grote might give me hereafter, I went off slily to another clever and most amiable person, Lady Gore Ouseley,* and endeavored to enlist her interest in my favor. She had lately returned from America, where she had seen a great deal of Miss Gamble's relatives. I had known her already for some time, and rejoiced to find that she approved highly of my suit. She readily promised to back my pretensions, and I begged her to write at once to Miss Gamble to inform her she had met me, and that I had expressed myself in such ardent terms as to show my mind was disordered not a little. She smiled, and assented to do all she could. I wished Miss Gamble to hear from others of my sinking state, but I was afraid to talk

* Wife of Sir W. Gore Ouseley, and daughter of Hon. Cornelius Van Ness, our former minister to Spain. This charming lady entirely approved the match, and lent me, up to the last moment, her most energetic support.

too much of it myself. My object was to keep her a little in doubt, or I knew she would keep me in a worse state.

I returned to Paris in the middle of July, and to my joy I found a second letter, dated Frankfort, from Miss Gamble. My not answering the former had fully succeeded. She was deeply disquieted, and having no other pretext for writing to me, she concocted a dream for the occasion :—

"In spite of my resolution [she began] I write to you again. Shall I confess my weakness? I am superstitious, and last night I had a dream which distressed me not a little—and all about you. The dream was very vivid, and yet I could not recollect any of the particulars on awaking—a vague remembrance that you were going to do *something rash*, from which I tried to deter you and could not. The last time you wrote to me you were *very* angry, and I fear you will take some step which you will afterwards repent, and then throw the blame upon me. Let me not have the pain of thinking that I have been the cause or pretext of any inconsiderate acts on your part. Let me be your good genius, not your bad. Do not suppose that, in writing in this style, I pretend to exercise any influence over you, but listen, I pray you, to truth and reason. With your talents and many noble qualities, you might hope to make for yourself an useful and brilliant career ; but, in order to arrive at this, you must not yield to impulse, however strong. Self-denial, patience, and perseverance are requisite for the attainment of any such object. Try to *deserve happiness, and you may be sure that you will find it some day.* * * * Write to me, and direct to care of W. Felix Marcel, Lausanne, where I am going, in order that I may know you have received this letter. I shall then be satisfied at having done what I thought right, and with you *alone* rest the consequences and the remorse of any false step taken by you. I cannot deny that it would give me pain to see you marry another."

Her letter ran on to give me a description of her travels. She tried to annoy me by praising her courier, whom she called "a treasure," and sought to alarm my jealousy by hinting at the attentions she met with along the road from various parties. I was flattered deeply at the anxiety she displayed lest I might

commit the "rash step" I had threatened, and I was amused at the struggle between her regard for me and the pride and coquetry which prompted her to conceal it. I resolved, of course, to write to her, but my mistake was in not allowing the effervescence of my feelings to subside. Her telling me to try and deserve "happiness," that is, herself, and *I would be sure* to have it some day, intoxicated me not a little, and I wrote very wildly under this exhilarating expectation. Off flew three letters in three successive days, as if my pent-up feelings, having found scope at last, could no longer be restrained. I had no sooner done this than I saw my error, and trembled. No sooner will she perceive, from my energetic expression of esteem for her, that I am in no danger of doing the "rash" thing she dreads, than she will send me another of her mocking, chilling letters, that will be like tumbling me from an oven into an ice-house. Anxious to know what Mrs. Grote would say, I wrote to inform her of Miss Gamble's writing to me twice without waiting for an answer. She replied thus—

"*Roehampton Aug. 2nd.*

"DEAR MR. W.—I was surprised by the intelligence concerning J. G. Certainly, her writing to you in this way is a sign of her bearing you *no common* interest, but whether it means all you naturally wish it should, you can best decide. I have withheld writing, in conformity to your wish, and await the *dénoûment* which you doubtless design *to hasten* by such measures as your dexterous mind may suggest—perhaps by *personal* assiduity in the romantic land where the fair wanderer is now passing the fine season." *

* I take the liberty of appending the rest of Mrs. Grote's letter, which attests her singular political sagacity:

"We have, at last, fine summer weather, and we enjoy our villa all the more. I am likely, however, to be summoned to London shortly, for our friends, M. Leon Faucher and wife, are coming over to see the Crystal Palace, and will make our house their headquarters. They meant to have come earlier, but the grave events in the Assembly during the past month have kept the energetic minister at his post. I am provoked at the *maladresse* of the Republican party. If Louis Napoleon win the day, it will be their

The hint that Mrs. Grote gave me to go after the "fair wanderer" harmonized with the suggestion of Mrs. L.—— to "persevere," so I made up my mind to dash off to Switzerland, and endeavor to induce Miss Gamble to put an end to my cruel suspense. Besides, I really felt uncomfortable at her travelling about with a courier she had picked up only a few days before starting, though she did represent him as a perfect "treasure." I decided to go at once, before I got a reply to my late incautious letters that might put a check on my movements. On the 5th of August I set off for Lausanne, and Napoleon the Great, when he started on the same road to fall on the Austrian rear at Marengo, was hardly more determined,

fault. By their unreasonable jealousies and silly exactions, they waste their influence instead of concentrating it. Again, what a scheme to run a plurality of candidates to bring about an election by the Chamber—why, it is rushing into *terra incognita*, for how shall any one say *whom* the Chamber will name, after all? Nor, if it *be* a decent choice, how do we know what the future conduct of such a man will be, once invested with so enormous a measure of power as he probably would be, as being *their* man? I should *prefer* a certain degree of antagonism betwixt Chamber and President myself, for without this the people are 'sold,' as when Louis Philippe and the 'Majority' worked so cosily together. We all think here that Louis Napoleon *will* be elected, and that the nation will cause this illegal act to be accepted. In that case, at any rate, it is *felo-de-se*, which I prefer to manslaughter, and, if needs must, I will swallow it. I aver, though, that if the Republicans were to *set-to* like men, they *might*, possibly, carry a genuine Republican President; not by setting up a *roturier* or workman, but a sound, clear-headed statesman, like M. Dufaure, for instance, whose late speech on 'Revision' is admirable. I was not in town when your friend ——, came over, and so lost the pleasure of a talk with him. However, he is inaccesible to reason, so no great harm done. He is a half-instructed, clever, wilful man, who will always do more harm than good to his party; for, after all, mankind crave something tangible before they pump for it, and your mere Destructionists are losing their hold on popular faith. I quite agree with you in this. *Enfin*, nothing could be more wise than your reply about taking back ——— as Prime Minister, saying it was, or would be, a vital blunder of Louis Napoleon. If ever there was a broken-down politician, it is 'O'Drivelon ———,' as I dubbed him once. He is too notorious a *hack* to serve even the President's turn now.

"P.S.—I have heard nothing more about your *rapports* with Lord P ———, but dare say you will patch up the rent by-and-bye. Our Ambassador at ——— was with him often, I hear. What's going on, eh? I don't know if he named you, M. M——— was married last month, 30th of July, and is, consequently, in *eclipse* just now. Please write again, if aught occurs worth noting. "Very truly yours,

"H. G."

I am sure, to strike a decisive blow than I was, should I encounter my sportive but clever antagonist. I reached Geneva in twenty-four hours from Paris, and the first person I ran against, at the Hotel de l'Ecu, was an old friend, the American Consul at ——.

"What brings you to Geneva?" he asked, in some surprise.

"On my way to see the *fête*, at Vevey," I said, smiling.

"You must have something more attractive than a *fête* to set you in motion," he returned, "or I mistake my man."

"I will confide in you, then—I am after a woman."

"I believe you now, without an effort."

"Yes, I am after a wife."

"Take care, don't rouse my incredulity again."

"*Helas!* it is too true. 'Who can control his fate?' as Othello says."

Seeing my friend looking still dubious, I narrated my past adventures, and present situation. He seemed interested in the matter, and promised to hold on at Geneva to give me his counsel, or, perchance, his services as groomsman, if I could manage to bring my bark into haven.

I left next morning for Lausanne, conning over by the way various ingenious excuses to account to Miss Gamble for my coming. I drove to the hotel Gibbon on arriving, and inquired for my party. She was not there, having left only a few days previous. I hurried off to her banker, M. Marcel, and learnt that she had started on an excursion for a couple of weeks or so, but they knew nothing of her route, or the precise time of her return. This was a bad beginning, and threw me into a quandary what course to take. It was impossible to waste so much time in abiding for her at Lausanne, and to go after her was equally impracticable, as I could get no tidings of her direction. In this dilemma, I thought it best to go back to Geneva, to consult my friend there; but I went over to Vevey first, hoping to

hear of her at the *fête*. I ran to all the hotels of the town, but no such person had been there. In great disappointment I made my way to Villeneuve, to catch the steamer for Geneva; but as I was going up stairs to my room at the Hotel Byron, who should I stumble against but Mary, the old nurse of Miss Gamble.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the veteran abigail.

"So," I ejaculated in equal surprise, "I have got you all at last."

"You've got me," said Mary, "but my mistress is not here."

"Where in the world is she, then?" I asked in some astonishment.

"Gone to the mountains, sir, with Miss Bennet and the courier, and will be back in a fortnight."

There was no use in reminding Mary that we were in a land of mountains, and that her information was very vague, for I suspected her geographical knowledge stopped with the sound of Bow-bells. I was greatly relieved, however, by this *rencontre*, and I thought I could turn it to good account. I told Mary I should pay her a visit after tea, and so continued my flight upwards. I knew, if there was anybody perfectly acquainted with the innermost mind of my *ignis fatuus*, it was this same Mary, whom I had known years ago as the housekeeper of Mr. Dunlop, but who had never left the side of Miss Gamble from her earliest childhood. She was a very respectable old dame; very civil and decorous in her demeanor, as English housekeepers always are; but she had her own share of shrewdness, as I could detect in her sharp little grey eyes. She knows all I want to know, and, perhaps, more than I am aware of, I soliloquized; so I will see if my diplomacy, shallow as it may be, is a match for the demure slyness of my Juliet's nurse.

"Well, Mary," I said, as I seated myself in her room after my tea, "I dare say you are quite astonished to see me here."

"Dear me, sir, I never was *so* astonished," replied the ex-housekeeper, removing her spectacles with the caution the occasion seemed to call for.

"And I dare say your mistress will be quite as much surprised when she hears of it."

"Yes, sir," said Mary, hesitating a little, "I think she will be."

"I have only run down to see the *fête* at Vevey."

"Wasn't it beautiful, sir? I saw it."

"And I am so sorry, as I have met you, not to meet your mistress before I go back to Paris."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the old woman, thrown off her guard, "going back, sir? Why, I thought you *was* come a purpose to"—— and she stopped.

"But your mistress is so happy, I am sure, in running up and down these beautiful hills, that I suppose she has quite forgotten me."

"I declare my eyes are quite a-failing," said the evasive Mary, as she pretended to pick up a pin.

"But, it seems she can get on without you, too, Mary."

"I don't exactly like to be left behind in this way, sir," she replied in a dissatisfied tone.

Finding I had touched a chord, I went on sympathising with the deserted Mary, till I warmed up her heart towards me, and lulled her discretion.

"Her companion, Miss Bennett," I said, in a careless way, "suits her exactly, I suppose."

"Why, sir, you see mistress is lively, and likes somebody that talks a good deal. Now, Miss Bennett"——Mary stopped, as if reflecting.

"Yes, I understand," I continued, "Miss Bennet is a quiet, reserved sort of person."

"Just so, sir."

"But the courier, Miss Gamble writes me, is a treasure. She never had a servant, by all accounts, to suit her so well."

"I don't know that," said the ex-housekeeper, bridling up a little.

"Meek as a lamb, I hear."

"A *little* quick, sir."

"Obeys the smallest word?"

"Rather likes his own way too much, sir."

"Umph!" I said mentally, as I found that Miss Gamble had purposely exaggerated everything in her letters in order to prevent me thinking she stood in the least need of me. But the great secret I yearned to know was yet to be extracted.

"Well, Mary," I went on to say, "you know everything, of course, that has happened. Your mistress has too much confidence in you, I am sure, so long with the family, to keep back anything."

Mary seemed touched by my manner and words.

"Yes, sir, I *do* know all," she said.

"Well, I don't mind telling my mind to you, Mary, and your mistress is such a sweet person."

"Isn't she, sir?" interrupted Mary.

"And so clever, and such an old friend, that I never—no, never would have given her up, if I had thought she was attached to me."

"Given her up!" ejaculated Mary, deceived by my candid air and calm voice; "why she *is* attached to you, sir."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that, Mary. Would she hesitate, and resist, and behave as she does, if she were attached to me? Oh no!"

"Lord bless you, sir!" exclaimed Mary, pitying my blindness, and falling into the trap *she* didn't see, "that's only her fun!"

"It's no use deceiving me, Mary," I persisted.

"Why, sir, don't *I* know? It's all fun, I tell you. She says you are so clever that she loves to torment you, and show you she is as clever as you are."

"Just so, Mary. Plenty of cleverness, but no attachment," and I sighed deeply.

"Attachment!" echoed the thoughtless *confidente*, carried away by her feelings, "I tell you, sir, there is plenty of *that*. Make your mind easy, sir, she is bent on having you. She says you are the *only* man she would marry, and I think you were made for each other."

"Well, Mary," I replied, trying hard to talk and look unmoved at this delightful revelation, "If *you* will stand by me, perhaps I'll go on a little longer."

"Do, sir," she said, encouragingly.

"But if she continues the same silly, childish conduct," I said, frowning—

"I will speak to her sir," expostulated Mary. "She really oughtn't to go on in this way."

"It's a great comfort to me, Mary," I said, getting up, "to see you take the same sound view of the matter as myself. But I expected as much of a sensible person like you."

"Thank you, sir," said the flattered old nurse, when I bid her good night, and strolled off to my room.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, certainly, than to have fallen, in this unlooked-for way, upon information so precious as this. I had more than once given way to serious misgivings, and dreaded not only the loss of time, but the chance of my feelings getting deeply entangled without, perhaps, any serious intention on the part of Miss Gamble to compensate me for either. I suspected she was really attached to me, and could not believe for a moment that with her knowledge of the world, and sense of propriety, she would go to such lengths with me without meaning, sooner or later, to reward my hopes.

Still, the emphatic assurance of her affectionate old follower, that her regard for me was strong, and that her mind was already made up for marriage, was intensely gratifying. It dispelled my doubts, and subdued all uneasy fears. I was enchanted, besides, at having stolen the secret in this chance way from the only person who possessed it; and I counted on its giving me all the advantage I might want in any new plots Miss Gamble might be meditating against my tranquillity.

I slept more soundly that night than any since I had left Bournemouth. I passed next day at the Hotel Byron, talking a good deal with Mary of old times, but returning constantly to a subject that was equally attractive to both of us, her mistress. As Miss Gamble was not expected back before ten days, at least, and as I could get no clue to her travels, I thought that, to kill time, I had better return to Geneva, and I left Mary, who was in high spirits, with the promise of presenting myself again in a week's time, at furthest. I found my friend, the Consul, still at Geneva, eagerly waiting for the news I brought with me; and he congratulated me heartily on the speedy prospect of terminating my campaign so triumphantly.

To keep my hand in, I made the acquaintance of the celebrated James Fazy, one of the leading politicians of Switzerland, and the head of the liberal party. I found him a sound-minded, practical man, confident in the steady progress of constitutional ideas, and not at all dismayed at the momentary success of the reactionary cause. He spoke in great admiration of Lord Palmerston's unrivalled abilities, and seemed to look on his great name as a "tower of strength" for the progressive party all over Europe. He gave me a higher opinion than I had before, of the military resources of Switzerland, and he said that, united to Sardinia, and backed, if need be, by England and France, the Constitutional banner might be successfully carried to any point designated, against any odds

that could be brought against it. He showed no sympathy for the revolutionary propaganda, that too frequently, he suggested, broke down an old system, without the ability to set up a better.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Before the week was out I returned to Villeneuve, and was welcomed back by my old friend Mary, who had no tidings yet of her mistress, and seemed uneasy at her absence and the dangers her imagination conjured up. I thought it would be but a small display of zeal on my part to start off, like a knight-errant of old, in search of my lady-love, and I announced my intention to the old housekeeper, who applauded my gallantry. As she could tell me nothing of her mistress beyond pointing to the gate out of which she drove as her eyes last dwelt on her, I sent up my orisons, and took the road before me, trusting to my good intentions, and the luck that devoted lovers are heir to.

I inquired all day long at every village on my way if they had seen anything of such a party as I described, but in vain. Weary, but not dejected, I reached Martigny that night, and was surrounded, on alighting from the diligence, by a noisy troop of lackeys, with cards in their hands, all vociferating in bad French the superlative merits of their respective hotels. Putting myself in the centre of the discordant band, I declared my intention to follow the lead of any one who would tell me anything of the party I was looking after, and I began my thrice-told tale of description.

"*Suivez moi,*" said one of them, immediately; "come along with me, *Monsieur;* I remember the *petite dame* in black, and the other with auburn hair. They have left a carpet-bag at our house."

Suspecting that the rogue was only keener-witted than the rest, I went after him, putting no faith in his story. To my delight, the carpet-bag he spoke of had Miss Gamble's name upon it; and, with this clue in hand, I endeavored to follow up the traces of the fugitive. I got hold, at last, of the guide who had accompanied her to Chamouni, where she had remained, as he informed me, for two to three days to witness the ascent of Mont Blanc by the world-renowned Albert Smith; but whither she had gone after that, I failed utterly to ascertain. As I was more than a week behind her, and could not possibly travel faster, it was useless to set up a pursuit, and I had nothing to do, therefore, but to abandon my original purpose, and return to the Hotel Byron.

This was an inglorious termination of my gallant enterprise; but I decided to give some proof, at all events, of my energy in the cause, by scaling some one of the gigantic mountains that reared their frowning heads around me. In previous years, I had ascended the famous Simplon, so I made choice on this occasion of the equally illustrious Grand St. Bernard, from which glorious altitude I might throw my eager glance into the valleys about, with the anxious curiosity that Sister Anne did from the tower, in the days of the dreaded Blue Beard.

I was off betimes next morning, escorted by the guide that had done the same service a few days before for the "gay little lady in black," as he called her; and as I had given up all thought of seeing her on my present trip, I sought to console myself for my disappointment by yielding with fervor to all the pure and sublime emotions that such scenery as every turn of the road revealed to my enchanted vision were likely to stir up in

the coldest heart. Whether I was in a more poetical mood than usual—which a hearty breakfast and the fine weather might have jointly inspired—or whether, in fact, my late devotion to Miss Gamble had aroused the slumbering sentiment of my nature, I know not; but certainly I never before gave way to such enthusiastic admiration of mountain-tops, of sleeping valleys, and brawling torrents, as on the day in question. It wearied my guide into a *mauvaise humeur* at last, by stopping him constantly to gorge my eye with the transcendent views that burst forth in all their Alpine magnificence on every side around me.

"*Monsieur n'arrivera pas ce soir*," was his frequent exclamation; and his gruff voice finally dispelled my intoxication, and restored the reality of a hard day's work before us.

I had no sooner chained up my fancy, and got fairly back to earth again, than I encountered a solitary fisherman leaning intently over the pure stream that dashed fiercly down its craggy channel beside me.

"*Arrêtez!*" I shouted again to the guide. "See," I continued, "if yon fisherman will part with those beautiful trout at his side, you shall have one of them for your dinner."

"Extremes touch," says the proverb, and I had fallen from the sublime to the hungry. And who could have resisted a brace of such speckled dainties as my longing eye had chanced to fall upon? The bargain was made in a trice, and I need hardly say I had no occasion to repent it afterwards.

As my guide had predicted, I was obliged to sleep in a wretched hut along the road, another proof that every pleasure has its price; but I put my foot on the broad forehead of the Grand St. Bernard at noon of the next day in full glare of a dazzling sunshine.

I had been thinking all the morning, not of Miss Gamble, I am ashamed to say, but of Napoleon the First, who had acquired

such fame by scaling this identical mountain, and regretting that whilst he had a conqueror's project to fire his soul, I had nothing to stimulate me but a peep at the old convent, an acquaintance with its dogs, and the trouble of going down the same difficult path I had just ascended.

I was scarcely off my mule, when I was saluted with a hearty welcome from as round-faced and jolly-looking a monk as was ever painted or sung. He was clad in a black *soutane*, with a band of white tape encircling his neck and waist, denoting the order to which he belonged. He addressed me in French, and escorted me into a long and ill-furnished room which he said was devoted to the service of travellers. After a chat to the effect that I had never been there before, but that I was glad I had come now, if only for the pleasure of making his agreeable acquaintance, I asked if he had a book of travellers' names. He answered "Yes," and he put it before me. I scanned it earnestly page after page, but I saw no trace of my fair runaway.

"Is Monsieur expecting to meet some friends?" inquired the obliging monk.

"Hardly expecting, *mon père*, but I am bound to confess that I am in pursuit of a very mundane object."

"And what may that be, my son?" returned the monk, rather curious.

"A woman," I replied, "but a very little one, if that diminishes the offence at all."

"Ah, my son," said he, laughing out, "we give very little heed to such vanities at this great height.

"And I don't wonder," I answered, "if it is as cold all the summer round as on this bright August day."

I soon struck up a warm intimacy with my cheerful host, who enlivened my lunch with many curious particulars, past and present, touching his romantic and out-of-the-way abode; and having nothing better to do, I sauntered out afterwards to

inspect the curiosities of the place. There was no walking without clambering up the rough steeps around—that I was not aspiring enough to do ; so, after staring a couple of unsophisticated cows out of countenance, and respectfully admiring the huge proportions of several of the famous Saint Bernard mastiffs that were basking in the sunshine, I turned down to look into the *Morgue*, or Dead-house, where I beheld the drear skeletons of many unfortunate creatures who had perished in the avalanches so common in this terrible region. They were arranged in standing positions against the four sides of a square room lighted by several open windows, and which had more the appearance of an anatomical museum than anything else I could fancy. Having "supped full of horrors," by gazing for some minutes on these painful objects, I betook myself to my bed-room to beguile the time in reading. I posted myself at the window which commanded all that was to be seen, and my attention was occasionally drawn to the arrival of travellers who were hurrying up to the hospitable convent before the night overtook them. At length, came a party accompanied by several guides who cracked their whips and shouted at their tired mules as though inspired by the near end of their day's labor. I descried, as they came nearer, a couple of women, and a man in the centre of the group, and remarked that one of the former was clad in black.

"If it should turn out to be Miss Gamble," I exclaimed, "how strange it——. By all that's lucky it *is* she," I almost shouted, as I brought my *lorgnette* to bear upon her bright little face, almost hid beneath her drooping blue "ugly." I rushed after my monk, who did the office of master of ceremonies, and found him at the door ready to welcome Miss Gamble and party. I rapidly explained that this was the identical person I was looking for, and begged him to say not a word of my presence, but leave me to manage the affair according to circum-

stances. He was highly amused at the oddity of the event, and promised to be discreet.

After dismounting, Miss Gamble and her companion, Miss B——, retired to their rooms to arrange their toilette for the dinner, now preparing for the assembled travellers in the great *salle*, aforementioned. I determined to have a little quiet observation of Miss Gamble and party before I was discovered, and I planted myself, for that purpose, in one corner of a deep window in the room in question, and donned a pair of blue glasses I had brought with me to protect my eyes from the glare of the sun. Directly, she entered with Miss B——, and sat down near the fire. After a minute or two, she walked to the window—fortunately not the one that protected me—and looking out on the declining day, said to her friend:

"What a pity we haven't some one to accompany us for a stroll; but Louis, I suppose, is busy with the luggage."

"Yes," responded Miss B——, after a pause.

"It's a good joke," continued Miss Gamble, "that we go everywhere, and see nothing after all."

"Yes," repeated the laconic Miss B——

In a few minutes Miss Gamble returned to her place at the fire, followed by her taciturn friend, and silence ensued.

This little scene spoke volumes to me, and I would have bet any money that Miss Gamble was regretting in her heart that she had not brought me along with her to join her in a walk, and to make her a more satisfactory response than she could extract from her monosyllabic companion, Miss B——.

Dinner was nearly ready when the jolly monk sidled up to me, whispering—

"Has she discovered you?"

"No; not yet."

"Shall I manage," he said, full of fun, "to secure a chair for you alongside of her, at dinner?"

"I will remember the convent in my will, if you do," I replied, charmed at the proposal.

There were nearly twenty persons now collected for dinner—the half of them ladies: but the amiable monk was defeated in his pleasant intention towards me by Miss Gamble seating herself in a different place at the table than he had assigned for her. I managed to keep on the same side with her, however, so that she might not perceive me before I intended. The dinner was very good, and the conversation very brisk. Miss Gamble got into chat with some lady opposite to her, and she gave a vivid and graphic account of her travels, from which it appeared that she had followed out the injunctions of Murray's red-book with the most indefatigable ardor. I began to rejoice that I had escaped the laborious exercise that would have befallen me, if I had been in her train. As an old traveller, I should have grumbled at the toils that a novice rushes at with such heedless energy. I kept glancing, ever and anon, at the unconscious object of my observation, till Miss B——, who was sitting on my side of her, began to fancy, I suspect, that her nice auburn hair had caught my attention, and she turned her face towards me, in curiosity, often enough to enable me to inspect its character. She was quite good-looking, and evidently of a placid nature, though her blue eyes were not without a keen expression of their own.

When dinner was over, the ladies all grouped around the blazing fire, which the sharp whistling air without made doubly cheerful. I retired to the lower part of the room, and went on chatting with a lively Frenchman who had sat next to me at table, carefully keeping my back turned the while towards the company.

"*Je vous fais mes complimens,*" said my French friend.

"Wherefore?" I asked.

"Because of a conquest I think you have made. There is a

petite lady in black, near the fire there, who turns her eyeglass frequently upon you"

"Indeed!" I replied, thinking it was all over with me. It turned out, however, that I was not detected, and Miss Gamble's attention had, probably, been directed to me by Miss B——, as her late supposed admirer at the dinner-table.

I was anxiously abiding an opportunity, and it was near ten o'clock when I remarked a chair vacant right alongside of Miss Gamble. Now's my time, thought I, and gliding up whilst my lady's face was directed the other way, I sat myself down, like Banquo's ghost, in the empty chair by her side, wondering at the possible effect of my sudden apparition. In half a minute, Miss G. turned round, and our eyes met. Such a gaze of utter amazement I never beheld before. She was mute, but the blood mounted to her cheek and spread to her temples. To relieve her feelings, I rallied her in a familiar tone for not addressing me before.

"Here have I been the whole evening," I said, "dining at the same table with you, and not a word, not a glance, even, have you condescended to bestow upon me. What am I to think of it all, Miss Gamble?"

"I didn't know"—— she stammered out, and stopped, choked with emotion. She turned her head, and touched her eyes rapidly with her handkerchief.

"Didn't know that I was on the top of the Grand St. Bernard, when you supposed me to be in Paris," I remarked. But finding that for once her colloquial powers had completely deserted her, I rattled on to give her time to recover, and to divert the attention of the company, who saw that something odd had happened. All my efforts to draw her into conversation, however, failed; for she seemed struggling hard to keep down the tumult at her heart, that from pride or tact she was unwilling to betray. I saw enough though to satisfy me that her

old nurse had not deceived me as to her attachment, for the symptoms before me could hardly be mistaken.

The ladies soon rose to retire for the night, and Miss Gamble seemed enchanted at the opportunity of escaping from her embarrassing position. Her companion, Miss B——, was scarcely less perplexed at what had occurred, and she probably suspected, by this time, that my glances in her direction during dinner were meant for another party. I slept that night like a "warrior taking his rest," thinking my battle was finally won, and I heard nothing of the terrific storm in the night, that shook the old convent to its very foundations.

When I entered the breakfast-room next morning, everybody was already at table, busily dispatching their coffee and eggs preparatory to starting on their downward way. Miss Gamble was there, and saluted me with a cold nod, which I thought was meant to deceive the company as to our close relations. After the meal was over she approached the window, when I advanced towards her.

"What do you mean," she said in a sharp voice, "by running after me in this strange manner?"

"How can you imagine," I returned very coolly, "that I am running after you, when I knew no more of your whereabouts than of the man in the moon? I have a right to accuse *you* rather, as I was here before you."

"But you certainly came to Switzerland in pursuit of me."

"It would be ungallant," I replied, "to say the contrary."

"Did you receive my letter from Lausanne," she asked, "some ten days since?"

"I did not."

"If you had got that," she continued, "I'll be bound you would not have come, though."

"It would not have taken much," quoth I, "to prevent me, perhaps."

"Well, I have only one thing to say now," she declared—"that you must go about your business at once. It is out of the question your travelling with me—it would compromise me fatally."

"I never thought of that," I replied, musing. "But you are right. I will go immediately. Good morning;" and I moved towards the door.

"Stop," she cried, as she saw me retreating. "Don't be in *such* a hurry;—you are always *so* quick."

"When I ought not to be, I suppose," I said, smiling. "But I thought you were in earnest."

Miss Gamble looked confused, for her attempt to rebuff me for the trick I had played last night had failed. We chatted for a few moments, when the courier came to say the mules were ready. Miss Gamble hesitated, and said something about spending the day where she was; but the courier remarked, that if a storm came on they might be detained there several days. To her surprise, I agreed with him, and it was decided to go.

Down we started, picking our difficult way in single file, and as talking was impossible, I kept on ahead. I got first to the half-way house, and ordered dinner. I endeavored to be as gay and amusing as possible during our repast, but Miss B——'s presence prevented any familiar conversation between Miss Gamble and myself. I pushed ahead again for all the rest of the way, and reached Martigny a good hour before the arrival of Miss Gamble, where I secured rooms for her party. She was greatly fatigued after her hard day's work, and retired very soon after tea. We met again at the public breakfast table next morning, when she announced that she had another mountain *to do*, according to Murray, and that consequently she would not get back to the Hotel Byron before Thursday.

"It will be joyful news to Mary," I said carelessly, "for I will see her this evening."

"Ah!" she replied, looking surprised, "you return, then, to-day?"

"Yes, for I admit that it is not proper for me to be travelling with you. Besides, this creeping up mountains all day is such tiresome work"——

"I see," she said, not a little piqued, "that your effeminate life in Paris has unfitted you for the enjoyment of nature."

"It has not unfitted me, though, for objects more attractive even than fine scenery," I replied in a whisper.

The compliment brought a smile, but she was secretly disappointed, I could see, at my singular desertion. She drove off after breakfast with Miss B—— and the courier to the foot of a neighboring mountain, where mules were in readiness for the ascent, whilst I jumped into the diligence and made my way back to the old town of Villeneuve, at the top of Lake Leman, glad enough to exchange the romance of Alpine travelling for the matter-of-fact comforts of the Hotel Byron.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUCHY.

My reader may think it capricious, perhaps, that, after taking so much pains, I should abandon Miss Gamble the moment I had found her—he may think it ungallant, and if a lady, she may consider it absurd, and perhaps worse. But stop till I explain myself. I perceived from my lady's behavior the morning we left the Grand St. Bernard, that she meant to be revenged for

the violent emotion into which I had there betrayed her as I have related. She was not the woman to overlook such an offence as that. I was sure that, out of spite, she would resist me to the last extremity, and perhaps compel me to hop away again without my prize as I had already done from Bournemouth and London, unless by some very skilful manœuvering I should defeat her plans and gain a final victory over her.

My romantic devotion in climbing to the tops of the mountains in pursuit of her I knew must gratify her deeply ; but I dreaded lest it might turn her head, and make her believe me so madly bent upon her possession as to encourage her to go on coquetting till I was forced to give her up. To escape all these dangers, I determined to mix up, as heretofore, a certain amount of *nonchalance* with my ardor, and to drop a hint besides, that if she kept me any longer dangling like Mahomet's coffin betwixt heaven and earth, there were *other persons*, perhaps, that knew better what was good for them, and who would be less obdurate and capricious. I settled all this in my mind as I came down the mountain, and I anticipated that my leaving her, as I have just shown, would probably upset all her roguish plots. It would force her to think that, perhaps, I was not so infatuated as she supposed, and that it would not do to trifle too much or too long with me—at least, I hoped this would be the effect.

When I got back to the Hotel Byron, I found the old nurse there quite nervous with expectation, and she was heartily delighted at the near return of her beloved mistress. I told her all that had happened at the Grand St. Bernard, and she said it was the funniest thing she'd ever heard.

"It's just like a play, sir," exclaimed Mary, "and anybody must be blind not to see that *it is to be*."

"Perhaps so, Mary," I observed in a very grave voice, "but I fear your mistress is still bent on her fun, as you call it ; but I can't stand this childishness any longer."

"It is very wrong of her, sir ; but I'm going to speak to her."

"I hope you will, Mary. I am excessively attached to her ; but my self-respect cannot longer endure this game of fast and loose."

"Please don't think so hard of her, sir," said the old housekeeper, rather alarmed at my solemn manner and decided tone "Depend on it, I will tell her exactly what I think."

"If she refuse to listen to your sensible advice, then"——

I left the old nurse to fill up the blank in the way I knew her fears would do, and went off to my supper.

Poor dear Miss Gamble ! she little dreamt of all the cunning love-snares I was laying for her, and into which I ardently prayed she would put one or both of her tiny little feet. I had fully secured the zealous services of her old servitor, and certainly she was an ally not to be despised ; besides, there was no sly Mrs. Grote at hand to upset my connubial schemes, and if I don't carry the day now, I thought, then *it is not to be*, as Mary says.

It was Wednesday, and Miss Gamble was to be *de retour* on Thursday. It will be a good idea, it occurred to me, if she should find me gone on her return, instead of dying with impatience to see her again as she, no doubt, expects. I hurried off to Mary instantly.

"Tell your mistress," I said, "that I have received important letters, and was obliged to go."

"Bless my soul, *go*, sir ?" interrupted Mary, in alarm.

"Only to Geneva," I explained ; "I shall be back on Friday at furthest, when I hope to find Miss Gamble here and well. Now, mind you speak to her, Mary."

"Let me alone for *that*," promised the old nurse, quite relieved. "Now, do come back on Friday, sir."

It was but a three hours' trip to Geneva by the steamer, though I could have passed weeks in gazing from the lake at old

Mont Blanc and his white-headed offspring clustered around him.

I reported to my friend the Consul (still hanging on at Geneva) all that had transpired, and he was not a little amused, too, at my adventure at the convent.

"But take care now," he said, "you are coming to close quarters, and Miss Gamble, I see, is not a bad fencer."

"It will not be for want of care, my friend, if she don't get the '*palpable hit*' this time."

"*Allons toujours*," was his cheering expression.

I returned to the Hotel Byron on Saturday instead of Friday, still carrying on my old game of ostensible indifference. After making my toilette as effective as possible, I wandered all over the hotel, but without meeting the fair object of my search. At length I inquired of the landlord for Miss Gamble.

"She's gone, sir," he said.

"Gone!" I exclaimed, in dismay.

"Yes; she left this morning for Ouchy, and she bid me to say that she wished you to join her there the moment you returned. It is only half-an-hour distant from here by the steamer."

"Ah!" I replied, not a little comforted. "She wishes me, then, to follow her?"

"Oh, yes, sir; she bid me several times not to neglect to tell you."

I was off next morning by the first boat, and found Louis, Miss Gamble's courier, looking out for me on the quay.

"The ladies are waiting breakfast for you," he said, taking charge of my luggage.

I found Miss Gamble lodging at the Hotel de l'Ancre, at the little village of Ouchy, on the very border of Lake Leman, in sight of Lausanne. I entered the *salle à manger* of the hotel just as she and Miss B—— were sitting down to breakfast. I

joined them, and received a full account of their adventures "by flood and field" since I had left them at Martigny.

"Well, you ought to be called the Chamois of Portland Place," I remarked to Miss Gamble; "for you skip about the Alps as though you had been bred among them."

"Oh, that is nothing," she declared, with a significant smile, "to what I intend to do."

"What, do you mean to eclipse the fame of Albert Smith, and ascend Mont Blanc?"

"No; I have done with mountains. But, *where*," she asked, smiling more archly than ever, "do you think I am going now?"

"Not going to be married, I hope?"

"To escape so sad a fate, I am going to Constantinople."

"You are joking," I said, really confounded, but trying to conceal it.

"No: ask Miss B——. I met Col. T—— and family at the Hotel Byron, who are bound thither, and I have made arrangements to accompany them."

Miss B—— said it was all true. Miss Gamble's eyes sparkled with delight at the idea of playing me a trick that was utter ruin to my hopes. If she go there, she is lost to me, was my secret thought; but I went on calmly sipping my tea. If I oppose her, she will go; but stop her, I must.

"Well, I admire your enterprise," I observed, very quietly. "Constantinople is, to be sure, a dirty place, full of mad dogs and nasty Turks; still, it is a queer place, and worth a visit. "I wish, though," I added, in an emphatic way, "that you had taken any month but October or November for the trip."

"Why?" she demanded, in a tone of surprise.

"However, that's a small objection to a second Humboldt, like you."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean that the Plague always rages the worst in those

months; there is far less danger during the rest of the year."

"The Plague!" cried Miss Gamble. "The Plague!" echoed Miss B——, both turning pale at the word. There was a tall Englishman breakfasting at the same table with us, who had overheard our conversation. He guessed my purpose, and was anxious to give me a lift.

"I hope, ladies," he said, "if you go to Constantinople this time of year you will insure your lives for the benefit of your families; and if you are at all particular about grave-stones you had better order them in London, for there is no such thing to be had in that miserable hole." This was a crusher.

"Really," said Miss B——, "I cannot think of running such a frightful risk, and if you go, Miss Gamble, I must insist on returning to London."

"But Col. T—— never spoke of the Plague," urged Miss Gamble, who looked horrified in spite of herself.

"Why, do you expect an old soldier's afraid of such a trifle as that?" quoth I.

"I am shocked at your speaking so lightly of such an awful thing," rejoined Miss Gamble.

"Pshaw! we must all die one day," I replied heroically swallowing an egg, "and the Plague never keeps you over a few hours in suspense." I knew Miss Gamble held her life in peculiar esteem, and I had said quite enough to spoil her breakfast and upset her trip to Constantinople, thanks to the co-operation of my unknown friend. When the ladies had retired we had a hearty laugh at the joke. All the rest of the day Miss Gamble was dull and moody. The trap she had laid for me had caught her own foot. Next morning she said to me—

"I wish you to go over to the Hotel Byron and tell Col. T—— that I have changed my mind. I shan't go to Constantinople."

"Indeed!" I cried, in seeming astonishment, "I hope you are not such a coward as to abandon your trip from fear of the Plague?"

"Will you go, or no?" she said pettishly.

"Yes, if you insist on it. But you must give me a letter stating your change of plan."

She wrote it immediately, and I was off straightway. When I met Col. T——, at the Hotel Byron, I found, to my surprise, that she had deliberately pledged herself to make the journey in question, and fully authorized him to complete all preliminary arrangements. He was exceedingly annoyed at what he called her levity in breaking off engagements so seriously undertaken. I palliated her offence with all the ingenuity I could, but left Col. T——, in spite of my eloquence, in a very bad humor. I was enchanted, though, to have defeated this mad prank of Miss Gamble's, for it would have put an abrupt termination to my courtship. Could I have foreseen what was to come, I should have struggled harder to send her to Turkey than I did to prevent her going.

I got back to Ouchy on Tuesday morning, and so the matter dropped. After breakfast we were alone for a moment.

"If your zeal in my service is not exhausted," said Miss Gamble, "I am going to ask another favor."

"Lay on Miss Macduff, you will never hear me say enough."

"Stop your nonsense. I'm going to ask you," she continued, "to take charge of me for two or three days. I've told the courier he might go and visit his family that live in the neighborhood."

"You may confide in me," I replied, "after some sixteen years' acquaintance, with less risk than in a servant you have only employed for a month or so, methinks. I have but one objection."

"What's that?" she asked, rather puzzled.

"Why, my character, which is none of the best, may be compromised by living in this intimate way with you."

"Is that to remind me I am compromising myself?"

"It would not prevent you if it were, for you are such an independent little body."

Miss Gamble tossed her head with a smile, and gave no denial. I was dying to approach the topic uppermost in my thoughts, but we were in the dining-room of the hotel, there being no private rooms vacant, and people were running in and out continually. We were seated on a sofa near the window, and conversed in an under tone.

"You never got my letter from Lausanne," said Miss Gamble, "before you left Paris?"

"I did not."

"I will show you the copy, then," and she ran off to fetch it.

"There, read it over," she said, returning, "and you will see my mind is made up."

The letter was very long, eight pages of letter-paper closely written. I will merely give some extracts as a sample. It was in Miss Gamble's best style. It was so like truth that you could hardly imagine it was all *finesse*.

"*Lausanne, August 5th*, 1851.

"You are, certainly, an extraordinary person! If I judged you by ordinary rules, I should either never write to you again, or inclose your last three letters for perusal, that you might blush, on reading them over, at having insulted one whom you professed to like, and whose position should have made her sacred in your eyes. But you cannot make me angry by any false judgment you may pronounce on me, or any comments you may offer. I do not think it right to disregard appearances, nor have I intentionally done so."

"You are not doing it now," I said, stopping, "by sending off your courier, and remaining under my protection?"

"Hold your tongue, and go on," retorted Miss Gamble.

I then resumed—

* * * * "You think I had a fancy for you before you went to the United States in 1840, but you are mistaken. Neither did you make any way in gaining my affections at Bournemouth subsequently. I tell you this, not to give you pain, but to prevent any more mistakes. It was a most trying period of my life. Suddenly left alone without a protector, and deprived of that affection with which the angelic being I watched over rewarded me, it was not wonderful that my judgment was not as firm as usual, or my behavior as rigidly consistent as, I confess, it ought to have been. The *past* seemed the *present* time. Former days came back, when my uncle and aunt took a warm interest in you, *and I knew no harm of you.* Every show of kindness or affection was grateful at such a moment, and I showed you, perhaps, too much indulgence. My friendship you might have won, for I give you credit for many generous and noble qualities. I regret it much. I should have been glad to find in you not a sentimental friend, but one really interested in my welfare. It is difficult for the prosperous to find real friends. Some envy me my fortune; others are disappointed that I will not marry their sons, or brothers, or nephews: some wish me to take their sisters or daughters as companions, and assail me because I choose more wisely. It matters little. * * * I have had no *lively* adventure, in the sense you mean. One gentleman, at Frankfort, did certainly express a wish to accompany me in my tour, but I did not consent. * * * You have taken up the notion that I like to rule. With regard to marriage, my opinion is this:—every woman, who is feminine in her nature, would wish to find in her husband an adviser and friend on whom she might lean. Mrs. Grote will tell you that I expressed myself in this way to her, and that I confessed that I was weary of my reign: and when I marry it will be with the full intention of abdicating. It is very troublesome to rule absolutely—at least for a woman—and it is not from fear of forfeiting my power that I continue free. If ever I marry, I only pray that my husband may be worthy of the devotion I shall render him. * * * * * When I wrote that it would give me pain if you went astray, I said truly, for I felt much *much* interest in you. I confess it is diminished by the tone you have adopted towards me in your last three letters. Still, for the memory of old times, and those who are gone, as well as for the few days at Bournemouth, I wish you well. You think I desire to prolong my triumph, as you call it. * * * * *

Still, *I would ask you to have patience.* If you marry a woman you do not love, no matter what the motive, you will certainly be miserable, and make her so, in spite of all your good resolves, which would be very cruel. As to your *escapade* of some years since with Mlle. Ellsler, Mrs. Grote explained it, and did you justice. You are wrong in supposing I passed a harsh judgment on you. I can understand that your position was one of great temptation. * * * This should teach us to be watchful over ourselves; and yet you speak of marrying a woman you do not love, as if the happiness of another were not a solemn trust to be accounted for. Finally, if I have erred in my conduct towards you, pray, forgive me, and believe I have never meant to give you pain. Try to entertain a good opinion of me, and do not listen to the malicious chit-chat of the world. In return, I will judge you by your own actions, and by your own report of yourself. Whoever represented to you my courier as being handsome, could never have seen him. He is a sturdy little body, with an open, pleasant countenance, but no great beauty. I told Mrs. Grote all that had passed between us.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. C. GAMBLE.

"P.S.—Rash man, once more I *warn* you not to trifle with your happiness."

"Well, what do you think of that?" inquired Miss Gamble, seeing I had finished.

"I think that the General of the Jesuits is a fool to you," was my reply.

"I don't understand you," she said, with an air of *naïveté.*

"Matchless dissembler! You use words, like Talleyrand, only to disguise your thoughts. I would be shocked at such deception, if I did not admire the skill that veils it."

"You speak in riddles," said Miss Gamble, seemingly perplexed.

"To be plain, then, you hardly admit in this crafty letter that I have your friendship."

"Yes!" she replied, "I feel a friendship for you: but nothing more. Do not hope it.

"And yet," I asserted, with a penetrating look, "you *love* me deeply."

"Love you!" cried Miss Gamble, her cheeks glowing like crimson.

"Yes; *for Mary has told me all.* So, confess your guilt and cry me mercy."

The fair culprit hid her face in her hands and was dumbfounded. Soon after she left the room. Poor Mary! I thought, you'll catch it now. I did not meet the convicted one again till dinner-time, but she seemed reserved and crest-fallen. There was no chance for conversation as we were dining at the *table-d'hôte.* I felt that my time had come, and all that I prayed for was an opportunity. The next morning, after breakfast, I put on a serious manner, and begged an interview with her, as it was my intention, I announced, to return to Paris forthwith. She agreed, and proposed a walk in some lovely gardens adjoining the hotel. Miss Gamble had recovered her usual self-possession, but her air was not so defiant. We walked on for a while in silence, and I was meditating how best to assail her.

"Well," she observed, at length, "if you have anything to say, say it."

"I have nothing to say to your credit," I rejoined; "for you have behaved very badly. Why did you refuse me at Bournemouth?"

"Because I didn't want you."

"Why, then," I demanded, "did you write after me, and apologise?"

"I did very wrong."

"When I abandoned you in London," I continued, "why did you write and beg my friendship for life?"

"It was very silly, indeed."

"You bid me a last farewell on leaving London, in June," I resumed, "and wrote to me in ten days afterwards."

"Worse and worse," she said, in a mock tone of penitence.

"I did not answer your letter," I persisted, "and you wrote again, begging a reply."

"I really couldn't help it," she expostulated; "I had *such* a dream."

"A mere pretext," I declared. "You feared I would marry another, in pique. But tell me," I asked, "without equivocation, why you were so overcome when I surprised you on the Grand St. Bernard?"

"Because I felt then," she avowed, "that I was gone."

"For that confession, fair sinner, I will pardon much; but justice cries aloud, and you must be punished."

"According to law, I hope," she said, smiling.

"And according to religion, too; so I will make you my prisoner on the spot." With that, I seized her hand.

"Oh! oh! pray let me go!" she entreated.

Don Giovanni, in the opera, might as well have prayed the marble statue to let *him* go.

"But there's somebody coming!" she cried.

"I don't care," I rejoined, still holding on. "Answer, is it mine?"

"Go along—*yes*."

"At last, then, you have said it."

Soon after, we sat down on a bench facing the lake, and a great many pleasant things were uttered unnecessary to repeat.

I returned to the hotel in high spirits, and my *fiancée* seemed content.

I had gained an immense point, certainly; still there was no trusting her. Most women, when they give their hands, resign

themselves to their fate; but with Miss Gamble, I felt my struggle had only entered into a new phase. So skittish and unmanageable was she, that I feared she would shy and bolt, and play me many a trick before I got her to the church door; and perhaps, even then, she might run off and leave me to apologize to the clergyman. I was gaining ground, however, and that was some comfort.

That very night, an incident occurred exceedingly fortunate for me. My luck seemed in the ascendant. The courier came back from visiting his family, and, as might naturally happen, he had taken a bottle too much. He was quite intoxicated, and presented himself in that state to Miss Gamble, to report his return. She was much shocked, and I was vastly amused.

"Turn about is fair play," I said, laughing heartily; "so you must now protect your courier since he can't protect you."

Miss Gamble had a great horror of drunkenness, and this event proved her folly in confiding herself to the sole care of a servant who was a good fellow enough in his way, but had evidently never taken Father Matthew's pledge. I had never exchanged two words with her courier, but had not neglected to observe him closely. He was neat in his appearance, civil in his address, and punctual in his duties. His face had a pleasant expression, but a certain slyness lurked in the corner of his eye. In his habits, he was no worse than foreign couriers generally, and much better than some. He was not a drunkard, but he never insulted good wine by not drinking it. His getting tipsy on this occasion, however, was an enormous service to me, and I vowed in my heart not to forget the obligation at some future day.

The next day Miss Gamble's manner was more sedate than I had seen it yet. She proposed another ramble in the delightful gardens of yesterday. I wondered what was coming now, for she seemed deep in thought. I screwed up my courage as I pulled on my gloves, and prepared for a new freak.

"You are so charming," I began, "when you are serious, that I wonder that you are ever otherwise."

"I should be less so if I were always the same," she replied.

"Well said, *mia cara*, and, in truth, you are not quite detestable in your mad fits."

"Then I must be *truly* captivating."

"Else you would never have entrapped me."

"I appreciate my good fortune. And so I am to think," she demanded, "that you *really* love me?"

"Why should you doubt it, after all the trouble you have cost me."

"And all for *myself*, I suppose?" she continued.

"You hardly expect me to say that it is for your money."

"But that is what I half suspect," she said, with a knowing glance; "and I mean to put you to the test."

"It is very cruel of you to put my love in a crucible, as it were, and make chemical experiments on it. But say, what is your test?"

"I don't intend," she declared emphatically, "to let my money get into your clutches."

"A very wise decision on your part, Miss Prudence. You wish me, then, to sign off all right and title."

"I do," was her laconic reply.

"You know I have an income of my own."

"Yes."

"And with my simple habits that I might live on the half of it."

"I dare say," she answered simply.

"Then what in the world do I want with your money?"

"Then, you will sign off?" she repeated.

"Yes! I will sign off to-day, and marry you to-morrow."

"Don't be in such an alarming hurry, pray.

"Do you believe now," I asked triumphantly, "that it is not your ingots that have fascinated me?"

"I am forced to think so; but still I doubt your love."

"Because you think it too good to be true."

"What presumption!" exclaimed Miss Gamble, laughing aloud.

Whereon we sat down in the same pleasant spot as yesterday, and went on talking till dinner-time.

"Now, by St. Paul!" I exclaimed, when alone again, "the work goes bravely on."

I believed in my heart that Miss Gamble was almost disappointed that I did not make some hitch about her proposition of signing off. Things were going too smoothly and too fast for her. She loved to struggle with and resist me, and I felt so sure of this, that I dreaded the difficulty I should likely have to get her to name the happy day. I set all my wits to work to plan how I could compass that; and, once done, I resolved to run off to Paris immediately. It would be a risk to leave her; but then, I calculated she would feel my value more when gone, and she was left again under the sole charge of a grape-loving courier. I had a presentiment, though, she would make some desperate plunges before I could settle the last preliminaries for our marriage; and on the same night of the conversation just recorded, she manifested rebellious symptoms. The ladies had retired for the night, and I was alone in the *salle-à-manger* near midnight. The door suddenly opened, and in came Miss Gamble, dragging by the hand her reluctant old nurse.

"There, now, Mary," she said, "do tell him what I have been saying—tell him I really *can't* marry him."

With that, she threw herself into a pretty attitude on a chair, and hid her face in her hands.

Poor old Mary looked very foolish, and was silent.

"Here, Mary," I said, "take this spoiled child and put her

to bed, and threaten her with the loss of her breakfast to-morrow if she don't behave herself better."

I then packed both of them out of the room. This farce, though absurd, was diverting; for Miss Gamble, in spite of her years and intellect, could assume the frowardness of a child to perfection. There was something infantile in her disposition, and she could be as sportive, silly, and graceful as a girl in her teens when the mood took her. It was one of her traits I liked best. What I did not like, though, was this sign of prolonged resistance. She's desperate, I soliloquized, going to bed; but in spite of her antics, I'll make her change her name yet."

It was agreed next morning (Friday) that we should leave for Geneva the following day.

"And mind," said my *fiancée* in a firm tone, "you must go to another hotel there. 'Tis very compromising, your living in the same house with me."

"That's what I was going to propose," I replied; "and in so public a place as Geneva, I should go, by all means, to a different hotel."

Miss Gamble would have preferred my insisting on going to the same hotel, in the hope of getting up a pleasant little difficulty between us. She would have given any money for one good lovers' quarrel that might throw me back a little; but I was determined to give her no chance. How absurd in me! for when a woman has once made up her mind about anything, the obstacle has yet to be patented that will stop her.

I may as well mention a trifle that occurred the afternoon before we left. I have already spoken of a facetious unknown who had lent me a hand about the Plague. He was a tall, jolly-looking fellow, with a quick tongue and a ready wit. I soon made up my mind he was not a safe acquaintance for "unprotected females," at home or abroad. Miss Gamble had taken a liking to him because he spoke very highly of his mother, which

I told her was only done to bamboozle her the better, as people who really respect their mothers rarely make fine speeches about them at public tables. "He's only laughing in his sleeve at you," I said; but she attacked me for my skepticism. I blamed her often, on the other hand, for talking too much with a person she knew nothing about. The day before we left, I was walking with her and Miss B—— in the gardens aforesaid, when we were joined by some gentlemen staying at the same hotel, and whom we met every day at dinner. The dutiful son in question was of the party, but, like the unlucky courier, he had taken a drop too much. Feeling quite at home with Miss Gamble, he began walking with her, when, complimenting her on her supposed lightness of person, he proposed to lift her up, which she naturally declined. From one impertinence he ventured to another, till she got alarmed, and I had to interfere. "He may respect his mother," I said, smiling, as we walked home; "but he has none for credulous ladies, you see." I seized the occasion to moralize a little on the absurdity of her travelling about in her unprotected way, remarking that many occasions arose where a courier might fear to presume

CHAPTER IX.

GENEVA.

At nine next morning we all set off for Geneva. I felt rather dull, as the day was gloomy, and I thought, perchance, that my stupidity might be turned to some account. For the first time I was reserved and silent, as if I had been seized with a fit of repentance for the matrimonial folly I was going

to commit. I was curious to see the effect. To my delight, Miss Gamble became uneasy. She began to think over all her sins—and perhaps of some I didn't know—and she essayed to draw me into conversation ; but I only sank, apparently, into deeper melancholy, sighing now and then as if something weighed on my mind. She began plaiting a shawl that lay upon my knee, for we were sitting next to each other on the deck of the steamer, and her face gradually assumed an expression of such tenderness, mingled with remorse, at all the pain she feared she had given me, that it cost me a great effort to maintain my morose aspect, but I persisted. As we approached Geneva I get up to look after my luggage.

"You are going, then, to another hotel?" she said.

"Of course," I answered, "and I must hurry away to secure a room."

"Well, never mind," she rejoined, taking my arm, "come along with me ;" and off we marched to the Hotel de Berg, where her courier had engaged an apartment.

Miss B—— stared at this new contradiction with amazement, but, said I to myself, if my vinegar looks bring such sweet results she shall have more of them. I was delighted to find that Miss Gamble had ordered a private sitting room, for now I should be able to carry on my courtship without the necessity of strolling up and down a public garden as at Ouchy.

We had just entered the room in question, and I was gazing out of the window at the lake, the bridge, and other pretty objects in view, with Miss Gamble standing at my side, when she said, looking up in my face still imbued with acidity—

"Can you forgive me for all my follies ?"

"It costs me an effort, Jane," I replied in *thorough bass*, "but I can."

"Then," she exclaimed, taking off her glove, "there is my hand. I will be your wife, and a devoted one."

I was really astonished at this, for her solemn manner now proved to me that she was only half in earnest before. I took her hand, and sobered by her serious air, said, "I accept the trust, and will be responsible to you and to my conscience for your happiness as far as I can promote it."

We sat down on a sofa behind us, and I may venture to say that the *tête-à-tête* which followed was by all odds the pleasantest I had known yet. That's all very nice—there's no denying it, I mentally observed, whilst dressing for dinner, but the happy day has still to be named. Aid me, ye gods, I exclaimed, till I get over that stile, and I'll help myself afterwards.

We dined at the *table-d'hôte* in spite of my objections. The ladies both liked to see what was to be seen there, especially Miss B——, who had nobody to court her, poor thing. Not long after dinner, I came into Miss Gamble's room, hat in hand, as it had been agreed to take a walk round the town. She received me quite coldly, and when we started she requested me to escort Miss B——, as she intended to walk with Mary. I asked, in surprise, the reason of this singular caprice. She had none to give, other than it was her pleasure. She probably expected me to refuse, which would have broken up our stroll and led to a nice little squabble; but I consented, and Miss B—— seemed nothing loth. She expressed her wonder at Miss Gamble's vagaries, and I answered her in poetry:

> "O! how this spring of love resembleth
> The uncertain glory of an April day:
> Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
> And by-and-by a cloud takes all away."

I was sure that my *fiancée* was annoyed at the ridiculous position in which she had put herself; but I kept on chatting with Miss B—— in the gayest manner, which I thought would vex her all the more. She deserves punishment for such non-

sense, methought, and so I remained Miss B——'s cavalier till we got back to the hotel. I never doubted there was a storm brewing the while, which was intended for my devoted head, but I out-manœuvered her again, for bowing courteously, I bid her good night at the door, and sallied off to find my old friend the Consul, who rejoiced heartily at the rattling pace at which I was going.

Miss Gamble's manner next morning showed me she was determined to have it out; but, as it was Sunday, I suggested our going to church, hoping the sight of the altar where we were so soon to be done up into one loving parcel, would calm her down. But, no; she had a head-ache, and refused to go. I had half a notion to go off with Miss B——, but was afraid. It's no use, I thought; a quarrel she *will* have, and cost what it may I must accommodate her—but she'll pay for it. These were my last words before going into action. No sooner had Miss B——, Mary, and the courier started for church, than Miss Gamble opened her fire upon me. She had evidently prepared herself for an effort, and threw all her strength into the *mêlée*. After exhausting the small arms of her wit, she brought up the artillery of argument, and banged away at me as if she thoroughly enjoyed it. I gave her a couple of hours' sport, defending myself as well as I could, and then I rose in a stately manner, as though human nature could stand it no longer. Now for another stroke of the Fabian policy, I inwardly ejaculated, and may it be the last!"

"It is pretty clear to me, Miss Gamble," I said, with imposing gravity, "that you regret your late decision."

She hesitated.

"I—yes, I may say—I do."

"I thought from all you have said this morning that it was so. I am deeply pained—nay, shocked—at your fickleness, but I will not descend to reproaches; your conscience, one day,

will avenge me." I took up my hat. "I give you back your solemn pledge of yesterday, and—and," as if nearly choked with emotion, "I bid you adieu."

I staggered out of the room like a man with a knife in his heart, and it was well I did, for such was her consternation at my blowing up the magazine in this desperate way, that I could barely restrain my laughter till I got into the street.

"Hullah!" said my consular friend, as I dashed into his room *sans cérémonie*, "I was just dressing to come and dine with you per invitation."

"And I have come, instead, to dine with you without invitation."

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Let's go and take a walk—when I will tell you."

I did not return to the Hotel de Berg till eleven at night, and then made straight for my bedroom, curious to know what the morrow would bring forth. Agreeably to the plan I had settled upon, I was off again by ten in the morning to breakfast with my friend, and remained in his pleasant company till three o'clock of the afternoon. By this time, I suspected my discarded one must be thoroughly alarmed at my non-appearance, and perhaps dreading the chance of never seeing me again.

"I'll just pop over," I said, "to see if there is any letter or message awaiting me."

"Take care," suggested the Consul, "not to carry it too far."

"Leave me to manage that."

There was nothing below at the office; so I started for my bedroom, where I had hardly entered before there was a knock at the door, and in came Mary with a mixed expression in her face of disquiet and satisfaction.

"I am *so* glad you've come," said she.

"Yes—I am packing up, and go to Paris to-night," I replied, making a vigorous dash at my portmanteau.

"Oh, dear! don't say so," said Mary, in trepidation. "Miss Gamble begs to see you. *Do* come to her, sir!"

"It's no use, Mary," I vociferated; "I have suffered enough, and can't stand this nonsense any longer."

I crammed in my clothes, as if in perfect desperation.

"She has suffered, too, greatly," persevered Mary, "ever since you left her yesterday."

"She deserves to suffer," I bawled out, "but I don't!" and I rammed in my unoffending linen, with startling energy.

"Just stop a moment!" implored Mary, and she disappeared.

What shall I do if she don't return? thought I. It was wrong to let her go. To my great relief she was back in two minutes again.

"Miss Gamble says she *must* see you, sir, and for pity's sake do come."

"What does she want?" I asked, as if pondering.

"She'll tell you, sir, herself."

"Well, Mary," I said in a blander tone, "for *your* sake I will come, though I had made up my mind *never* to see her again."

"That's very kind of you, sir; I'll run and tell her."

This *is* a victory and no mistake, I cried triumphantly. I hesitated. Shall I be serious, and conjure her to harass me no longer? She will laugh in my face. To subdue her I *must* play the fool. So, here goes. I dishevelled my hair, pulled my cravat to one side, and put on the air of a reckless man. I walked with a resolute tread along the echoing corridor, and entered Miss Gamble's saloon. She was reclining calmly on the sofa with an account-book in her hand. She looked up at me, and smiled in the roguish way peculiar to her. I expected to find her in tears, and was rather taken aback.

"You sent for me, Miss Gamble," I said, in a grave tone, secretly striving to resist her smile, "will you oblige me by saying what you wish?"

"I was going to ask if you would run your eye," she said, in the coolest way imaginable, "over Louis's book. I am so sick of accounts." This was the best thing I ever saw her do. Her voice and manner was as unruffled as if nothing had occurred. But I was not to be cheated out of my advantage so easily. "If that is all you want, Miss Gamble," I returned in a lofty manner, "I decline your request. I have as little taste for accounts as yourself."

Her countenance fell as she saw her artifice to escape an explanation had failed. I rose slowly, as if to take my leave. She threw down the book, rushed at me, threw her arms around me, crying,

"You look *so* wretched, I cannot resist. Forgive me, I love you."

It may be supposed that under such circumstances I was in no hurry to forgive, but kept on looking wretched as long as I could control my muscles.

"This time it is impossible," I said, dropping my head on her arm.

"I will never behave so again," she vowed.

"You cannot mean to marry me," I whined out, "or you would not go on in this heartless way."

"I do sincerely; pray pardon me."

"If you do," and I fetched a sigh, "let me know when."

"When you please."

"At the end of this month, then, or the beginning of next."

"The beginning of next, then."

"It is foolish in me to give way," I said, in a fond tone, "but I pardon you once more."

Was I not a fool, I observed to myself in a retrospective mood, after I had left her for the night, to be taking such pains to avoid a quarrel that has accomplished what I hardly knew how to bring about. The beginning of October, then, is to see me subside into a sober, married man. Junius, or

somebody else was right after all, when he declared that the gayest bachelor arrives, at last, at a reflecting stage, when the calmer joys of conjugal life begin to be attractive. It's funny enough, though, that I, who am to lose my independence, and that charming license that makes the condition of a single man one of the happiest allotted to mortals, should be working so hard to don my chains ; whilst my betrothed who is so near her emancipation from the stupidity, and other drawbacks of the maiden state, should be resisting so perversely the happiness that awaits her. Really, human nature is little better, after all, than the Irishman's pig, that *will* be always running the opposite way to what it ought to go. I was in great dread the following day, of a reaction, and to prevent or mitigate it, I thought it wise to assume a seriousness of manner and countenance that I knew would not be without effect. Whenever I gave way, I remarked, to my natural gaiety, and indulged in demonstrations of affection for my *fiancée*, so natural under the circumstances, it was sure to cost me trouble afterwards ; for Miss Gamble, inferring thence that her ascendancy over me was complete, would yield invariably to that love of *finesse* which was the darling passion of her heart. Under the "pressure from without," I had got her to name the time of our marriage, but I was sure she had passed the whole night in devising ingenious expedients to postpone it. When we met at breakfast next morning, her manner disclosed that she had a goodly fund of strategem still in reserve, and that I must look to my victory of yesterday, if I didn't want to lose it. I disarmed her a little by my air of deep reflection.

"If I agree to marry you"— she began, when we were alone.

"More ifs," I interrupted in a petulant tone.

"Will you give me your word, then, to go to Italy, after our marriage ?"

"You know I would prefer remaining in Paris for the winter," I replied, as though very reluctant.

"But you *must* make this sacrifice for me."

"Well, I consent."

She seemed disappointed at my yielding so soon.

"Will you also agree," she continued, after a pause, "to let me choose the route?"

"I see," was my reply, "that you intend I shall travel the road in Italy, and in Portland Place, that suits you best."

"No reflections; do you agree?"

"I suppose I must."

She walked up and down, as if at her wit's end for a new difficulty, and despairing to find one, she added, carelessly,

"Well, there's nothing else, I believe. But you must ask the approval of Mr. Bates, one of my trustees."

"But I won't, that's flat," I replied, rather firmly.

Her face lit up in a moment at the delightful prospect of a dissension.

"Then I really can't marry you," she said, rubbing her hands in downright glee. I made a mistake here, which only proves that the best tactician, which I was not, may lose fifty advantages by one act of stupidity. My vanity was ruffled by her referring our marriage to the opinion of a third party, who didn't care a straw, I knew, for either of us, as will appear hereafter.

"It's ridiculous," I remonstrated, "for a woman at your time of life, and with a judgment so sagacious, to leave a question of such importance, to the decision of another person. If he was a relative, or took any particular interest in you, which you tell me he does not, it would alter the case."

"I don't care what you say," she declared in her waggish manner, "you must ask him; I insist on it."

"Your oldest and best friends," I persisted, "who know of it, strongly approve the match."

"That may be; but I desire the approval of the party in question."

I sat down and suddenly began writing.

"What are you at?" she inquired.

"Writing to Mr. Bates, your trustee, to ask if he has any objections."

"Indeed!" she drawled out, more surprised than pleased.

I read it to her when finished, and she changed some of the expressions.*

"You say," I still queried, "you would like the assent of Mr Bates to our marriage."

"Yes, I wish it."

"Then," I answered, relapsing into my obstinate fit again, "you may ask him yourself, for I will not, that's poz."

We had a long talk about it, and the more reluctant she saw I was to comply with her demand, the more importance she affected to give the matter. It ended, at last, in her agreeing to write next day to the party in question. It is not to be denied that I acted foolishly in this, for I should have started off immediately to London, when I should have anticipated in person all opposition; but, in truth, I was rather annoyed at appealing to a third party on a matter which I was sure was perfectly indifferent to him. I had, besides, other and wiser motives. I thought it best to let Miss Gamble undertake the job that she wished out of sport to thrust on me, feeling quite sure that any opposition to her will would only make our marriage surer, as I had no doubt of her affection for me. Again, I considered it judicious to let her have an obstacle to play with, in order that her inventive genius might not be at work to discover others, as a wise physician sometimes tolerates one complaint to prevent the breaking out of a worse one. Whilst out walking next day

* I retain this letter still in my possession.

with the ladies. I stumbled, by chance, upon a proof that showed, what in fact I never doubted, that Miss Gamble was not the person to allow so important a matter as her marriage to hang entirely upon the *ipse dixit* of any individual whatsoever.

"I should really like to know," said Miss B——, as we were all talking together, "whether you are going to Italy or not?"

"Certainly I am going," returned Miss Gamble.

"Well, I am glad to hear it," pursued Miss B——; "but what made you get *Flemish* money at your banker's this morning, which looks as if you were about returning to England."

I glanced at Miss Gamble, who was blushing and smiling, but she made no reply. This incident convinced me either that she anticipated the approval of the trustee referred to, or that she meant to go to England to redeem her pledge without it. The same evening I encountered Mary in the corridor.

"I am getting on famously, Mary," I said, accosting her.

"Yes, sir; but why not finish it here? It will be such a job to get her back to London. I never saw her so wild in all my born days. I think you have bewitched her, sir!"

"Why, I should prefer that, of course," I answered; "but she must go to London to see her lawyer, as I am to sign off before the marriage."

"Well, more's the pity," said the old woman, who was bothered by the keen encounter of wits going on between her mistress and myself; "more's the pity, I say, for she never will come to herself again till it's all over—that's my opinion."

"Yes, and mine, too, Mary; but there's no help for it."

I had now accomplished all I could hope to do, and a good deal more than I had ventured to expect; so I concluded the next best thing would be to afford Miss Gamble a chance of testing my value as a companion and protector against the vaunted merits of her courier, by going off at once. She had no idea, as yet, that I intended, or would dare to leave her; but

whatever the risks, I thought the bold game the best one—*aut Cæsar, aut nihil.* Besides, it was now the 3d of September, and I had been away from Paris nearly a month without vouchsafing to my supervisor there any sufficient explanation.

"I have got tired of Geneva," said Miss Gamble to me, on the day in question. "I am going back to Ouchy to-morrow; I miss those beautiful gardens."

"Sacred to such delightful souvenirs," I answered, smiling. "But tell me," I continued, "have you written to your trustee yet?"

"I will do it," she affirmed, "when I get to Ouchy."

"If he answer in the affirmative," I inquired, "you will go to London?"

"I suppose I must.

"If he oppose," I demanded; "what then?"

"Why, then," said my tormentor, "we shall see."

"Very well; but whilst you are waiting his answer at Ouchy, I will run off to Paris, and you will let me know the result by letter."

Miss Gamble looked at me in surprise; but she thought I was jesting, and gave no great heed to what I said. That evening, however, I assigned various reasons—but suppressed many more—why I should return to Paris. She was not pleased at this decision, but was too proud to oppose it. She was to leave at ten next morning in the steamer for Ouchy: and we were alone for a minute or so before she started. I never saw her more serious or gentle, and her parting with me was by far the most affectionate and conclusive thing that had yet occurred. I accompanied her to the boat, and pledges were mutually made as to our writing to each other. As I took leave of her, she said with emphasis: "No more nonsense: I promise you that;" for which I made my hearty acknowledgment in advance, not expressing however, all the incredulity I felt. I dropped a

remark or two, *en passant*, to the courier of Miss Gamble, bidding him keep a sharp eye on the proceedings of the "tall gentleman" still staying at Ouchy, and to see that his mistress suffered no annoyance; and above all, I recommended him not to visit his friends again whose wine was clearly too tempting for his self-denial.

CHAPTER X.

PARIS—LONDON.

I GOT back to Paris in high spirits, and *certes*, I had reason enough to be abundantly satisfied with my trip to the land of Tell. All doubtful points were cleared up. I had ascertained Miss Gamble's regard for me not only from her confidant, Mary, but at last from her own confession, and "assurance was made doubly sure" by the pledge of her hand to me in proof of it. Whatever apprehensions might still beset me as to future crosses, I had none as to the final redemption of the hand she had so deliberately and repeatedly plighted. Old John Wesley, in the height of his religious fervor, never put more trust in the "promise" immortal, than I did in that of the fallible lady whose vows I relied on.

> "Faith,—mighty Faith the *promise* sees,
> And looks to that alone;
> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And cries—It shall be done!"

On my side, I was better satisfied than ever with my bargain, for notwithstanding her playful conceits and coquettish sallies,

my mind had never altered as to her real worth. I was satisfied that, when "it was all over," as Mary expressed it, she would settle down into a sensible, and certainly most captivating wife and companion. There was much, I observed, in her disposition congenial to my own. Her buoyant temperament and vivacious manners harmonized with my own mercurial nature. There were, besides, good breeding,—an "excellent thing in woman"—grace, and amiability. Loftier traits were not wanting; for I could discern a bold spirit and uncommon force of character. But the great attraction of all (and to me an indispensable one in man or woman), was her vigorous and highly-cultivated intellect. The fascination of an original and powerful mind is for me something indescribable. In a man, it exercises a singular sway over my feelings, whatever other drawbacks may clog it; but in a woman, it stirs within me an admiration that amounts to fanaticism.

This, I believe, is not common to all men, for the sterner sex are apt to look with jealousy and dislike on a *bas-bleu* as an interloper upon territory that belongs exclusively to themselves. However this may be, a superior intellect in a woman, united as it invariably is to a great strength of character, has always enchained whilst it humbled me. Intellect and energy in men seem to me more a matter of course; for with these instruments, as it were, they carve their way to fortune's heights; but in women, on the contrary, they are for the most part stumbling-blocks to their success in life. It is by softer attributes that their destiny is accomplished; and nature has ordained that woman's influence should rather exert its spell over the heart than the reason of the rougher sex. Thus, an intellectual woman is rather an exception to her sex, and her setting up as a rival in mental effort not only exposes her to the loss of male sympathy, but, as I have said, is calculated to excite positive feelings of aversion. A woman of genius has, therefore, a cruel

choice to make ; and, before she ventures upon a struggle with the other sex, in the lofty domains of letters and science, she must have gone through a painful estimate of the sacrifices, and, above all, the self-denial necessary for the task. The high cultivation of her intellect demands in a woman the abdication of her true destiny ; and it is for this voluntary martyrdom, perhaps, that I look up to them with so much deference and affection. Of all the characters that flitted across that mighty scene, the French Revolution, there are none, in my view, to surpass in true heroism Madame Roland. To say nothing of her intellectual powers, what an amazing triumph of mind over feminine nature to refuse, as she did, an easy escape from her prison, and to meet a terrible death with the calm courage of a soldier.

I have somewhat clumsily endeavored to explain a trait, if not a peculiarity, of my character ; and thus it is, that not only in my own country, but in the many I have visited, I have sought with avidity the acquaintance of *les femmes d'esprit*. It may, therefore, be seen and credited that, of all Miss Gamble's attraction for me, her fine mind stood highest on the list.

I had not returned to Paris many days, before I sent a second letter to Mrs. Grote, to inform her of my final success in the struggle I had carried on with no little ardor, and to the difficulties of which she had, in some measure, contributed. Her answer gave me great satisfaction, and did equal credit to her taste and good feeling. Here it is :

"*London, September* 13, 1851.

"My Dear Mr. Wikoff,

"I received yours from Geneva duly, and eke that of the 12th current, Paris ; but I was ill and could not write, and a three days of suspension brings on a heap of duties which I can hardly overtake. I write you this scrap to congratulate you upon one of the most advantageous achievements which you ever attempted. Certainly the adage of 'Faint

heart never won fair lady' has rarely received a more striking illustration. You have displayed that indomitable energy of purpose (the rarest quality of our times, be it remarked,) which brooks no discouragement: and the success you are now tipsy with proves how vast an engine is this pertinacity of will you are master of. Americans are thought to inherit this attribute, and I am disposed to join the believers; only, I trust you will reserve its employment for becoming occasions, and view matrimony as a relation in which concession on both sides is absolutely indispensable to its happiness. If I knew where to address it, I would send a line of congratulation to the fair wanderer, on this important change in her prospects. You know how pleasing an impression Miss Gamble left upon my mind, and that, consequently, I consider an union with her as fraught with rational hopes of happiness and intelligent companionship. On her side, she has given her plighted faith to a man who will, I think, fulfil his promises as far as his own resolves can bring them to pass. If I did not believe he was likely to prove an *honorable* and *kind* husband I should withhold my felicitations; but I cannot doubt his vows to cherish and protect his amiable and estimable future wife. In fact, were he to belie my trust, it would be a clear case of *decadence* and ruin. I feel very serious in reflecting on this eventful decision, I confess, and could run on with my homily to undue lengths, if I were not checked by the remembrance of our conversations, in which you unfolded so much evidence of having weighed all considerations on this head that I could hardly suggest anything you had not gone over in your own lucubrations. * * * * * I shall be glad to see you, and renew, *vivâ voce*, the assurances of my sympathy with this turn of fortune in your favor, which I would fain behold as the 'tide in your destiny!' Tend, and improve it now, Henry Wikoff; and, above all, cast not one look behind you.—Clip the wings of your too vagrant fancy, and fasten on to the realities which attend your future.

"In great haste, and with best wishes for both your welfare.

"I remain, very sincerely, yours,

"H. GROTE."

This letter, bearing such flattering evidence to the merits of my affianced bride, as well as to the writer's belief in my loyalty and affection, was exceedingly gratifying to me, and I readily forgave Mrs. Grote for caballing against me in the previous

June. Everything promised so fair that I thought I might venture to gratify the curiosity of *mes intimes*, as rumors of my approaching marriage had got to Paris before me. I announced to a few only, however, the fact of my engagement, and was duly congratulated; for though I put great faith in the deliberate pledge of my betrothed, I could not resist altogether the conviction that, with her propensity for sport, many chances might arise to retard the consummation of my hopes. I made known my Benedictine intentions to his Highness the Prince N——, who wished me all manner of good luck. I gave the news to another old friend of mine, the lamented Count d'Orsay.

"*Eh bien, mon cher*," he said, in his genial way, "so you are going to marry."

"Yes, Count," I replied, "you see I am not deterred by the ill luck of some of my friends,"—alluding to his own ill-starred marriage.

"You do well," he returned, smiling sadly; "but it must be admitted that you Americans succeed better than most people in all your schemes of *annexation*."

I little thought at the time that this would be my last conversation with this interesting and singularly-gifted man. He was much altered in appearance since the death of his friend, Lady B——, but his health gave no token of premature decay. He was absorbed, as usual, in works of high art. He exhibited to me, on this occasion, an admirable bust, from life, of the King Jerome Bonaparte, inimitable for likeness and expression. I glanced over, afterwards, several charming sketches lying on his table, thrown off with that brilliant facility which distinguished him. However fascinating the productions of his chisel or pencil, I always turned from them, as I did then, to the greater attraction of his sparkling conversation. Few men ever talked better than Count d'Orsay. Whether he discussed politics, literature, art, or the trite topics of the day, he invariably

seized, with the discernment of a keen intellect, the striking point in each, which he presented in its various aspects, with a felicity and point of expression rarely equalled. He spoke briefly, but with a terseness that gave the force of epigram to all he uttered. Alas! that such a man should, by the caprice of fate, have wasted in drawing-rooms the treasures of a mind that would have shed lustre on letters, or raised diplomacy above the low arts of intrigue. Amongst other visits I paid, with the intelligence of my coming nuptials, was one to the lovely Mrs. R——y of Philadelphia. I had known this brilliant person many years, and standing as she did at the pinnacle of American society in Paris, I was solicitous to secure her good will for my *fiancée*, whom she did not know. Though only a resident some three or four years in this capital, the splendid mansion of Mrs. R—— was already the favorite resort of the noblest and most *recherché* society, and her numerous and costly entertainments acquired an additional charm from the rare beauty, *esprit*, and captivating manners of the fair hostess. I remember once expressing my surprise to the celebrated Dupin, then President of the Assembly, at seeing him linger to a late hour in the dazzling saloons of Mrs R——, on a ball night.

"I should have thought, Monsieur le President," I said, "that your hard work in keeping the turbulent spirits of the *right* and *left* in order, the live-long day, would have indisposed you for such gaieties as these."

"I never go to balls," he replied, in his laconic way, "but I think it due to the elegant hospitality of your beautiful *compatriote* to make her house an exception, and I feel no remorse at sacrificing an hour or two in such company as I meet here."

I confided to Mrs. R—— the secret of my matrimonial scheme, which she complimented me warmly upon, assuring me, at the same time, of a kind reception at her house of the future Mrs. W——. No sooner had I got through these customary pre-

liminaries, than I received a letter from Miss Gamble, dated Vevey, saying, that she had decided on writing me a few lines only to oblige Mary, though in fact she had nothing to say but that she had written to her trustee as agreed upon, and that she would loiter about that neighborhood till she got his reply. Nothing could be more formal and cold than the style and spirit of this letter; and, coming after all that had passed between us, and in the face of her last promise, it startled me considerably.

I regarded it, however, as only another expedient to throw me into suspense, in which she certainly succeeded; for I felt serious doubts now as to what her next step might be. I regretted not a little that I had said a word of my engagement, for I dreaded becoming an object of ridicule, in case of my being jilted at last. I replied to Miss Gamble immediately, remonstrating in a temperate manner on the tone and language of her letter, and begging she would let me know her intentions when she received the expected answer of her trustee. I took care not to say I was very much shocked and hurt by her unpalatable epistle, lest I might encourage her to repeat the dose. I considered it wiser to affect rather more indifference than I felt. Nearly three weeks elapsed without my hearing another word of her, although she was but twenty-four hours or so by post from Paris, and I really began to fear that she had winged her way to the deserts, and left me finally, in the lurch; for one might say of her as Rivarol said of her *semblable*,

"*Il faut tout craindre, on peut tout croire.*"

After wearing myself out in the most perplexing conjectures, I wrote again to Mrs. Grote, hoping to extract a little comfort from her sympathetic pen. She replied—

"*London, October 5th.*

"What possible advice can I, or any one else give to one in your present situation; only that of patience till some light shine in upon the darkness

of your path. If, indeed, Miss Gamble play you these tricks out of the wantonness of womanly caprice, it would not be so difficult to offer you advice; nor, I should hope, would any be *necessary* to a man like you, who has a sense of self-respect at the bottom of all his embarrassments. But I cannot believe that the lady torments you maliciously, or even unfeelingly. You must have strangely misinterpreted her, if she be capable of trifling with a person to whom she has *pledged* her most precious possession. No; she is putting you through a probation *à la Tamino* in the *Zauberflotte*, to try your constancy and temper. Seriously, if Miss Gamble *should*, haply, repent her of her promise, you would hardly consult your lasting interests by insisting on its fulfilment. I know you well enough to be morally certain you will be unhappy, unless Jane give a willing consent to unite her fate to yours. I am in town for the rest of October, saving a visit of a night or two, here and there, to relations within short distances.

"Wishing you a speedy and happy solution to this *riddle*,

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"H. G."

I quite agreed with Mrs. Grote, that I must have misread the character of Miss Gamble, notwithstanding all her playfulness, if she were "capable of trifling with a pledge," so often repeated and of so solemn a nature. I hardly thought it fair for my affianced to imitate Mozart's heroine, by renewing a probation that had been trying enough to verify both my "constancy and temper." Still, with my usual buoyancy, I continued to hope for the best. I was not disappointed; for, the same day, with Mrs. Grote's, came a letter from Miss Gamble, dated Como, and, how different from the last! She informed me that she had received no reply from her trustee, Mr. Bates, and she vented her displeasure on him in pretty sharp terms; but she had at last decided, so she wrote, to come to London immediately to fulfil her promise.

She bade me write to her at Calais by the 6th of October, that she might know if I was well. My first impulse was, naturally, to run off to meet her there, and to accompany her to London. This was what my gallantry suggested; but

prudence whispered I had best be cautious, and not manifest too much anxiety. It was painful to suppress my elation, but in every instance I had not done so I had dearly paid for it. I wrote to Calais, as requested, saying I should meet her in London on the day named. I may as well mention here some details that came to my knowledge afterwards, reflecting the state of her mind at this period. After writing to me, as related, from Vevey, Miss Gamble made an excursion or so in the neighborhood ; then, crossed the Simplon, and hovered about the Italian lakes, daily expecting news from her tardy correspondent at London. During this interval she concealed her future movements from all around her, and had she received a letter that would have afforded her a pretext, she would have most likely given me the slip, and been off again, it is hard to say where. In this case I had resolved not to follow her. Wearied, at last, of her own indecision, she suddenly made up her mind to keep her word, and, writing to me as just stated, she set off for London with incredible speed, travelling almost night and day till she reached Calais. She expected to find me there ; and, on her arrival at the station she bid the courier look about for me in the crowd, and was disappointed at my want of attention. The moment she reached her hotel she sent to the post-office, and manifested great delight at receiving my letter, and wished to cross the Channel, though quite boisterous, the same night. The courier, who was inclined for a rest, frightened her out of it by declaring it was a French steamer.

On the road to London, next day, she was never so gay, and the prospect of her approaching marriage seemed to fill her with the liveliest joy. How little did she foresee the singular turn of events that awaited us both.

I reached London on the evening of the 8th of October, and

had no sooner got to my hotel in Cavendish Square, than I sent off to Portland Place, to know if my betrothed had arrived. I learned that she had got home the day previous. Hurrying through my dinner, I made my way to her residence. It is needless to say I was greatly exhilarated at this triumphant close of all my crosses and struggles; but still, in spite of me, shadows flitted athwart my anticipations, and the nearer I got to the goal, the greater my anxiety at the hidden obstacles that might suddenly arise to wither my hopes. I found Miss Gamble at her piano as I entered her drawing-room. I approached to salute her, when she bolted away, and entrenched herself behind a sofa. This was a symptom, at once, that she had not abandoned her old tactics, and I resigned myself accordingly. A parley was come to, and a truce agreed upon. She gave me an account of her rapid transit across the continent on her way to London, and said that poor Mary was quite ill from excessive fatigue. After expressing my sympathy, I said, "How shall I make my acknowledgments at this flattering zeal to keep time with me and meet your engagements?"

"You had best reserve your compliments for the present," she answered, smiling as of yore, "till you know what has brought me back."

"Why, can there be any doubt of that?" I asked calmly, but not a little startled.

"I have only returned to know," she said, "why my trustee has not answered my letter."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you do not intend to keep your pledge?"

"I don't know what I intend, so don't bother me. But I must know what my trustee thinks of it."

"You are resolved, I see, to keep me in cruel suspense to the

last. It is not fair to rob me of the reward I have well earned, and which is the highest of all, to contemplate with certainty the happiness that awaits me."

"Nonsense," she exclaimed, "there is nothing certain, and who can tell what a day may bring forth ?"

She spoke prophetically without meaning it. I replied to her lively banter in a tone of mild remonstrance, and with much gravity of manner, as I foresaw she was determined to give me a fling or two before resigning the struggle, and I thought it best to meet her last, perhaps, most desperate efforts, with perfect composure, but with all the vigilance and adroitness I could muster.

"I have sent to Mr. Bates to day," she continued, "and he says he wrote to me, and his letter must have miscarried.

"That's very diplomatic on his part," I observed, "and he don't mean, if he can help it, that you shall make a barricade of him."

"But he is coming here on Friday," she returned "to give me an answer in person, and till then you must suspend your hopes."

"Be it so, fair dame ; but I trust there is no more serious obstacle." I threw out this remark suspecting there might be still a snare in reserve for me.

"Yes, there is," she said slowly, as if poising the new missile intended for my luckless head.

"What now ?" I demanded.

"I feel," she declared,—"I cannot help it,—that I do not love you enough."

She assumed a look of deep remorse at this confession, which, she supposed, would fill me with dismay.

"I am glad to hear it," was my answer.

"How so ?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Because it leaves me something still to accomplish after

marriage. Too much love beforehand is apt to lead to a reaction. This will not be our fate."

This new arrow had broken in her grasp, but her quiver was not yet exhausted. She tried now to arouse my jealousy.

"Did I ever tell you there is another Richmond in the field—a Scotch gentleman, who has often aspired to my hand?"

"No!"

"I promised to give *him* an answer in the spring."

"Don't keep the poor fellow in suspense, then," I urged, "write, and say you are already engaged."

"Yes, but I feel more sure of *him* than of you."

"There is an advantage, however," I replied, "in my favor."

"What?"

"Why, that you like *me* better."

"Well, really, there is no use talking sense to you," she cried, in despair, at seeing me make my way through all her cunningly planned devices. We went on talking till midnight, when I left, promising to call, of course, next day. I had calculated accurately. Miss Gamble was determined to manœuvre to the last; and, like Napoleon, in 1813, the more desperate her position became, the more fertile and ingenious were her expedients. But my courage rose with the crisis. It was late next day before I reached Portland Place. To my delight, I found my charmer in one of her serious and most winning moods. She called me, for the first time, by my Christian name, and there was an affectionate familiarity in her manner that proved how fully her mind was made up, and how futile was the pretext of her trustee's approbation. After chatting awhile, she remarked:

"You must think it very selfish of me, I fear, in asking you to go to Italy this winter, when I know your anxiety to remain, for political reasons, at Paris."

"No, indeed, I do not," I answered; "for as you have never been there, it is natural you should wish to go at once."

"But that is not the reason;" and she gazed at me with a fond smile.

"No; then, what is it?"

"Divine it!"

I begged to know it.

"Why, I think it best," she continued, "that we should spend a few months in each other's society, before mixing with the world, that we may get better acquainted with each other's tastes and habits."

She had never before so completely thrown aside her coquettish defences, and her tones were so earnest and tender as to show that her heart was in her words. My vigilance had well-nigh melted away, and I was tempted to throw myself at her feet, and yield to the inspirations of the moment; but I resisted, for I remembered that every display of honest affection, on my part, had entailed trouble and perplexity upon me.

"That is most reasonable and desirable," I replied, "and I readily give up my plans for so delightful a prospect as the one you suggest. We will pass the winter in Italy, then, and return to Paris in the spring." Before leaving her, I spoke of calling on Mrs. Grote, when she said, with earnestness:

"Pray, do not; for if you mix her up any further in this matter, you'll regret it hereafter."

"I have no idea of doing so," I answered; "but call on her, I must, for she is my oldest friend in England."

"No!" she returned, approaching me with an *abandon* I had never witnessed, even at Geneva. "No! that is my prerogative; she is neither your oldest nor best friend—I come before her."

My visit was abridged, on account of other engagements, but we parted on the most affectionate terms. I never before felt such confidence in our marriage, which seemed now so near. It pained me to disguise during our interview the ardent feelings

that possessed me ; but I dared not give way to them. The more self-control I maintained, the less pains she took to conceal her own fondness, whilst, if I attempted any reciprocity in this respect, which is the whole charm of courting, as I understand it, her mocking spirit instantly broke out and bantered me back to my senses again.

This was more novel than pleasant, but her lively wit gave piquancy to these surprises. From the beginning, this had been the peculiarity of our eccentric courtship. A real affection existed beyond doubt on both sides, but there was an equal struggle at the same time to conceal it ; whilst every possible trick was adopted to elicit from each other a demonstration of that regard it is so delightful to lovers to detect. All this absurdity was odd enough at our ages, but it would have been the same, doubtless, if our years had been doubled, for it arose from a common defect in each, an overvaulting pride that refused allegiance to a stronger passion still.

It was seen by my last conversation with Miss Gamble, that she expected a visit the ensuing day from her trustee, Mr. Bates, and it is time I should say a word or two of this distinguished person. The name of Mr. Joshua Bates is familiar to the financial world of Europe and America. For many years he has conducted the vast operations of one of the first commercial houses of England, Baring Brothers, with signal ability, and the credit and fortunes of the house so ably presided over, in times past, by the late Lord Ashburton, have risen still higher under his skilful and judicious control, albeit its sphere of action must have been vastly extended. Mr. Bates entered the house many years since in a subordinate capacity, and, though a foreigner, with no interest to back him, he rose steadily to his present eminent position, by the sheer force of his commanding talent. The management of such an establishment requires in the person charged with its direction something more

than mere commercial ability, for, connected as it is, by loans, with the leading governments of Europe, a thorough knowledge of the resources of each State, and no small degree of political acumen, are necessary, to know where millions may be invested without risk or loss. That Mr. Bates unites every requisite for his arduous task is proved by the successful career of the firm in his hands, which stands amongst the first in England, and is second to none in Europe or America. His countrymen may be justly proud to see another American name added to the bright list of those who have acquired honor for themselves and reputation for their country by a useful and distinguished life abroad.

To return to my story. I had known Mr. Bates intimately since 1836, when attached to our Legation in London,* and through all the intervening years I had been always a welcome guest at his hospitable board up to the present day. I did not believe then, for a moment, he would offer the least opposition to my marriage with Miss Gamble, even if he condescended to mix himself up with so paltry a matter. In any case I felt pretty sure that his objections, or those of any one else, would weigh little with the lady in question, if her own inclination prompted the other way ; and I appeal to my reader, if I had not good reason to believe that it did. It was on Friday, the 10th of October, I paid my last visit to Portland Place. It was on Friday too, at Bournemouth, that I made my first offer. Really, the superstitious have it all their own way this time. I found Miss Gamble, when I entered, seemingly plunged in thought. There were clouds in the horizon, I could see plainly; but I had so often drawn off the lightning unscathed, that I

* I can hardly give a stronger proof of this than the fact that Mr. Bates invited me to accompany his wife and daughter, now Madame Van de Weyer, the Belgian Ambassadress, in March, 1836, to Brussels and Paris for a sojourn of some three months, as he was unable to go with them, from the pressure of business. I deeply regretted that circumstances did not allow me to accept this flattering invitation.

seated myself beside her with composure, and awaited the mutterings of the coming storm.

"Have you brought Mrs. Grote's letter of congratulation that you spoke of?" she asked.

"Yes; here it is." She read it—smiled like one pretty well committed—and let it drop on the floor without comment.

Her manner was peculiar, and had an air of extreme indecision, as though wondering if I would stand another test or not.

"Mr. Bates has just been here," she continued.

"Well, what did he say?" I asked.

"He brought me a copy of the letter he insists that he wrote me."

"And what are its contents?"

"Judge for yourself;" and she handed it to me.

"Nothing could be more sensible," I replied, after perusing it, "than the common-places it contains on the trite topic of matrimony; but there is not a word, as I expected, on the object of your choice."

"But he opposes you," she answered.

"Does he assign any reason?"

"No!"

"A man like Mr. Bates," I remarked, "usually gives a reason for a grave opinion. However, the time is come for you to decide whether he, or you, are best qualified to pronounce on my pretensions to your hand. I shall forbear any remark as superfluous."

"I am going down to Sheen to-morrow," said Miss Gamble, "to spend a couple of days with Mr. Bates."

"Meanwhile, I am to dangle, as usual, betwixt despair and hope deferred?"

"Why, the more I think of it, the more I feel that we are not adapted to each other—we had better give it up!"

"When do you return from Mr. Bates's villa?" I inquired.

"On Monday, I expect."

"Well, then," I said with great firmness, "I will give you five days to reflect, and weigh the subject for the last time; consult with Mr. Bates, and seriously examine your own mind. On Wednesday next write to me, and without circumlocution let me know your decision. You will excuse my hurrying off, as it is late, and I dine with the American Minister this evening."

I rose. Miss Gamble was completely thrown off her guard, as on many times before.

"Stop," she cried, and hid her face in her hands.

She had counted on seeing me sink under this last blow, which, like many others, had only bounded back to overpower herself. My flank movements always caught her unprepared, and her position at once became false. Seeing she had not a word to say, I addressed her:

"I do not pretend to deny," I said, in a provokingly calm tone, "that all this *annoys* me greatly."

"Oh, *that* is not the word," she urged, in a passionate voice, and with a look of reproach.

It would have gratified her to see me really grieved at her capricious temper. The ladies, I fear, are apt to enjoy the struggles of their victims. I remained apparently cool, because I knew it was my only chance. Miss Gamble had more intellect than heart, though not deficient in this, and a whimpering lover she would rather have despised than pitied.

"I am sorry, but I must go," I said, retreating. "On Wednesday, then, I expect to hear from you, and finally."

"Yes."

I left the room; but at the foot of the stair-case I heard my name called. I returned to the door.

"Come in," she said in a playful tone; "close the door."

I did both.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, with no change of manner.

She hesitated, but a struggle was going on between her pride

and her feelings, which I would gladly have relieved by reproaching her tenderly for her conduct, but I dared not.

"Will you allow me to tell Mr. Bates," she said at last, "how honorably you are connected with the English Government?"

"I cannot, as I wish for the present to keep it unknown. It was my duty, I considered, to make you acquainted with my pursuits."

She paused again.

"Have you anything more to say?" I asked, in the same tone always.

"Nothing more," she answered faintly, and sank on a chair.

I bid her good day, and retired.

CHAPTER XI.

LONDON.

It may be thought that I ought to have acted differently on this occasion, and have employed more remonstrance and less decision; more gentleness and less inflexibility. I have thought so too, since then, but I had always found that when I yielded and protested, she defied and laughed at me. When, however, I was stern and decided, she, on the other hand, retreated and cried for quarter. I may have erred at times; but, whoever think they could have done better, I wish, sincerely, had been in my place, both then and afterwards. During the interval that was to decide my fate, I called frequently on Mrs. Grote, and made her acquainted with what was going on. She took sides with me, and condemned Miss Gamble for carrying her

indecision to such unreasonable lengths. She used expressions on this point, that I treasured up as effective ammunition for some possible occasion. There was no doubt that Mrs. Grote was annoyed at not receiving a visit from Miss Gamble since her return to London; but, for my part, I secretly rejoiced that a momentary schism existed between them. I had some indefin able dread at their coming together, and, with what reason, will be seen. In order to know if Miss Gamble was only making use of Mr. Bates's name to frighten me, as I suspected, I begged His Highness the Prince N——, who was in London, and going to dine, as he informed me, with Mr. Bates, to do me the favor to sound the real views of this gentleman on my proposed marriage. The Prince kindly agreed to do so, adding, that he would not fail to throw his influence in my favor. The result was just what I expected, for Mr. Bates positively denied that he had interfered, in the least, for or against me, leaving Miss Gamble to decide for herself on a matter of which she was by far the best judge. The five days named for reflection elapsed. Wednesday came—I waited her letter with impatience. I was sure she would not venture to break off in jest, lest I might take her in earnest; but, I hardly expected she would lay aside her stratagems whilst a chance of resistance was left her. Just so. Her letter came, and it was as subtle and evasive as the rest. The decision I had played for was still reserved. "After several days' reflection," she wrote, "in my *solitary* home, I do not think our marriage would promote the happiness of either of us. I shall always remember you—not only for the memory of those who knew and loved you —but for your many noble and generous qualities," &c. &c. Lest I should construe this into a final refusal, she offered me an interview for the following day. I reflected what course I had best pursue, for I was determined now to exert all my strength, and press her hard to a decision. If I renewed my

visits, she might go on dallying the whole winter long. I postponed my reply till next day, when, discarding every term of endearment, I addressed her, formally, as "My dear Miss Gamble," and went on to state that her ambiguous letter proved her mind was a prey to conflicting doubts; that in a case like this, duty to myself and generosity to her pointed out the course I should take, and, however painful the effort, I would make it. "If you demand it," were my last words, "I will give up your pledge, and abandon the marriage." I added in a P.S. that Mrs. Grote was indignant at her conduct, which, she thought, overstepped reason and propriety. "Now, clever as you are," I muttered to myself, "I would like to see you get out of this scrape. It is playing a hazardous game, but the only one to command success." Off went the missive, and in less than half an hour came her answer:—

"*Thursday.*

"DEAR MR. WIKOFF,—I *entreat* you not to leave London till you see me. I *ask it as a favor.* I will break through my rules and receive you *this evening.* "Yours ever,

"J. C. G.

"41, *Portland-place.*"

Hamlet's joy, when he caught "the conscience of the king," was nothing to mine at this splendid triumph. My merriment was well-nigh immoderate at the awful fright my threatened retreat had caused her. My previous flights from Bournemouth and London had recurred to her; and already, in her startled imagination, she saw me on my winding way, and no more to return, as I had announced. So my haughty, imperious lady, I have made you sue, at last; *entreat me*, forsooth, as "a favor" to come and give you absolution; to withdraw my cruel resolution, and receive your final submission. "*Shall I go?*" that was the ponderous question I turned over and over again before I decided. It was clear, she had flung Mr. Bates's objections, if

he had made any, to the winds; but, if I retract too soon, may she not rise again, like Banquo's spirit, with all her scars upon her, and upset me at last? This was the very crisis of my fate, and I revolved the matter anxiously. Remembering that my "wretched" look had achieved such wonders at Geneva, I decided, at length, not to go, but to write a letter steeped in wretchedness, whilst seeking to entice her into a written pledge, to abandon all strategy, and marry me forthwith. I struck a pathetic chord in this wise—

"*Thursday evening.*

"My Dear Jane,—I have suffered so much these last few days that I am completely unnerved. I have not force enough to go through the trying ordeal you exact of me. Why do you seek to renew the struggles that are tearing my heart to pieces! It might amuse you, a parting interview—but it would cost me an effort that would unman me. What do you wish? I will obey any request—accede to any demand you may make, but encounter you *to-night* I cannot. I am ashamed to confess so much weakness. I long to come to you, but dare not trust myself. To be duped again would craze me. Is it only to sport with my feelings that you call me again to your side? Can you, really, be so heartless? God forbid. I leave London to-morrow night. It fills me with anguish, I deny it not, that I shall see you no more. But can you wonder that I shrink from it? In despair,

"Yours ever,

"H. W."

On the Kentucky principle, I "piled up the agony" to the culminating point. If she don't bid me now to "sign off" at ten to-morrow, and to meet her at St. George's church at twelve, then is she, I fear, beyond my rhetoric, was my aspiring thought as I despatched this note. "Man proposes and God disposes," says the French proverb; but women always do something else, and baffle all calculation. So it turned out now. Rather than yield unconditionally, Miss Gamble, in her panic at my threatened defection, did the very thing that, under similar

pressure, she had done in the May previous—she appealed to Mrs. Grote.

I had a letter from her next morning, couched in a mournful and apologetic tone. If she had ever said anything offensive or injurious to me, she wrote, she regretted it, though I had said harsh things enough to her, and so on; but still she evaded the grand issue. She was not yet brought to the marrying point. "I have had the courage," she added, "to write to Mrs. Grote, and if she will consent to see me I will come up from Sheen immediately." This alarmed me somewhat, but I wrote off to Mrs. Grote begging her, for heaven's sake, to stand by me now, and to lecture Miss Gamble in her grandest manner on the cruelty of tormenting me in this horrible way.

An ominous pause followed from Friday morning to Saturday night, when, dreading lest Mrs. Grote might go over to the enemy, I decided to throw myself between them and prevent a junction of their forces. Alas! it was too late. I wrote to tell Miss Gamble I would call on her that evening, and she briefly replied I had better not, "for the present," saying she had got an immediate reply from Mrs. Grote, giving the interview desired.

It thus appeared that Mrs. Grote's sympathy had vanished at the first prospect of some new sport at my expense, whilst Miss Gamble suspected, no doubt, that I had invented the expressions of censure Mrs. Grote had pronounced. At all events, she saw that my friend had deserted my cause, and this was comfort to her, but a terrible blow to me. I rushed in dismay next day down to Eltham after Mrs. Grote, to expostulate with and upbraid her, but she expressed so much astonishment, in such fine words, and in so lofty a tone, at my blaming her for writing "kindly" to Miss Gamble, that I began to feel sorely bothered. I wished to see the notes that had passed between them, but with uplifted eyebrows Mrs. Grote wondered how I could ask

such a thing. I felt a sea-sick sensation as the evidence stole upon me that I was once more *sold*, but I busied myself as I drove back to town in speculating how I could recover my vantage ground again. The ladies were to meet in London on Wednesday evening for mutual explanations. In other words, Miss Gamble wanted to explain that it was such rare amusement to keep me dancing like a shuttle-cock in mid-air that *she* could not give it up, whilst Mrs. Grote doubtless desired to say, in return, that she was a ninny if she did, but only to give *her* a share in the diversion.

When I called on Mrs. Grote on Thursday, to get some idea of my soundings, for I was once more completely afloat, she received me with great solemnity, but I could see in her face what was lurking in her mind. Women have less command of their physiognomies than men.

"Jane was here till late last night," she began, "and I am sorry to say she has decided against you."

"So," I replied, "the bomb has bursted at last, and it is your hand, Brutus, that has fired the match."

"Oh, dear, no! It is quite her own decision."

"That's consoling, very," I answered. "But what is her plan now?"

"To return immediately to Italy."

"Who goes with her?"

"Miss Bennet and her courier as before—But you, poor man," said Mrs. Grote compassionately, "what do *you* intend to do?"

"That's what I don't intend to tell you," was my curt reply.

I called on Miss Gamble again on Friday, just a week after she had entreated, as a "favor," to see me, and I was refused. I had toppled down in six short days from the height it had cost me six months to scale, and I was sent forth, like another

Marius, to mourn amid the ruins of all my hopes. When I reflected upon all I had suffered and lost in this bootless experiment, I felt almost inclined to give way to lamentation. I sought relief in the beautiful lines of Spenser :—

"Full little knowest thou who has not tried,
What hell it is in sueing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To *speed* to-day, to be *put back to-morrow*,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart in comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to waste—to be *undone*."

What buoyed me up under this heavy disaster was the fact that if I was vanquished, it had taken two women, and very superior ones, to achieve it. What man dares I had dared against one ; but to contend against two such combatants as I had to do with, was to provoke defeat. Thank goodness, the threatened departure of Miss Gamble, by diminishing the odds against me, left me still a chance. Finding that she was really to leave for Italy on Monday the 27th, I had to decide at once on my course. Shall I go throw myself on my knees ? I queried—confess my defeat, and capitulate on the terms of my conqueror ? I had forced her so often and so lately to sue to me that nothing else than my abject humiliation would content her now that, with Mrs. Grote's aid, she had turned the tables on me. Elated with so many successes, I recoiled from falling, Pagan-like, at the feet of my idol ; and, besides, I reflected that if I married on such conditions, my supremacy ever after would be in dispute. "No, I will *not* kiss the dust before young Malcom's feet !" and with the desperate energy of Macbeth, I girded myself up for new efforts.

I settled at once upon my new plan of action, and endeavored

to fathom hers. Mrs. Grote had, no doubt, revealed all my involuntary *ruses* and convinced her that I had no idea of giving her up. By running off to Italy she hoped to fill me with terror, and, in order to aggravate my suspense, I was sure she would not write to me, but seek at the same time to have news of me through the medium of Mrs. Grote. On the other hand, I determined she should not hear a word of me after her departure, which I flattered myself would disquiet her, whilst I would make an attempt to get constant news of her, without her suspecting it, by bribing her courier. I resolved to see her before she went, that I might make a parade of my composure under the new turn of events.

I called at her house on the morning of the 26th, and when the door opened I walked right up to the drawing-room, and sent her a note to say I should wait there till she came. This brought her at once. We had not met since the day she had called me back from the staircase. She was evidently excited; walked up and down the room in an impetuous way, and talked in a tone of defiance.

"So you are going to Italy again?" I said, in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, I leave to-morrow morning."

"What excuse did you make to your lawyer for bringing him back from the continent?" I inquired.

"I told him it was to sell some property, which I have ordered to be done."

"Never at a loss, truly, and you don't mind sacrificing a little, I see, to gain a point."

"Have you anything particular to say?" she asked abruptly, "for I have so much to do to-day."

"Yes, I wish to say it is very naughty of you to bring me to London so often for nothing." She could scarcely restrain a smile at my *sang-froid*.

"If that is all," she replied, "you had better go, for I am so very busy."

"You don't seem to care," I said reproachfully, "at my being laughed at."

"Not in the least!" she declared, flauntingly.

"*Beltá spietata!* Well, I *must* submit. I am glad, though, to part good friends with you; but don't imagine I am coming after you." She smiled as though quite sure that I would.

"Have you done?" she asked.

"Yes; but, believe me, I have only one regret at parting."

"And that?" she demanded, with animation.

"Is the loss of all the happiness you would have found in my society."

"How very considerate." Bowing and smiling she left the room, and I descended the staircase. Fortunately, the courier opened the door, and I whispered him to call at my hotel at five o'clock the same afternoon. I was convinced that my manner had thrown Miss Gamble into doubt. Did my self-possession mean resignation to my disappointment, or what? So far so well! At five, punctually, the courier called. This was the first time I had any conversation with him.

"Are you aware," I demanded, "of what has happened?"

"Perfectly, sir; Mary keeps me informed of all. I hope you are not cast down, sir, for Mary says it will be sure to end right yet."

"You know, then," I continued, "what brought your mistress to London?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "to marry you; and Miss Gamble even pointed out the carriage-box that was to be kept for you when we came back. Besides, she told me several times in Switzerland that I was to look upon you as my future master, and to treat you as such."

"I am glad of it—for you will pay more respect to the

injunctions I shall give you now. Your mistress is to remain three or four months in Italy, and you will be her only protector, as I am going in a different direction. Mind and do your duty, and if you bring her safely back in the spring I will make your fortune."

"Thank you, sir. You may rely on me," he said, with earnestness. "I will be very attentive"—

"Yes, and take care you don't get tippling again."

"That was only an accident, sir," he answered, turning red.

"And manage to prevent your mistress dining at the *tables d'hôte* along the road, as she may be annoyed by the sort of people that frequent them."

"That's happened more than once already, sir; but I'll keep a sharp look-out."

"I wish you to write to me every Saturday, and to let me know if all goes well. Tell me what Mary says, but don't let her, or any one, know that you write to me. If any accident happens to your mistress, write instantly, and I will come to her from wherever I may be."

"Depend on me, sir. I'll let you know all the news, and keep Mary in the dark."

"And count on me, if you do your duty, to set you up in the world."

"Your word's enough, sir," said the courier, passing his hand round his hat.

There was something in the corner of his eye, before noticed, that insinuated just the contrary to what he said. I sat down instantly in the coffee-room where I received him, and wrote an obligation, that if he zealously and faithfully performed his duty to his mistress, that I would, in case I married her, make him a gift of five hundred pounds.*

* There is no doubt that the reward I promised the courier was excessive, and is to be attributed, in part, to the excitement under which I then labored. I could, however,

"There," I said, "that will set you up as a *rentier* if you bring Miss Gamble back safe and sound to London in the spring."

"Oh, sir," said the overpowered courier, "I'll break my neck, if necessary, to save hers."

"Don't drink—be vigilant, and write to me every Saturday," I said, with great emphasis, as I gave him my banker's address in Paris, and bid him good-by.

The courier went off electrified at such a windfall, and vowing he would slaughter all the banditti of Italy rather than lose the prize in his possession. I didn't know whether he meant his mistress, or the promise I had given him. I mentioned to a friend afterwards this circumstance, and he approved of my letting the courier see I had an eye on him, and in offering to reward his zeal, but he said—

"Your Grace was far too bountiful, for a fifth of the sum would have sufficed."

"No doubt," I replied, "but I'd give twice that to get her back without damage."

"Really," said my skeptical friend, "one would think you were in desperate love."

"I am in a desperate scrape; but *Nil desperandum* is my motto."

"You had better give her up," he urged, "and try another."

"Another!" I exclaimed; "why there isn't such another to be found!"

"Egad!" retorted the cynic, laughing, "I think you are about right."

I wrote the same evening my valedictory to Miss Gamble. I wished her to think that I considered the rupture as final, and that I bore it like a man; but I deemed it wise to let her see

give other reasons for my anxiety touching the courier's care of Miss Gamble, which it might be offensive to her to state, and I, therefore, suppress them.

that, like Macduff, "I must also feel it as a man," else she might infer I no longer cared for her. I wished, also, to ascertain from her reply whether she would go so far as to throw me completely overboard. If she did not, it would be conclusive that her flight was only a feint, and done in imitation of similar feats of my own.

I used, in writing to her, strong language against Mrs. Grote, blaming her as the cause of my disaster. I vapored a little against Mr. Bates, if it was true, as she said, that he had interfered. The more indignation I express, methought, against the authors of my mishap, of course, the more she will be flattered. I calculated this time to a nicety.

Some hours after her departure next day, I received a letter from her, wherein she endeavored to calm my "agitation;" and she certainly took the most effectual means, by telling me to return to Paris and attend to my duties. "*Let me have the pleasure,*" she wrote, "*when I get to Paris, in a few months, to see you there getting on well.*" This proved decisively that she had no notion of breaking off the match, else she would never have proposed coming to Paris "in a few months," in order to see me. Had she been in earnest she would, on the contrary, have declared her resolution never to meet me again. She made an allusion in her letter to "Fanny E——" to show, apparently, that she harbored no ill-will against me on that score.* She finished

* I may as well explain here, along with the rest, that in 1839, at Paris, to oblige an old friend in great difficulties, Stephen Price, Esq., of the Park Theatre, New York, I took much pains, at his entreaty, to secure the services of the celebrated Mlle. Elssler for his theatre. It so happened that at the moment she embarked for the United States, April, 1840, I was compelled by the sudden death of my guardian to return to Philadelphia, to take possession of my fortune. Ignorant of the language and customs of the country, and without an adviser, Mlle. Elssler implored my assistance, and with all the more energy that I had induced her to undertake

by declaring that Mr. Bates had not interfered against me, which I had always believed. This letter fully reassured me as to our ultimate marriage, for her intention only seemed to be to make me work a little longer before I accomplished it.

the enterprise. In this way I got mixed up with her campaign in the United States, which cost me an infinite deal of notoriety, annoyance and loss. It was thought by many, at the time, who knew nothing of the circumstances, that I had engaged in the matter as a speculation; whereas, my only motive was to prevent this brilliant *artiste* and amiable woman from ever regretting the trip she had undertaken at my instance. It turned out brilliantly successful, and my reward, the only one I sought, was her profound gratitude. I have various letters of hers still in my hands, to prove, if necessary, the exactitude of these statements.

It may be interesting to add, that, up to the moment of Mlle. Elssler's visit to this country, she had never economized any portion of her gains; but she quitted it, after two years' stay only, with a fortune of some $4,000 per annum. This sum she had invested in the best American stocks, in her own name, and which were sold to great advantage when she decided, afterwards, on removing her property to Europe. This was easily effected through A. Belmont, Esq., Rothschild's agent at New York, and his solicitor, W. B. Reed, Esq., at Philadelphia. The rumor, therefore, that she lost her fortune through some breach of trust, is devoid of foundation; and equally so is the supposition that I had charge of her funds in any manner or shape whatever. Her regular agents were Messrs. H——n & C——n, of Philadelphia. I take the liberty of citing the distinguished gentlemen, already named, as vouchers for my veracity.

CHAPTER XII.

PARIS—ITALY.

By way of diverting my mind somewhat from late events I went, on the evening of Miss Gamble's departure, to a splendid banquet given by my spirited countryman, Mr. George Peabody, in honor of the American exhibitors at the Crystal Palace in 1851. A number of distinguished persons, both American and English, were assembled on this festive occasion. The American Minister, Hon. A. Lawrence; Lord Granville; Sir Henry Bulwer; Hon. R. J. Walker, &c., &c., occupied prominent places to the right and left of our hospitable host. Amid the fine oratory of the evening I momentarily forgot the anxieties and vicissitudes of my protracted courtship. It was a relief to have something else to think of for an hour or so. The rhetorical part of our entertainment began by a most felicitous speech from F. P. Corbin, Esq., of Virginia. His perfect self-possession, the ease and elegance of his delivery, to say nothing of the substantial merits of the discourse itself, rendered it almost incredible, which I knew to be the fact, that this was the first occasion on which this accomplished gentleman had ever addressed a public assembly. It is known that a "bit of blood" is sure to tell on the turf, and it is no less true that your thorough-bred man never fails to reach his level, be the ordeal what it may. The American Minister acquitted himself as usual, in the happiest manner. I never met an instance where the charm of a fine manner told so powerfully as in the career

of the Hon. A. Lawrence in England, and in his case the *suaviter in modo* was always admirably sustained by the *fortiter in re.* Lord Granville was neat, finished, and unaffected in his remarks as always. The most elaborate effort of the evening was that of Sir Henry Bulwer ; there was nothing in the discourse, or the orator, wanting to make the effect complete. The logic, wit, pathos, and diction of the one was brilliantly set off by the grace, animation, and skilful intonations of the other. Table oratory is an art of itself, and Sir H. Bulwer is one of its most accomplished masters.

In order to keep my mind employed till I could see how best to dispose of myself, I dashed off next day to Southampton to breakfast with the renowned Kossuth, then just landed, at my old friend's, J. R. Croskey, Esq., the United States Consul at that place. Amongst the distinguished persons gathered around the hospitable board of our worthy Consul, whose energy and liberality have done so much for Southampton, I recognized Lord Dudley Stuart, the members of Parliament for the town, the Mayor, and other officials, &c. Mr. Croskey's address to Kossuth was applauded to the echo, and invariably felicitous as the Consul is known to be at speech-making, I considered this as one of his happiest efforts. I was present on the same day at the Corporation dinner to the great Magyar. He responded to toasts on both occasions in such English as I had never heard spoken by a foreigner before, and Aristotle himself could not have taken a more vigorous grasp of his subject, or arrived at his point by more subtle processes of induction. But it was neither in thoughts that breathe nor words that burn that laid the whole spell of his remarkable declamation, for both were powerfully aided by a quality of voice that appealed irresistibly to the sympathies. Of all the gifts a public speaker may bring to his vocation, that of a touching voice is, perhaps, the most

captivating, and no small amount of Kossuth's oratorical success may be set down to this.

I was lying in bed next morning longing for an inspiration, and it came. I was up immediately, and off to town. I had no sooner got there than I made my way to the Russian Embassy, and begged the amiable *Chargé d'Affaires*, and one of my oldest London acquaintances, the Baron de B——g, to give me letters for St. Petersburg. I had suddenly made up my mind that, to prevent Miss Gamble getting any clue to my whereabouts, as well as to elude the perplexing inquiries of friends, I could not do better than to bury myself for the winter in the snows of the far north. It was not likely my inconstant one had any correspondents there, whilst the letters of the courier forwarded by my Paris banker would give me weekly intelligence of her. My noble friend readily acceded to my request for introductory letters, but strongly dissuaded me from setting off till a month later, as the roads during November were in an almost impassable condition. Accordingly I agreed to postpone it till the frosts had set in. To substantiate this fact I take the liberty of quoting a letter from M. de B——g, written a couple of months later, and which I trust he will excuse under the circumstances—

"*Ashburnham House*,
"*January* 31, 1852.

"DEAR MR. WIKOFF,—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 19th inst, in the county of Hampshire, where I was spending a few days at the country house of one of my friends. On returning to London yesterday, I hastened at once to write to you these few lines, to say that I remember perfectly well the visit you made me towards the end of October last, to make known your intention of going to Russia. I remember equally well having dissuaded you from undertaking the trip during the month of November from the embarrassments that would attend it. If you have not abandoned, since our last meeting, the project in question, I would advise you to go in the summer, and after visiting St. Petersburg and Moscow, to push on to see the Fair of Macarieff, which takes place at

Nijni, Novogorod. On your return, take the sea-route by Stettin to Berlin.

"Receive, my dear Mr. Wikoff, the renewed assurances of my most distinguished consideration,

"A. DE B——G."

Before leaving London I thought it worth while to visit Mr. Bates, whom I had not yet called upon. He received me with his customary cordiality, and I passed some three hours in his pleasant society. After a long chat on politics, I took up the subject nearest my heart, and asked him good-naturedly if he had interposed any objections to my proposed union with Miss Gamble.

"None at all, I assure you," was his reply; "I was astonished at her writing to me on the matter, and I only answered out of politeness, saying not a word for or against you. Miss Gamble is quite old enough, and clever enough, to decide for herself."

"I perused the letter," I continued, "that you refer to, and its neutrality satisfied me that you did not intend to be entangled in so trivial a matter. But if you really know any obstacle against the match, pray say so, and I will do my best to remove it."

"Indeed, I do not. I never heard anything against you save your *escapade* with Mlle. Elssler some ten or twelve years ago, and *that* your friends have forgotten as a youthful folly. As for Miss Gamble, I think she has no time to lose, if she ever intends to marry, and she has known you so long that she can hardly want the opinion of any third party upon the subject. Where is she gone to now?"

"Back again to Italy, it appears."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"I am somewhat undecided," I answered, thinking it best to keep my own counsel.

"Well, as far as I can make out," observed Mr. Bates, in his

dry manner, "I don't think there is much love thrown away on either side. Besides, she is not far from forty, and you must be about the same."

"Just so, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that both of us should take some pains to conceal whatever *penchant* we may have for each other. At twenty, love may be interesting; but at forty, it is either doubted or laughed at."

"But how long have you been courting her?"

"Why, has Miss Gamble not told you this?"

"No!" replied Mr. Bates, "she entered into no details upon the subject."

This surprised me a little, but I quickly suspected her motives, for she was not likely to confess how far the matter had gone before affecting to consult Mr. Bates. I then related briefly, but in order, the facts of the case, which were so novel and unexpected, that I perceived he was not altogether disposed to credit them.

"Perhaps you would like to see some of her letters?" I said, interrogatively, "and, though they are written with great caution, yet they will confirm all I have told you."

"Yes," he returned, "I would like very much to see them."

Promising to send them to him next day, I took my leave, highly gratified at the results of the interview. I was as good as my word, and sent to Mr. Bates a packet of Miss Gamble's letters for perusal, which he promptly returned with the following note:

"8 *Bishopsgate Street,*
"*November 1st*, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,—I return you the letters of Miss Gamble. I have only had time to read the shorter ones. *You are quite mistaken*, my dear sir, if *you suppose I have interfered with your destiny in any way. I said no more than what you read in my letter to the lady.* I cannot account

for the conduct of Miss Gamble, who, certainly appears to have acted in an *extraordinary* manner towards you.*

"Very truly yours,

"JOSHUA BATES.

"HENRY WIKOFF, ESQ."

This letter was a trophy of great value, and I purposed to bring it into play on some future occasion when it could not fail to tell effectively. Mr. Bates was clearly perplexed at the complicated state of things between Miss Gamble and myself; but it would have been trifling with so sensible a person to have attempted explanations of the game going on between us which, in his view, would have seemed, at the least, very ridiculous. I did not forget to make a farewell visit to Mrs. Grote, from whom I had received the following note the very day of Miss Gamble's departure :—

"12 *Saville Row.*

"I regret to have been too ill for a couple of days to return you the annexed letter, or to make any comment upon the unpleasant events of the last fortnight. I had a sharp attack of my neuralgia, and am still *débile*, going out now for an airing in the carriage. I hope this will find you in a rational mood. The virtue of resignation *must* be practised. The Fates will it so! Truly yours,

"H. G.

"*October 27th.*"

I was not insensible to the contrast between this mock affectation of sympathy, and the more serious tone of her letter, October 5th, already quoted. I was also aware that, in spite of her neuralgia, she had kept up an active intercourse the last few days with Miss Gamble, who had spent some hours at Mrs. Grote's house the night before she left. I was sure that it was

* This important denial by Mr. Bates of any opposition to my marriage, was copied at the moment of its receipt by a friend, who was with me, and who has fortunately preserved it.

all arranged that Mrs. Grote was to communicate full details of my doings to the absent one ; but I had arranged it in my own mind quite otherwise.

"Well, I hope you intend to give her up," said Mrs. Grote, in a confidential way, as I seated myself in her drawing-room.

"Why, I think I might as well," quoth I.

"Perhaps you had better look after the other match, if it is not too late."

"First, let my present wounds heal up before I court new perils."

"Poor fellow!" she said, in an affected tone. "But what are your plans now?"

"I am half inclined to join the next expedition that may start in search of Sir John Franklin."

"Ah, you are very mysterious!"

"I have need to be when I seek to foil you."

"You still think," expostulated Mrs. Grote, as if quite shocked, "that I have had a hand in Jane's sudden change of mind."

"I think you have had two hands in it, at least."

"If you are so perverse, it is quite useless to reason with you."

"Quite so, for, as Othello says,

> "'To deny each article with oath
> Could not remove nor shake the strong conception
> That I do groan withal.'"

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "But you have always some silly notion in your head."

"Which is more the fault of other people than my own," I replied, significantly.

After a series of muffled accusations on one side, and iterations of innocence on the other, we parted, seemingly, as good

friends as ever; though, in truth, I was secretly vexed at Mrs. Grote's not having rendered me the efficient aid it was in her power to do. Had she remonstrated in a kind way with my *fidanzata* on the trying probation already inflicted, Miss Gamble would have abandoned her resistance, and given her hand, forthwith. It may be, however, that Mrs. Grote had less to do with Miss Gamble's new conceit than I thought at the time, and I am since satisfied that no want of good feeling towards me inspired whatever advice she may have given.

I returned to Paris no better off than the famous king of Spain who marched up the hill, and then—marched down again. My mind was fully made *de me refugier* for the winter in Russia, and I set about making preparations for my exile, when, on the second day of my return, I received the following letter from the courier, which instantly changed my purpose, and led to the most unforeseen events—

"*Basle, Switzerland,*
"*October* 31, 1851.

"HONORED SIR,—I beg you to excuse my small experience in writing. We came as far as Cologne without any one mentioning your name. That evening, at supper, Mary said to me that Miss Gamble suffered very much; and that her mistress would give a great deal to know what you were doing. Miss Gamble seems to me very sad. This evening, after our arrival here, Miss Gamble read over your last letter, and remarked to Mary how much happier she would be if she were yours, and how miserable she now found herself in not having married you. Mary says she does not at all despair at seeing you still united. We leave to-morrow for Geneva, and, passing Mount Cenis, we shall get to Turin in about eight days from this. This is all the information I can send you for the present.

"I am, sir,
"Your very humble and obedient servant,
"LOUIS VANNOD."

Here was a revolution in little over a week's time. Miss

Gamble had no sooner carried her new whim into effect than she repented it. At the close of the second day, at Cologne, she sought consolation in my last letter, and at supper on the 5th, at Basle, her energy entirely gave way, and she began lamenting acutely the failure of our marriage. Her solitary travels left her a prey to reflection, and her imagination took alarm at all the possible contingencies that might follow her flight. She expressed fears, as I afterwards learned, lest, in despair at her supposed loss, I might go to the desperate length of suicide. It is true that I had serious thoughts of threatening some dreadful act of the kind, but I was quite decided, I need hardly say, to yield to her entreaties to survive, on condition of her better behavior. I held this alarming menace in reserve till all other expedients were exhausted. I received the courier's letter on the 3d of November, and I found that, by starting on the morning of the 5th, I could manage to reach Turin within the eight days he had named.

Armed with the letter of Mr. Bates, I was prepared to parry any new pretexts in his name ; and the news of her speedy repentance encouraged me to hope that it would be an easy task to bring the services of the English clergyman at Turin into play for our joint benefit. In every case I calculated that if I overtook her at Turin, and should only add one more to my list of failures, that I could get easily back to Paris, by taking the steamer at Genoa for Marseilles, when my proposed Russian expedition might still be carried out with equal effect. I wrote, therefore, to the courier, that his letter had decided me to make another trial of my luck, and that I hoped to be in Turin by the end of the week, but to endeavor, if necessary, to prolong his mistress's stay there till my arrival, by saying the carriage wanted repair, or any other plea that would answer. I recommended him to be "discreet and vigilant ;" in other words, to hold his tongue and observe all that passed, for as my surprise

at the Grand St. Bernard had been so successful, I relished the notion of trying the effect of another.

I set off in excellent spirits on the 5th of November, thinking that if the worst came to the worst, I could be *de retour* in ten days, and so I bid my landlord to retain my apartment till further orders. I should have taken a good deal more luggage with me, though, if I had foreseen the length of my absence. I reached Lyons the morning of the 6th, and found myself at ten o'clock on the succeeding day at the foot of Mont Cenis. It was Friday again as usual. I was just getting into the *coupé* of the diligence after a hurried breakfast, when to my astonishment the carriage of Miss Gamble drove by on its way up Mont Cenis. It really seemed as if the Genii of the Alps favored our rencounters for this time, as before, nothing could be stranger. Fortunately, I had not been noticed by herself or companions. As we toiled up the mountain, our horses' heads nearly touched her carriage. The courier was comfortably lodged in the rumble behind, and the sharp air of the morning seemed to stir up his appetite, for, of a sudden, he disinterred, from a capacious basket at his side, a cold roast duck, upon which he fell with a vigor that threatened its rapid demolition. Little dreaming that my eye was upon him, he regaled himself ever and anon from the mouth of a dusty black bottle, that I suspected, from the way he smacked his lips after each dose, contained anything but the undefiled beverage he had vowed to drink in honor of the obligation I had given him. I let him go through his meal without interruption. That done he took out his cigar-case, and fastidiously selected one to his fancy. He began to whiff, and then throwing one leg luxuriously over the other he wheeled round in his seat to take a compassionate survey of us poor devils in the diligence behind, the involuntary spectators of his feast, and who had neither cold ducks, or black bottles, or cigars to comfort them. His face underwent an extraordinary metamorphosis as

our eyes met, and his cigar fell unheeded from his distended jaws ; he was caught in the act, and looked intensely guilty. Stealing down from his perch he jumped up on the step of the diligence alongside of me.

"I am glad to see," I began, "that the fatigues of travel have not impaired your lordship's appetite."

"I really beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "but I had no idea that you were looking at me."

"Else you would have died of thirst, I dare say, before exposing that black bottle at your side."

"Only light wine, sir. very light, indeed."

"Which your physician has no doubt recommended as the proper accompaniment to roast duck. But what news?" I asked, changing the subject to the great relief of the discomfited courier.

"Oh, sir, Miss Gamble gets worse and worse," declared my Figaro of the road, as if anxious to conciliate me. "When we got to Geneva, night before last, I took her to the Hotel de Berg, where you were before, sir, and the same apartment you and mistress occupied was vacant, but she would not go near it, and took one higher up. Mary says, she did not sleep all night, and though we were all dreadfully tired, and wanted to stop a day at Geneva, nothing would do but start the first thing in the morning. And I could see that she had her handkerchief to her eyes all the way driving out of the town. She'll be precious glad to see you, sir, I'm sure."

I forgave the courier his sinful indulgence at this glorious news.

"I am sorry to hear such a sad account of your mistress," I said, trying to look *triste*, though I was inwardly tickled to the uttermost.

"Yes, sir, it is a great pity, as Mary says, that it was not all finished in London."

"Are you going on to Turin to-night?" I asked.

"No, sir; we stop at Lansingburg, four hours from the top of Mont Cenis, and go on to-morrow."

"Well, I am going straight on," I continued, "and you will find me at Trombetta's hotel when you get there. Call and report yourself, and mind not to say a word of my being here."

"Not a word, sir—depend on me."

"And don't you depend too much on that black bottle," I added.

"All right, sir," he replied, touching his hat, and jumping down.

He got back to his place without being missed, and the ascent growing easier, the postilions of Miss Gamble's carriage clapped spurs to their horses and were soon hid by a turn of the road. My bark still sailed merrily before the wind. Nothing could be more conclusive than the courier's relation of what had occurred at Geneva. The sight of objects with which I was so fondly associated, had not only occasioned her an uncomfortable night, but set the "fruitful river of the eye" in motion. Her dejection, apparently, grew deeper with every league of distance; but I rejoiced to think how quickly her gloomy thoughts would be dissipated by my unlooked-for reappearance. It was after dark when we stopped for dinner at the solitary hotel at Lansingburg. I sent in our conductor to reconnoitre before I entered, bidding him to call me the courier if he found him. The latter soon presented himself, and informed me that his mistress and Miss Bennett had dined and retired to their rooms.

"But wait a moment, sir," he suggested, "Mary is in the travellers' dining-room—I'll go and hurry her off."

"Do so by all means, for I have not lunched on roast duck to-day, and am dying of cold."

The veteran abigail was, at last, got out of the way, and I

was only half through my dinner when we were summoned to take our places. It was snowing hard, and a dreary night's work was before us. I was greatly tempted to let my portmanteau go on as proxy, and to present myself at Miss Gamble's carriage door in the morning, begging her to give a benighted traveller a lift to Turin. This would have been almost as dramatic as my apparition at the Convent of St. Bernard ; but the risk of losing my luggage decided me to postpone the new surprise that awaited my unconscious fugitive.

I reached Turin at eight next morning, quite benumbed and worn out with cold and fatigue. After a refreshing warm bath, I tumbled into bed at Trombetta's comfortable hotel, and tried to make up for the loss of three nights' sleep on the road. I was at breakfast on Sunday morning when the courier came to announce his arrival.

"Ah ! here you are again !" I said. "When did you get here ?"

"Last night, sir."

"Where are you staying ?"

"At the Hotel Feder."

"How is your mistress ?"

"Very dull, sir," said the sympathetic Louis—"so different from what she was in Switzerland last summer—she was always joking then, sir. I remember she told me once, when she gave me a letter to post for you, that if any accident happened to her that you would be sure to shoot me !"

"That was more a warning than a joke," I replied, with a grave aspect ; "for if anything does happen to her whilst under your care, expect no mercy from me ; so, look out."

"Depend on me, sir," was the courier's favorite response.

"I wish to see your mistress to-day," I continued, "but how am I to manage it ? I want to give her a surprise. Cannot you suggest something ?"

"I don't see how you are to manage it, sir," he answered, looking perplexed, "for Miss Gamble occupies a bed-room with Mary, and she has no sitting-room."

"Then she is dining at the *tables d'hôte* again, in spite of what I told you."

"But she's so dull, sir," he urged, "that she can't bear to be alone with Miss Bennet all the time."

"Then what am I to do? I can't go to her bed-room."

"No, that won't do, sir," replied the decorous courier; but he seemed incapable of relieving my embarrassment by a proposition of any kind.

"I'll tell you what it is, my man," I said, after reflecting a moment; "take a sitting-room for me at the Hotel Feder. I will come over there during the day, and have an interview with your mistress."

"Very well, sir, I'll go at once, and let you know." In the course of an hour came a note from the courier, saying that he couldn't get a sitting-room without a bed-room, and that he had ventured to secure both, seeing no other way. I was not disposed to pay for two lodgings at once, so I left Trombetta's, and occupied the rooms engaged for me at the hotel where Miss Gamble was staying. I came very near meeting her as I drove in. After dinner I sent for my dull-witted Figaro, to know how I could effect an interview with his mistress, now that I had got a room for the purpose. Whatever his merits, I soon found invention was not one of them, for, after staring into his hat, and scratching his head for five minutes at a time, in pursuit of an idea, his face only looked more vacant than before.

"I have it!" I said, suddenly. "Go and tell Miss Gamble there is a lady just arrived who would like to see her."

"That will do, sir," cried the courier, emphatically, as though glad to escape pummelling his own brains any longer. "But, suppose," he said, returning, "she asks who the lady is?"

"Tell her it is Mrs. anybody—a Mrs. Austin and a friend of Mrs. Grote. That will be sure to bring her."

"Won't she be astonished this time!" exclaimed Figaro, as though enlivened by the fun.

I went into my bed-room for a moment, and, unfortunately, before I got back I heard Miss Gamble and the courier coming along the corridor. The door of my saloon stood open, and Miss Gamble looking in, said, "I don't see the lady." The courier, not knowing what had become of me, gaped into the room, and declared he didn't see her either.

"Where can she be gone to?" inquired his mistress.

"I really can't tell," replied the courier, beginning to get frightened.

"Go down and inquire."

The courier flew off, as though he wanted a little fresh air. Miss Gamble stood, meanwhile, at the threshold of my room, waiting for a solution of the mystery. I was quietly gazing at her the while from the door of my bed-room, ajar, and which opened on the corridor. I was afraid to advance, lest she might give a cry of surprise, on seeing me, that would have brought everybody's head into the corridor, for all the rooms around were occupied. After some delay, the courier came back, and said, he couldn't find the lady anywhere.

"Well, this is very odd indeed," remarked Miss Gamble, and she returned to her room.

"Oh, dear!" groaned the startled courier, rushing back to me, "what's to be done? I've got into a scrape and I may lose my place."

"With its dainty perquisites of cold ducks and black bottles," I rejoined smiling, "but don't be alarmed though. Go and tell your mistress you have found the lady's maid, and that the lady herself, not expecting Miss Gamble's visit to-night, had gone to bed fatigued."

"All right, sir," vouchsafed master Louis, coming to himself again. My intended surprise had missed fire, and I speculated whether I had better venture on another, or not. The hotel was crowded with English travellers, and I was afraid, perhaps, of compromising Miss Gamble by carrying my joke too far. So in the morning I sent for Mary to come to "Mrs. Austin" immediately, and she got the full force of the *coup* designed for her mistress.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the old woman, throwing up her arms and her eye-balls, as she beheld me. "Is it you, sir?"

"Yes," I answered smiling, "or somebody very like me."

"Who would have thought it!" she drawled out, getting her breath by degrees. I then informed her I had been to a somnambulist at Paris (unwilling to admit the courier had written to me), who told me that her mistress was suffering so acutely at all that had occurred of late that I thought it was best to come, and see if it were in my power to assuage her sorrow.

"It is true, poor dear," sighed the sympathetic Mary, "that it has been a great trial to her."

I saw from this that the courier had not exaggerated matters. I also informed Mary that I had seen Mr. Bates, who had no objections to the match, and that I had brought a letter from him to prove it. I then sent her off to acquaint her mistress of my arrival, and to say that I would like to see her after breakfast.

Mary very soon returned, declaring her mistress could not believe her ears; that I *must* send her Mr. Bates's letter instantly—that she was dying to see it! I consented, and sent the letter in question. It was near twelve o'clock when the courier came up with a note in pencil from Miss Gamble, wherein she accused me of downright "perfidy" in showing her letters to Mr. Bates. She went on railing against me in some very

angry paragraphs, and wound up by declaring that "nothing would induce her to see me." Here was surprise for surprise; for I had never dreamt of such a result as this. It seemed, then, that Miss Gamble desired either to keep Mr. Bates in the dark as to our real relations, or that she did not intend me to know that the assigned opposition of Mr. Bates was fictitious. In any case she was exceedingly angry, and my predicament was a very unpleasant one. I wrote back to the effect that I would endeavor to explain everything to her satisfaction, but for this I must see her, and would take no refusal. A delay ensued, and then she sent me word that she had taken a sitting-room for herself and would see me—but only in the presence of Mary and the courier. By this time it must be evident that the courier was fully initiated into all the mysteries and vicissitudes of my peripatetic courtship, but still I felt decidedly averse to his figuring as a witness to my conversation with his mistress. This was treating him with a familiarity that I thought injudicious, and I, therefore, declined the offered interview in a huff. The same evening I wrote to Miss Gamble, saying, that I had better, perhaps, return to Paris, and that at all events I should leave the hotel where she was staying, as she seemed so foolishly alarmed at Miss Bennett knowing of my arrival.

CHAPTER XIII.

TURIN.

I REMOVED next morning, Tuesday, to the *Hotel de la Suisse*, and set about at once occupying myself with wholly different matters. I had sent my card on the previous Sunday to my *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Kinney, to ask him if he had received a packet of letters that I had requested to be forwarded to his care. He was kind enough to send me his secretary, Mr. Magoun, to say they had not yet arrived, and to ask me to a *soirée* at his house for that evening. I was obliged to decline his amiable invitation, for I was looking forward at that moment to a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Gamble for the same evening. I hurried round to his house, then, the first thing on Tuesday, to thank him in person for his extreme civility, when he handed to me the letters of introduction I had expected. I had a long and interesting chat with my affable and intelligent *Chargé* on the condition of things in Sardinia. He was exceedingly well informed on the subject; and I derived much valuable information from his remarks. As I talked of leaving Turin almost immediately, he asked me to come and take a family dinner with him the same day, which I accepted. Amongst the letters just spoken of I found one addressed to the celebrated Count de Cavour, now Prime Minister of Piedmont, and then the leading Member of the Government. I was delighted at the opportunity of making so distinguished an acquaintance, and I left my introduction at his palace immediately, with a note saying my stay was exceedingly short, and that I should be much honored

by an early interview, if his grave occupations permitted it. The same afternoon I received an answer inviting me to dine with him the ensuing evening at seven o'clock. I was surprised at such a compliment from so lofty a person, but I attributed it to the amiable mention made of me by his friend the Count de V——, who had favored me with the letter of introduction. Thus profitably occupied, I began to think my trip across the Alps would not be thrown away, for the acquaintance of one such person as the Count de Cavour was alone an adequate compensation. I dined that evening, as proposed, with my *Chargé d'Affaires*, and had the pleasure of meeting his handsome and accomplished wife. They both spoke in terms of lively satisfaction of their residence at Turin. They had, certainly, every reason to do so, for not only were they living surrounded by extreme comfort and elegance, but their position was enviable in all respects. They were on terms of cordial intimacy with the best society of this *recherché* town, and enjoyed high favor at court, where Mrs. Kinney was an especial favorite of the Queen. After dinner, company began to drop in, and amongst others, I was presented to the Minister of Justice, little dreaming at the time that my relations with him would shortly become far more intimate than agreeable.

On getting back to my hotel, between nine and ten o'clock, I found my indefatigable go-between, the courier, waiting for me. He was evidently disposed to do all he could in the *disinterested* hope of meriting the obligation he carried in his pocket. If anything touching his mistress could surprise me, I should have been astonished to learn that no sooner was I gone from her hotel than she began to relent. She had been discussing, it appeared, nearly all the day with Mary and the courier, what was best to be done—at one moment asserting she would jump out of the window rather than *yield* to me and marry ; and then, at last, declaring that she was half inclined to send for me and

do it at once. In the expectation of seeing me summoned for that purpose every moment, the courier had, of his own accord, come round to my quarters to find how I was then disposed.

"She is waiting to see me on my return," said the courier, as he was leaving my room. "Will you give me *carte blanche*, sir?"

I was a little startled to see Miss Gamble's factotum raised, apparently, to the post of mediator between us, and I did not altogether like it, but perplexed in the extreme, I replied—"Yes. Anything for a quiet life!" and I went to bed as he retired, proposing to call in the morning. I was awoke at seven a.m. by the courier rapping at my door.

"What now?" I asked, letting him in.

"When I got back last night, sir," he said, "Mary popped her head out of Miss Gamble's door to say that her mistress had just gone to bed, leaving orders to get ready, as she would start for Genoa at ten in the morning."

"So the *carte blanche* was of no great use to you," I remarked.

"Nothing is of no use," returned the desponding courier, sorrowing, no doubt, in his heart, at the faint prospect of falling heir to the marriage gift I had promised him.

"Well—good-by," I said, "and if I don't see you again, fulfil my injunctions, and take good care of your mistress."

"But won't you come to Genoa, sir?—you may make it all up there."

"Yes, I intend to embark there for Marseilles; but I must remain here a day or two longer, and she may be gone before I arrive there. How long does she stay?"

"Only a day or two," he answered.

"I must take my chance, then. If she is still there," I added, "I will try to see her if she is in a better humor."

I turned into bed thereupon, and had another nap. I got

through the day pleasantly enough;—reading the journals—dispatching letters—and walking about this beautiful town. I had not seen Turin since my first visit to Italy in 1835, and the lively admiration it then excited was again renewed. Without the historical attractions of Rome, and Naples, or the artistical glories of Florence, it has merits of its own that the traveller is sure to appreciate in the regularity and cleanliness of its broad avenues—in its sumptuous palaces—its splendid squares, and imposing arcades. In another respect it has gained an advantage over all its sister cities that is sure to conciliate both residents and visitors, for its new Constitutional Government has brought with it a diminution of police *espionnage*, and a free circulation of intelligence that to Italians must be boons of inestimable value.

I dined in the evening, Nov. 12th, at the Count de Cavour's, and had the honor to meet the various members of the Cabinet, with their chief, at that moment, the Chevalier d'Azeglio. My *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Kinney, was also present. I was cordially received by my distinguished host, whose manners and appearance impressed me strongly. In person he was above the ordinary standard, and of powerful frame. His face was striking in feature and expression, conveying the effect of an elevated character and a lofty intelligence. His massive brow towered like a dome above the rest, and seemed the natural home of profound speculations and vast schemes. His demeanor was affable, but dignified and imposing. My salutations were scarcely over when he presented me to his elder brother, the Marquis de Cavour, who received me with great warmth of manner. I had the good fortune to be seated at dinner by the side of the Marquis, and our conversation soon became animated. It took the direction of political economy, and I was exceedingly astonished at the vast erudition of this learned nobleman. He had investigated every authority on this abstruse subject, and there was not an

author, from Du Quesnay and Adam Smith down to M'Culloch and Porter, that he was not familiar with in their native tongues. I never heard any one discourse on such grave and difficult topics with such simplicity, ease, and absence of pedantry. So completely was my ear captivated that I did less justice to a dinner that Chevet himself might have been proud of. The Marquis expressed himself in the choicest French, occasionally interspersed with very good English. Our conversation ran on for some time after we returned from dinner to the noble saloons where the guests had been first received, when, at length, he was good enough to say :—

"Shall I present you to our Prime Minister?"

"You will do me a great honor, M. le Marquis," I replied, bowing.

I made the acquaintance accordingly of the Chevalier d'Azeglio, whose reputation is more Italian than almost any other statesman of the day. In letters, in arms, and in the senate, he has equally distinguished himself ; and the liberal cause in Italy can boast of no adherent whose character, and brilliant services have lent it more important and lasting aid. I was struck by the singularly quiet and unassuming manners of the Prime Minister, that contrasted strangely with the bustle and *éclat* of his active career. It was only in the slumbering fire of his dark eye that I could detect the latent energy of his character. After an amiable word or two of greeting from the President of the Council, who spoke in French, I ventured to observe :

"Your post, M. le President, is full of honor, but surrounded by serious and trying difficulties. If, in the face of foreign opposition and domestic resistance, you succeed in preserving the parliamentary *régime* you have done so much to establish in Sardinia, a prospect will open for the regeneration of Italy that has never dawned before."

"Yes, I am convinced, sir," he replied, "that Italy will gain

as much as our own State by the successful career of our new institutions; but it is impossible to overrate the difficulties we have to contend with. It will be fortunate, indeed, if we are not borne down by them."

"The Constitutional experiment you are making, M. le President," I continued, "is all the more interesting from the comparative failure that has occurred in France, whilst the Parliamentary system in Prussia is only yet a name. However limited the theatre, the great States of the Continent must view your bold undertaking with extreme repugnance, and the clerical influence at home will struggle hard to maintain their threatened ascendancy. The eye of Europe, however, is upon you, and, in spite of the distance, the United States cannot but regard with interest the best attempt yet made to introduce regulated liberty into this lovely but so long distracted land."

"The interests confided to our keeping," said the Minister, gravely, "are in our view so important to our country, and to the welfare of Italy at large, that neither energy nor devotion, on our part, shall be wanting to accomplish the task we have undertaken."

"You will permit me to add, M. le President," I ventured to remark, "that with a leader of your experience, and such a Minister of Finance as the Count de Cavour to look after your budget, your Constitutional triumph is certain, if an Austrian invasion does not interfere with you. But, in that case, England would, surely, have a word to say."

"And the United States would not, I am convinced," observed the Premier, "be wholly insensible to our fate. If you return to Turin," he continued, "do me the favor to call on me, when we can renew our conversation; and I should be also happy to show you any civility in my power."

Bowing low at these polite offers, I expressed my grateful acknowledgments, and returned to resume my conversation with

the Marquis. It was near ten o'clock when I rose to bid adieu to my noble hosts (for the Count and the Marquis de Cavour occupy the same spacious palace), and I took a seat on leaving in the carriage of my *Chargé d'Affaires*, who was kind enough to set me down at my hotel. I felicitated myself warmly on making these valuable acquaintances, and I could not but reflect, with admiration, on the interesting spectacle of these two estimable noblemen, who, holding, by their birth, rank, and great wealth, the highest social positions in their country, still devoted themselves with indefatigable zeal, the one to statesmanship in troublous times, and the other to the calmer but severe delights of literature and philosophy.

Before resigning myself to a *tête-à-tête* with Morpheus, I popped into the French Theatre for an hour, and was brought back to a sense of my own uncomfortable position by the incidents of the play performed. It was the story of some luckless youth who had fallen under the spell of a fascinating but naughty woman. His adventures and sacrifices on her behalf were many and trying, but he still clung to her with unabated ardor. Amongst other queer places he got into, at last, was a prison, though to her credit she did not abandon him in such a sorry plight, but struggled till her lover was once more free. They then set off to some distant land with the laudable intent to live and love for the rest of their days ; but their pleasant intentions were defeated by losing their way in some pathless wild, where the unhappy lady, worn out by suffering, laid herself down on a convenient sand bank, and died lamenting ; whilst the devoted swain, too much of a Roman to survive her, took his place by her side, and followed suit. I returned home under the impression of this tragic *finale*, and concluded there was more poetry than common sense in going to such inordinate lengths for love, or anything else. After leaving my cards of *congé* at the palace of my hosts of the previous day, and at my *Chargé's*, I left Turin

for Genoa, where I arrived early on Friday morning. It was my luck, evidently, always to fall on a Friday.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENOA.

I PUT up at the *Croix de Malte*, but on looking at the travellers' book to inscribe my name, I observed to my surprise the address of Miss Gamble. On inquiry I found she was in the same hotel, when I determined instantly to quit it, lest I should have the air of seeking to annoy her. Besides, she seemed very anxious not to have Miss Bennett know that I had come after her again; and, by remaining in the same hotel, I would be likely to meet her. I sent for the courier before leaving, to get some intelligence of what was going on.

"Well, Louis," I inquired, "what's the news? How fares your mistress?"

"The same thing over again, sir," he replied. "She imagines you are gone to Paris, and has fallen into the same dejection as before."

"Do you think she would like to see me now?"

"She would like nothing better, I am sure," he answered; "but she would be displeased if Miss Bennett knew anything about it."

"She is a very odd person. But how is she lodged here?" I asked.

"I have induced her to take a sitting room, and give up the *table d'hôte*."

"That's right!"

"But, unfortunately," he continued, "Miss Bennett's bedroom opens into it, and she would recognize your voice if you were to come to visit Miss Gamble there."

"Always some new difficulty!" I exclaimed, annoyed. "What's to be done now; for I would like to make a last attempt to bring your mistress to reason?"

"Can't you manage," conjectured the courier, "to see her somewhere else?"

"I might take an apartment in some other hotel, if I could only get her to come there."

"Well, sir, think it over, for I must go now."

"I shall leave this hotel immediately," I announced. "Is there another near at hand?"

"Yes, sir; the Hotel Royal, almost next door."

"You will find me there this evening, then; and send me," I ordered, "a *valet de place* at once."

I removed straightway to the Hotel Royal, and after breakfast reflected what I had better do. I felt a deep longing to see my wayward betrothed before returning to Paris, and I was almost sure that a little calm remonstrance would likely settle everything pleasantly between us. I could not bear the idea of parting with her in anger, and I hoped to explain my motives for letting Mr. Bates into the secrets of our courtship in a manner that would be satisfactory to her. If she were still reluctant to marry, why, then, I would seek to ascertain her wishes, and act accordingly. If she desired me, as she had done in her letter after leaving London, to go back to Paris and remain there till she returned from Italy in the spring, I would do so to gratify her whim. Still I trusted that she would decide on retaining my society and protection, rather than obstinately persist in travelling about in the dull company of her servants. But how was I to see her? That was the puzzle. I was afraid to offend her by going to her hotel; and to get her

to come to meet me at another, could only be done by some stratagem. I thought, too, that perhaps her romantic fancy would be caught by some new device of a persevering lover, and I determined, if possible, to effect it.

My reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a *valet de place*, and a queer-looking fellow he was. He called himself Pietro, and I found he was attached to the hotel, and a native of the town. I told him I wanted him to look about for an apartment that I wished to occupy for a few hours. He thought it would be difficult to get one for so short a period, but he set off in quest of it. He returned in an hour or so, and said he could find nothing of the sort at any hotel, but that he could procure me a small one that might answer in a private house. He mentioned at the same time another on a larger scale in the palace of the Russian Consul, who was absent; but this latter could be had only by the month. I started out with him to inspect the premises in question. The first one we came to I found was small and dirty, and I rejected it at once. I then accompanied him to the Russian Consul's house, and was shown here an apartment of vast extent and great elegance. I was charmed with the *locale*, but the agent would only let it by the month. This was out of the question; but my valet told me if I wanted such a thing immediately I had better try to make a bargain, for he didn't know where to go to look for another. Upon this I bargained away for dear life, and at last closed by taking it for a week, thinking that, perchance, my stay in Genoa might extend over several days, and in this case I could lodge here instead of remaining at an hotel, and that, at the worst, it would be only another small item in my list of expenditures for courting a lady *en voyage*. I gave orders to put the apartment in readiness for the next day, and sauntered back to my hotel through some of the principal streets of the place, amusing myself the while in examining the shop-windows—an attractive

occupation enough for a listless traveller. Whilst staring at a curious collection of arms in a window of a gunsmith, my eye was caught by a six-barrelled pistol which greatly resembled the famous revolver of my well-known countryman, Col. Colt. Wondering whether this celebrated American weapon had, really, found its way into the shops of Italy, I went in to inquire. I found it was not a *revolver*, but only an ordinary pistol of several barrels. Whilst examining it, the idea flashed upon me to buy it, as during my proposed interview with my eccentric betrothed, it might tell well to put it to my head, and threaten, if she didn't give over her coquetries, and make me a happy man at once, that I would make her responsible on the spot for my untimely fate. The courier having already told me that she had talked of the chance of my committing suicide put this *ruse* into my head. Whilst chaffering about the price I changed my mind, and, abandoning the notion, I left the shop without making the purchase.* In the evening the courier called upon me as agreed.

"Well, what have you been about to day?" I asked.

"Visiting some of the Galleries of Paintings," he answered; "but Miss Gamble walks through them, almost, without taking any notice. She seems thinking of something else all the time. Yet she *would* remain out in spite of the wet till nearly dark, for she complains of its being so lonesome in the house."

"All you relate," I said, "proves very clearly that her mind is ill at ease. I hope for her sake, as much as mine, to bring her round to some decision."

"I do wish you would, sir," urged the courier; "for it makes me downright uncomfortable to see her in such a way. She don't enjoy herself, and nobody else can about her."

"Well, we shall see what can be done," I continued, "for I

* This circumstance was stated by the *valet de place*, who accompanied me, to the Examining Judge, and is upon record.

have got an apartment; the difficulty will be to induce her to come there. If I write to ask her she will be sure to refuse."

"Very likely, sir, for there's no counting on her a second. Can't you think of some excuse or other?"

"I have been thinking of it already—but I have fallen on none yet."

Before the courier went away, I happened to mention my notion about threatening to put an end to myself in her presence if she would not change her conduct.

"That would be just the thing to please her, sir," exclaimed the courier. "Do try it—I am sure it would succeed!"

"Perhaps it might, and I regret now that I did not buy the pistol!"

"No need of that, sir," replied Figaro; "I always travel as a courier with a pair of pocket pistols. I'll lend you mine!"

"Very well! Bring them round to-morrow; but take good care," I suggested, "to see they are not loaded, for I don't like to play with edged tools."

"I shall unload them, sir, and fetch them in the morning. Good-night, sir."

I went to bed, hoping that my new surprise at Genoa would turn out more fortunately than my attempt at Turin. I was quietly shaving myself after breakfast the next morning, and still speculating upon what pretext I could obtain an interview with my *fiancée*, when the courier dashed in to tell me that his mistress would be off before long, as she had ordered him to get her passport signed immediately.

"The deuce, you say!" I replied, rather flurried, for I was resolved not to follow Miss Gamblé beyond Genoa.

"You have no time to lose, sir—if you don't see her to-day, you'll miss it."

"By Jove, you have given me a capital idea!"

"Have I?" ejaculated the courier, looking very unconscious.

"What's to prevent you telling Miss Gamble you've lost the passport, and that she must come to the police-office to get another?—you can then conduct her to the apartment I have taken."

"That *is* a good 'un, sir," returned the courier, with a broad grin. "Of course, I can do that! Nothing easier; but I hope she won't be angry with me."

"Angry! for what? She will most likely thank you if we make it up; and if we don't, there's no great harm in her chatting an hour or two with me. Your motive is a good one, and I will take all the blame upon myself. Fear nothing."

"Very well, sir," said the courier, quite reassured; "I know you are betrothed to her, and I see no sort of harm in the matter. Shall I go and tell her at once, that the passport is missing?"

"Yes; and come back and tell me what she says."

In fifteen minutes later the courier was in my room again.

"All right, sir," he cried; "but look sharp, sir. She has ordered the carriage, and is going right off to the police after another passport."

"Order a carriage for me, then, or she'll be there before me."

"Where are we to go, sir?"

"Here is the address," and I wrote it in pencil, and gave it to him.

"Here are the pistols, sir," returned the courier, handing them to me, "now mind, and put both of them to your head if she drive you to despair."

"Stop a minute, till I see if they are empty." I ran my pencil case down the barrels. "That's right," I continued, "no danger now. But who is going with your mistress?"

"Miss Bennett, sir."

"Well, recollect, if Miss Gamble is not angry, and decides to

remain with me an hour or two, you can return to the hotel, and *inform Mary that her mistress is with me*, else she may be alarmed."

"Yes, that is best, sir ; I will do so."

Away ran the courier ; and, I may as well mention here that, fearing lest he might compromise himself, he showed the address I had given him to Miss Gamble before starting. My handwriting was so familiar that Miss Gamble *must* have recognized it, and the courier always declared she smiled on perusing it, which satisfied him that she suspected the *ruse*. *Miss Gamble admitted, afterwards, that he showed her the address*, but denied having recognized the handwriting. The moment the courier left, I drove off rapidly to the apartment I had hired, and found my *valet de place* making preparations for my occupying it. I had given him no explanation why I had taken it, and he supposed accordingly that I was going to lodge there. I told him the instant I entered that I expected two ladies, with a courier, to come there immediately, and that one of the ladies in black would, probably, say something about a passport, and ask for the *Intendante*. In that case, all he had to do was to conduct her to the saloon where I should be. The valet suspected some joke was going on from his smile, but he asked no questions, and said he would comply with my directions.

About one o'clock Miss Gamble arrived, and was ushered, at once, by my master of ceremonies, into the room where I awaited her ; Miss Bennett and the courier remaining in the ante-chamber. On seeing me, Miss Gamble exclaimed—

"Ah ! it is *you*. Well, I thought it was all a trick."

This surprised me, as I did not then know she had seen the address in my writing.

"Yes, it is all a trick," I announced, "but as you refused to see me at Turin, save in the company of your courier, I did not stop on this occasion to ask your permission. But pray be seated."

"What do you want with me now?" she asked, perfectly at her ease.

"To make you some explanations, and to talk you into reason, if possible."

"Is that all?" she inquired; "you intend nothing else, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at her with surprise; "I shall treat you with the deference due to a woman, and with the tenderness that becomes our relations. What did you expect?"

"Very, well," she replied, and without explaining herself she took off her bonnet, and sat down on a sofa near the fire.

A long conversation ensued, that would be tedious to relate. In the course of half an hour the courier sent in to ask if he and Miss Bennett were to wait. I said, "No," but *that they had better return an hour later.*

In the course of her remarks, Miss Gamble still persisted that Mr. Bates had interfered to prevent our marriage.

"What nonsense," I said: "he denied it to the Prince N——, and afterwards to me, and you have read his letter I sent to you at Turin, wherein he expresses astonishment at your bad behavior.

"Yes," she answered, "and that astonished me still more."

"But his interference, I am sure, would never prevent your marrying me, or any one else. Did you not entreat me," I demanded, "to come to you one evening in London, a week after you spoke of his opposition?"

She smiled in her old way, and made no reply.

"Well, Jane," I continued, "tell me, I beg of you, what do you intend to do?"

"I suppose, alas! that I must marry you."

"You have declared that often enough already. But when?"

"When you please—to night, or to-morrow."

"I wish I could put faith in you," I said, full of doubt.

"Try," she replied, smiling.

"Will you give me a pledge in writing?" I asked.

"Most cheerfully."

I rang for the valet, and ordered him to go and buy pen, ink, and paper, as I had not foreseen their use. In a short time Pietro came back, having borrowed them, as it turned out, at the French Consul's opposite, there being no shop near.

"Well, what am I to write?" demanded Miss Gamble, seating herself at a table.

"What you have just said."

"I don't remember now; you must repeat it."

"How like you," I observed. "Well, write '*I bind myself to marry Mr. Henry Wikoff according to the pledges I made him to that effect at Ouchy and at Geneva.*'"*

"There," she said, "will that do?"

"Are you really in earnest this time?" I inquired.

"Perfectly so."

"Will you give me still another guarantee?"

"What you please," was her reply.

"Add, then, '*or to forfeit the half of my income.*' Now I am sure," I said, quite satisfied, "rather than let me touch that precious income of yours, you would marry me, or Beelzebub himself."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?" she said, assuming a mock air of rebuke. "Any more?"

"Merely add, '*I do this of my own free will and accord, and in consideration of my frequent violations of good faith heretofore.*'"

* I have an official statement from the American Consul at Genoa, which will appear in its place, wherein he says that Miss Gamble repeatedly declared to him that she *voluntarily* wrote the above obligation to fulfil her previous pledges, and that her motive for doing so was to induce me to let her leave my apartment immediately.

"That's all very fine," she observed, as she finished, "but that paper is worth nothing at law."

"I know it, but I am very glad to have it in your writing that you pledged me your hand at Ouchy and at Geneva."

"I don't deny it, but of what use is the forfeit of half my income?"

"I *hoped to frighten you by that means into keeping your word*, and if I could enforce the penalty you would drop your coquetry, and marry me at once, I am sure."

"Are you still willing to 'sign off,' if I marry?"

"I have said it, and my word is sacred."

*During this scene the valet-de-place was in the room** waiting to arrange a lunch for Miss Gamble, that she had ordered. Immediately afterwards she sat down, and dispatched two bowls of soup. I was glad to see that her morning's adventure had not disturbed her appetite.

After this we walked about surveying the splendid apartment we occupied, and looked out at the different windows, that were all open, to contemplate the fine prospects that render Genoa so famous. I pointed out to her the former palace of Lord Byron. All this time the manner of Miss Gamble was amiable and confiding in the extreme, and she seemed flattered, as I thought, at this new and harmless act of devotion on my part.

On returning to the saloon we had first occupied, I was just about requesting her to put on her bonnet, as I was anxious that she should be back to her hotel before her dinner hour, when the valet came in to tell me that the courier and Mary had come, and wished to see me. I went to them in the next room, and Miss Gamble followed me. I then asked Mary to

* I hold a deposition of the *valet-de-place* made before the American Consul at Genoa, wherein he describes the above scene, affirming that the manner of Miss Gamble whilst writing was perfectly calm and unconcerned.

enter the saloon with her mistress and myself, and the courier retired. It appeared that the courier had returned according to my directions to the hotel, and informed Mary that Miss Gamble was with me. She expressed her delight, and hoped the "game was near over." After eating their dinner, the courier said he was going back with the carriage to fetch Miss Gamble, as I had ordered, and Mary proposed to come along with him. The courier seeing no objection, brought her with him. The moment we returned to the saloon, Miss Gamble put on her bonnet, and said—

"You have played me a trick in bringing me here, and take care that I don't play you another. You have committed an impertinence that I shall remember."

I was more surprised at her manner, even, than her words. It was imperious and provoking, just as oftentimes at Geneva and at London, as I have shown. It would have been wiser to let her go as she proposed, but I was deeply annoyed.

"You shan't go," I replied, in a firm voice, "till you change your tone."

"What! will you dare to prevent me?"

"Yes, I will."

She walked up and down the room in the same manner as the day I last saw her in London, railing at me in threatening language, which only made my determination stronger.

"You say you won't let me go?" she demanded, with a menacing look.

"Not whilst you talk in that way."

She picked up the poker, and held it in her hand a moment, as if hesitating what to do. Mary and I regarded her with curiosity. She walked to the window, and pushed it through one of the panes.

"There, now will you let me go?" she said with a grand air, as if expecting to see me alarmed at her energy.

"Not a bit of it," I answered, smiling. "But I can't allow you to break that fine glass in that way, which will cost me a pretty penny to replace."

Seeing that I was rather amused than startled, Miss Gamble sat down, and seemed to reflect. Dinner was brought in by the *valet-de-place*, and I partook of it, chatting the while with Miss Gamble and Mary. I saw that we had each taken up an antagonistic position, and that a childish struggle must ensue. The presence of Mary, and the neighborhood of the courier, inspired her with the notion to act a bravado part, whilst I considered that if I gave way to her threats she would laugh ever after at my cowardice, and always quote my yielding as a proof that I was in the wrong. I decided, then, that I would not let her go till she laid aside her menaces, and employed gentler language; and told her so. She declared, on the contrary, she *never* would condescend to use entreaty.

"You have no right to retain me here, and I'll make you pay for it," she said, with great spirit.

"I say nothing about the right, my dear Jane; but I have treated you with politeness, and you have freely partaken of my hospitality. So you must give me fair words, or stay where you are."

"You are carrying it with a high hand, sir; but you'll repent it."

"I shall never repent the hours passed in your charming society."

"How long do you intend to keep me here?" she asked.

"Not more than a day or two," I replied, laughing. "I shall be tired of you, perhaps, by that time."

She regarded me with a penetrating look, not sure whether I was in jest or not.

"You would not dare," she cried, "commit such an outrage."

"Why not?" I said, with the utmost *nonchalance*. "There

are a dozen bed-rooms here, and you and Mary may lock yourselves up in the one you like best. But now that I have got you both, I think I could not do better than set sail with you for the Archipelago. I don't know when I shall have a better chance."

In this way a pretty sharp cross-fire was kept up between us for some time. The valet was quietly clearing away the dinner, and had his arm full of plates, when Miss Gamble suddenly seized him by the collar of his coat, and exclaimed—

"Mind what you are about! If you prevent my going away, I'll have you severely punished for it."

The man looked astounded, and came near dropping his crockery, for he did not understand our conversation in English, nor had the least glimmering of what was going on. He stared stupidly, first at her, and then at me. I laughed heartily, and sent him away. Miss Gamble was equally amused, and said—

"I have cowed *him*, at all events."

Finding, however, she had failed to cow me, and determined not to yield her point, she hit upon another expedient to make me give way. She began to throw herself about as though in hysterics, and I had never before seen, on the stage, anything more admirably done. I remembered, fortunately, that she had told me that her aunt was in the habit of this sort of thing, and she had related many scenes of the kind that had occurred. So I was prepared for an imitation of what she had so often described. She acted to perfection, and sometimes I applauded with my hands, and at others laughed immoderately at the absurd things she said. At last, she flung herself on the rug before the fire, with her hair all dishevelled, and declared it was her intention to die.

"Well, then," I cried, "'let them bury the quick with the dead,' as Hamlet said, for I am resolved not to survive you." As I spoke, I manifested an intention to lay down beside her,

which, as I expected, made her leap up instantly. She gave up the hysterical *ruse* after this, and began to look about, with Mary's assistance, for her combs that had dropped about the floor. Meanwhile, I went out of the room to see if the courier was about, but I ordered Pietro, or his man, to keep a sharp lookout lest she might break the windows again, or do something worse, for I knew she would fight it out to the last. I found the courier in the kitchen frightened out of his wits ;—in the same breath, his teeth chattering the while, he begged me not to let her go, and then, for Heaven's sake, not to detain her longer. He could not comprehend the conflict going on, and I did not choose to explain it. I ordered him to go and look about for a carriage, as it was getting very late, and I had secretly settled if she would not retreat, as I hoped, that I would, for I feared to compromise her so seriously as to keep her out all night. When I returned to the saloon, she was quietly seated on the sofa alongside of Mary, who remained, for the most part, a calm spectator of the combat, which she perfectly understood, knowing her mistress's eccentric disposition.

"Well," I said, seating myself, "I have just ordered the house to be locked up. You, and Mary had better go to bed. I intend to sleep here on the sofa."

"Surely, you are not in earnest?" she exclaimed, in a startled voice.

"That's just the difference between you and me. I am always in earnest, and you are always in jest," I replied, in a deep calm tone, as though my decision was irrevocable.

She hesitated a moment, and then got up, as at Geneva, approached me, and falling on her knees by my side, put up her hands in the prettiest way imaginable. She was always graceful in her attitudes.

"I *beg* you, then, to let me go," she said in an imploring manner.

"You, know," I responded, "that I cannot resist a request so politely expressed."

I lifted her up, and saluted her.

"Put on your bonnet," I continued, "for I have just ordered a carriage. If you had only held out ten minutes longer you would have gained the day."

We were both of us now in high spirits, and I ordered the valet, who could not make head or tail of what was going on, to prepare supper, of which Miss Gamble and I partook gaily.

"But I played you a trick that you are not aware of," she remarked, in great glee.

"What was that?"

"Why, when you were out of the room I wrote on a piece of paper that I was detained here, and would give a thousand francs to any one who would come to my relief, and then threw it out of the window.

I refused to credit this, but Mary told me it was true.

"You are a dangerous woman to joke with, I see, for you stop at nothing."

"You are mistaken," she said archly, "for I could have gone further."

"How so?"

"Isn't there a family overhead, for I distinctly heard a woman's foot?"

"Yes, a banker occupies the upper part of the palace."

"Well, then, if I and Mary had set to screaming, you would have been obliged to run."

"True enough—I should have been off as fast as my legs could carry me. But, *entre nous*, I wondered you didn't come out when the agent called to see me in the early part of the evening."

She smiled without replying.

Between eight and nine o'clock the agent of the apartments, Sr

*Pescio, had called, and I was talking with him for near half an hour. If Miss Gamble had not liked the diversion going on, nothing prevented her coming forward to claim his interference.** We were kept waiting a long while to get a carriage, but none could be found. Before going I looked about the room to see that nothing was left behind, when I came across a small leather bag.

"What's this?" I asked.

"It is Mary's," said Miss Gamble.

"What does it contain?" I pursued.

"Only odds and ends that Mary always carries with her."

It was asserted afterwards that Mary had brought Miss Gamble's night clothes in it; but I do not believe this, as neither Miss Gamble nor myself had ever sent such an order. As I was rummaging about, I thought of my pistols that I had put, when I first entered the room, on the top of a high piece of furniture.

"Bless my soul!" I exclaimed, "I totally forgot to shoot myself."

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Gamble.

I took down the pistols and related to her the *ruse* I had contemplated, but had quite forgotten.

"It will do for another time," she replied, smiling. It was considerably after midnight when we started off on foot to return to Miss Gamble's Hotel. Pietro led the way, and as the streets were quite deserted, I walked with my arm affectionately thrown round Miss Gamble. I mention this simply to show the loving mood we were in. Mary accompanied us. When we had walked a short distance Miss Gamble remarked—

"What's the use of going back to my hotel to night?"

"What do you propose, then?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Let us go somewhere else, and return in the morning."

* This important fact was testified to, under oath, by Sr. Pescio before the tribunal, as will be seen.

"As you please," I replied ; "but do you wish me to go along with you ?"

"Of course, I do; tell your servant there to stop at the nearest hotel."

I gave the order, and directly Pietro knocked at the door of a house which he said was the "Iron Crown Hotel." We were admitted instantly. I asked if they had rooms, and we were shown to a couple of bed-rooms adjoining each other. Miss Gamble chose one, and I took the other. I chatted with her for a short time before retiring, and we agreed to be up and off at nine in the morning. I saluted her cordially when I bid her good-night. I slept soundly, and was woke up by Mary knocking at my door by order of her mistress.

"It is near nine o'clock," she cried, "are you ready ?"

"In five minutes," I answered, and springing up immediately, I ordered a carriage to be sent for, and after taking a cup of coffee, I paid the bill, and we started off once more for Miss Gamble's Hotel. I was seated alongside of her in the carriage, and Mary occupied the place in front, and in proof of the kindly relations between us I might add some details that, as a matter of taste, I think best to leave unmentioned.

I will stop my relation a moment to insert here a document of some importance. So many false statements have circulated respecting the so-called "Abduction" of Miss Gamble, that the account I have just given will be received with surprise, and likely with doubt. Misrepresentations have been put forth as I will show, both in my name and hers, with a view to compromise me in public opinion. What I have related above *I solemnly declare to be the truth*, and I am fully prepared with authentic testimony to prove it, should any party whatsoever venture hereafter to call it in question. Nothing I desire so much as to substantiate this, and the rest, before some tribunal where justice is

not a sham. In the hope that such a chance may yet befall me, I will hold in reserve various documents to verify each incident I have related of the "Abduction," in question. For the present I will content myself with giving an affidavit made before the American Consul at Genoa, G. G. Baker, Esq., that must satisfy every impartial person that I have "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice."

Letter of Beneditto Vico, Landlord of the "Iron Crown Hotel," at Genoa, to H. Wikoff:—

"*Genoa, April* 29, 1853.

"SIR:—I have much pleasure, in answer to your honored letter of the 25th, to make the explanations I should not have failed to give before the Judge, but, unfortunately, no opportunity was afforded me. It is perfectly true that on the 15th of November, 1851, after midnight, Miss Gamble, accompanied by you, came to lodge at my hotel. She asked for bed chambers, of which she chose one communicating by a door with another that you took for yourself. It was also remarked by the waiter, that you were talking with Miss Gamble in her chamber, whilst your bed was being prepared. It is also true, that in the morning you paid the bill, and after taking coffee, went away with her in the same carriage to her hotel. All this passed in such perfect accord as to show a great familiarity and intimacy between you and Miss Gamble, whose lightest will you seemed disposed to obey. Certainly, if she had shown the least constraint, or any sign of being on bad terms with you, and had demanded my protection, I would have done my best, sir, as it would have been my duty, to shelter her from any coercion on your part. But there was no appearance of the kind, for we saw nothing but two persons very intimate and closely connected. It is true, likewise, that Miss Gamble was accompanied by a *femme de chambre*, for whom a third bed-chamber adjoined. In fine, all passed between you in such harmony as not to give evidence of the smallest possible dissension.

"It is only just to certify to you, sir, besides, that I was never interrogated by the Judge in a manner to enable me to state the above facts. The most insignificant questions only were put to me, and *always to your disadvantage.*

"Hoping that my reply will meet with your approbation, I beg you, sir, to receive my cordial salutations.

"Your very humble servant,

"BENEDITTO VICO."

"*Consulate of the United States of America, Genoa.*

"I, George G. Baker, Consul of the United States of America at Genoa, do hereby make known and certify, that on the second day of May, 1853, Beneditto Vico, the Landlord of the "Iron Crown Hotel," in the city of Genoa, personally appeared before me at this Consulate, and made oath that all the facts and circumstances contained in the foregoing letter are true and exact.

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of this Consulate, this second day of May, in the year 1853, and in the seventy-seventh year of the Independence of the said United States.

(Seal.) (Signed) "GEORGE G. BAKER."

I appeal to the common sense of my reader, and ask, that had I treated Miss Gamble, whilst in my apartment at Genoa, with any rudeness or violence, as has been so falsely alleged, would she have decided, *of her own free will*, not to return to her own hotel, but to go to another, and pass the night there under my protection; and, as stated, *knock at my door in the morning to escort her away;* but even had she gone of her own accord, would she not naturally have demanded protection from the landlord and his servants had she been in fear, or anger at any previous ill-treatment of mine? I stake my whole defence upon this voluntary act of hers, and the clear proof I have adduced of our friendly and amiable relations at the close of the so-called "Abduction." To return to my story.

When Miss Gamble got back to her hotel, the *Croix de Malte*, I informed her that I should take lodgings in the same house. Whilst at my breakfast, about ten o'clock, the courier came to me, and said she desired to see me. I went to her room imme-

diately. I saluted her on entering, and made use of some complimentary expressions.

"Don't talk of love," she said, "but give me that paper, first," meaning the promise she had written the day before.

"Why are you in such a hurry to get it back, as you say it is worth nothing?"

"Never mind that," she replied; "will you give it to me?"

"If you behave prettily," I said, smiling, "perhaps."

"Where is it?"

At this moment the door of an adjoining room opened, when Miss Gamble exclaimed—

"That is Miss Bennett! don't let her see you, I beg."

I was obliged to retire in haste, and before I had time to return her some letters, in my pocket, that she had dropped from her muff on the previous day, and that I had playfully picked up and retained. It was, perhaps, an hour later that the courier came flying into my room, saying—.

"Miss Gamble is going to the British Consul's."

"What for?" I asked, in surprise.

"I don't know, sir. But do go and see her," he entreated, "and persuade her out of it."

"No! I shall not. I can't imagine her motive, but I won't interfere."

Sure enough, she went off to the British Consul's.

END OF FIRST PART.

PART II.

"Fiat Justitia, ruat cœlum."

"Let Justice be done, if the heavens fall."

CHAPTER XV.

ST. ANDREA.

"WHAT a strange thing for her to do," I muttered to myself. "Can she be in earnest?" I sat down and reflected. It was high time, certainly. I don't know what opinion my reader may form of my "whole course of wooing," which is now come to an end. It can hardly be one very favorable to the common sense of either Miss Gamble or myself. I do not expect it; but that it may be no worse, I shall add a word or two more of explanation. However improbable it may seem, after what I have related, it is yet true, that our attachment for each other was sincere, ardent, and strong. Her letters declare it, and her acts, if I might quote them all, confirmed it more. I have purposely refrained from talking too much of my own feelings for her, lest I might be disbelieved, or laughed at—either one enough to make a sensitive man shrink from the ordeal. "Then why, in Heaven's name," demands my impatient reader, "did you not get married at once, and be done with it?" Yes, why? It would have been much the wisest thing to do. The difficulty was this: Miss Gamble wished to marry (she has said it often since), but she wished to coquette a little first, and, unfortunately, there was something in my manner and conduct that encouraged her to persist in her coquetry. I wished to marry—who doubts it? but I was impatient and imperious, instead of gentle and persuasive. If there is a thing a woman loves, it is to be *solicited*. It is so congenial to her nature to give or grant—I mean, of course, what is proper. Your knowing ones always

wear a deferential mask, beg hard, and abide their time. If there is a thing, on the other hand, a woman hates, it is to have a man approach her on the "look and die" principle, or, to express it more classically, in the *veni, vidi, vici*, vein, and demand a concession in a presumptuous, arrogant tone. Where's the woman that, rather than yield on such terms, would not sacrifice her happiness, herself, and all?

I am ashamed to confess it, yet it was in this way I often acted, not from conceit, or over-valuation of myself, but because I felt *too* sure of Miss Gamble's regard for me. It was this that prevented me constantly from showing in my language and manner my passionate affection for her; and it was this that drove me to employ all the manœuvering I have described to obtain her, rather than, like a sensible person, honestly and simply confess my love, and leave the rest to Providence; if Providence really interferes in such matters, though it is said, "Marriages are made in Heaven." It was a misfortune that I overheard Miss Gamble say one day that, "a woman was a fool to let a man detect her love." I pondered over this, and, instead of laughing at its absurdity—for can a coquette, even, hide her love, if it be *love*—I fashioned my conduct after this maxim, and did my best to prevent my own heart revealing itself too plainly. I am done, dear reader (for I am addressing a lady at this moment), with explanations. I doubt if it disentangles my case at all; but all I desire and pray for is, if I am convicted before the august tribunal of such as may please to read this eventful history, of having inordinately played the fool, that, at all events, I shall be acquitted of hypocritically seeking to inspire an attachment that I did not heartily and earnestly reciprocate.

As I was just saying, Miss Gamble went off to the British Consulate; but I could not make out, either then or since, what could be her motive in making the British Consul a party to the silly adventure of the previous day. In keeping with the many

mad pranks she had already played, I thought it possible that she only sought to have me summoned before him that I might be warned not to interfere with her again, supposing that this new display of energy on her part, would alarm me into quiet submission to her caprices henceforth. It occurred to me, also, that she might be seeking, through the instrumentality of the British Consul, to recover the written evidence of her previous pledges of marriage made in Switzerland, that she had given me the day before, and which she, perhaps, suspected I would insist upon retaining. I was afterwards told by the courier that she expressed apprehensions of some imaginary person that, she had got it into her whimsical head, was urging me on to press her to a final decision. The courier, however, assured her that there was no such person in existence, and that if she had any alarm in this respect, it was entirely groundless. But, as I just said, I could never come at her motive for this singular step. It may have been jest, or anger, or fear, or a mixture of all, that carried her to the British Consul's house on the day in question ; and there would have been little, likely, to regret, if his Consulship had not turned out to be a still greater oddity than herself.

To resume. Some three hours had elapsed since her departure. and I was momentarily expecting her return, wondering what could possibly detain her so long, when the courier dashed into my room, looking very pale, and cried—

"My God, sir; we are all to be arrested !"

"Arrested ! for what ? and by whom ?" I asked, in amazement.

"By the British Consul," he replied. "I conducted Miss Gamble to his house, and, after a long time, he came down stairs, and seeing me in the hall, he ordered me about my business, and said he was going to the police to have us all arrested immediately."

"In that case, I shall be off to my Consul, and claim his assistance. You had better return, however, to get the orders of your mistress."

I was a good deal astonished, as may be supposed, at this singular news. Utterly unconscious of having violated any law, I could not conjecture the motive for an arrest. I thought, besides, the conduct of the British Consul was precipitate in not investigating the matter more fully before resorting to so violent a course. A sensible man ought to reflect there are always two sides to a story.

I started, then, in quest of my Consul, George G. Baker, Esq., as intimated, and found him at home. His appearance was somewhat striking. He was a tall, slim man, of a rather severe expression of countenance, with a penetrating grey eye that twinkled benignantly ever and anon. Spirit and firmness, not unmixed with benevolence, were the marked traits of his physiognomy. He received me pleasantly; and I began to relate to him the events of the day before, adding a rapid outline of what had preceded. I then begged him to call on the British Consul to make a representation of the case, and to remonstrate against his strange proceedings. My Consul seemed greatly amused at the novelty of the case, but cordially assented to my request, bidding me to await his return. It was nearly two hours before he got back, when he stated that, on reaching the British Consul's house, he found him gone out, but that he met Miss Gamble there, who seemed in great alarm at the unexpected turn the matter had taken. On finding that he had come there on my behalf, she implored him to check the British Consul in his impetuous conduct, saying she had never dreamt of my arrest, *for I had done nothing but what love had prompted;* and, finally, begging him not to give me up to the police. The British Consul came in whilst this was going on, when he rudely ordered Miss Gamble to quit the room, and not to interfere.

Left together, the American Consul, then, in the name of Miss Gamble and on my behalf, deprecated the course he, the British Consul, was pursuing, and suggested a friendly settlement of a foolish lovers' quarrel. The British Consul, on the other hand, used very intemperate language, and declared he would persist in arresting me; whereupon my Consul replied, that I was under the protection of his consulate, and that the police could not reach me there. And so they separated.

I listened to this recital with lively interest. It appeared, then, that Miss Gamble, with her characteristic inconsistency, already regretted the extraordinary step she had taken. What story she had related to the British Consul, I have never been able to discover; but it afterwards appeared that she suppressed, as she had done with Mr. Bates, all the particulars of our long and fantastic courtship. I was gratified, however, to learn that she had no hostile object in view, and that she had earnestly besought the American Consul to give me protection and succor.

"Well, Consul," I demanded, at the close of his statement, "what had I better do?"

"You had better stay where you are," he answered, with a friendly smile. "The police are in search of you, and the courier is arrested, and already in prison."

"You are extremely kind," I said, not a little comforted; "but I fear to trespass on your hospitality."

"Don't name it," he replied, "for I am glad to give you shelter against so ridiculous a proceeding as this."

The Consul was, in fact, a warm-hearted man; and in a case, whether small or important, where his notions of right were ruffled, he was not likely to give up his point without a struggle. He introduced me at once to his wife, a middle-aged person of quiet manners, but pleasing appearance. I related to her in a lively manner the adventure that had thrown me on her civility,

and to which she lent a ready ear. She was both amused and interested, and bid me welcome in a hearty tone. If I had got into a scrape through the thoughtlessness of a woman, it was grateful to find that the first one of her sex I had encountered promptly stretched forth her hand to the rescue. Women, from impulse, sometimes do cruel things enough, but the female heart is essentially sympathetic ; and in difficulty and distress, when men often turn a deaf ear, woman becomes the "ministering angel." It is a beautiful and holy mission hers, and even the lowest of her kind has always "some corner of her soul" accessible to the purest and best emotions of our nature. I spent quite a delightful evening with my Consul and his lady, and we were joined at a later hour by another countryman of mine, a Mr. Spalding, United States agent at Spezzia, and then on a visit to the Consul's house. He was a lively and pleasant man, and, like all Americans, full of patriotic sympathy. When he heard my story he was much amused, but was quite indignant at the bellicose conduct of the British Consul. On retiring for the night, Mr. Spalding insisted on giving up his bed to me, and went out to sleep at an adjoining hotel, as the Consul was not provided for so unexpected a guest.

After breakfast, next morning, November 17th, the American Consul and Mr. Spalding, accompanied by a Genoese gentleman, Mr. Koster, went off to the Governor of the town, yclept *Intendente*, and found the British Consul, Mr. Timothy Brown, already there, who still used very abusive language. He had got it into his head that I must be a Russian spy, from the fact of my having hired an apartment in the Russian Consul's house, and he demanded my arrest in loud and peremptory terms. My Consul stated the case to the *Intendente*, and again remonstrated with Mr. Brown. At last, the *Intendente* very sensibly referred the two Consuls to the lady herself before he interfered at all in the matter. An interview followed with Miss Gamble

at her hotel, when she, in the most earnest manner, entreated Mr. Brown to desist, and allow the affair to be settled quietly, without exposing her to publicity, and involving me in serious trouble. She spoke of me in the most eulogistic terms, and said that she had pledged me her hand, and that the farce I had played her was inspired by love, and not by any base motive. At length, Mr. Brown, in spite of his fierce resolves, was forced to give way, and he drew up a paper for me to sign, to the effect that I would return to Miss Gamble the promise of marriage she had written at my apartment, and further agree not to molest her again. About two o'clock, p. m. my Consul returned with this document in his hand, which I instantly consented to accept; but Mr. Baker suggested that the wording was injurious to me, and that I had better copy it out in my own language. I did so, and gave it to him, when he returned to the hotel of Miss Gamble. Mr. Brown was not satisfied, and, at the request of Miss Gamble, he determined to come and see me.

I was sitting with Mrs. Baker when the two Consuls entered. The first view I had of Mr. Brown, gave me an unfavorable impression. His countenance was harsh and stern, his eye had a sinister expression, and his manners were pompous and forbidding. I addressed him in courteous language, and explained briefly the facts of the case. By degrees he modified his views, and began to think he had been too hasty.

"I see by your manners and conversation that you are a gentleman," he said, "and I have been led into a wrong view of the case."

"It is evident," I returned, "that Miss Gamble, in a moment of excitement, has committed a foolish act; but I hope, for her sake, even more than for my own, that you will not carry the matter any further."

"Miss Gamble, in my opinion, is mad," asserted Mr. Brown,

in his gruff way; "and you will be ten times madder if you marry her."

He added some other rough expressions that I forbear to repeat.

This took place in the presence of my Consul, his wife, and Mr. Spalding. General conversation then ensued, and it happened to come out that I had formerly known a brother-in-law of Mr. Brown's, a London merchant. This had, also, a conciliating effect.

"Well, it is a trumpery lovers' folly," he remarked at last, "and I will go no further with it. There is no necessity for your writing the paper I drew up; merely scribble a line that you will molest her no further, and that will answer."

I did so.

"She is very anxious," he continued, "to have back the promise of marriage, which I suppose you care nothing about."

"Not the least in the world," I replied; "I will return it the moment I get hold of my portmanteau."

"You give me your word of honor to that effect?"

"I do."

"That is sufficient," said Mr. Brown. "And now I advise you to have nothing further to do with that mad woman, or you'll get into more scrapes."

"I thank you for your advice," was my answer; "but I think you are too hard upon her."

"If you remain in Genoa," he added, taking up his hat, "come and see me; I will present you to Mrs. Brown. I shall go now to the *Questore*, and tell him it is all settled amicably, and request him to withdraw the police. I congratulate you on escaping, even for one night, an Italian gaol, for they are shocking places, I assure you."

With that Mr. Brown withdrew.

"If after every storm there comes a calm like this"—— I

said, smiling, to my Consul, whom I shook warmly by the hand, thanking him for his active and friendly services.

"Miss Gamble is rather an odd person, I think," said Mr. Spalding; "but I suspect Mr. Brown is a good deal odder. Between the two you would have had a tough time of it. You are well out of the scrape."

We all sat down to dinner in high spirits. My worthy Consul and his amiable wife were pleased to see me out of trouble; Mr. Spalding ditto; and it is needless to say I was greatly enlivened at escaping the attentions of my new friends, the police, two of whom had been stationed all day at the door of the American Consul, beyond whose inviolable precincts they presumed not to venture.

"Just tell the police," I said to the servant, "not to go, when they get the order, without my giving them a *douceur* for their useless trouble."

We were taking coffee in the Consul's comfortable drawing-room, about eight o'clock in the evening, when the British Vice-Consul was announced.

"I have come," he stated, "to inform you, on the part of Mr. Brown, that he fears there will be some difficulty in stopping the matter. The *Questore* (or Mayor) of Police has put the complaint into the hands of the *Avoccato Fiscale*, the law-officer of the Crown, and it is doubtful now whether a trial can be avoided."

"Why, the affair is settled amicably between the parties themselves," replied the American Consul; "and it is absurd to talk of a trial."

"So I think," replied the British Vice-Consul; "but if you will come to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, to the office of the Fiscal Advocate, Mr. Brown will meet you there, and a final attempt will be made to arrange it."

"I will be there without fail," answered my Consul, when the British Vice-Consul withdrew.

It appeared that Mr. Brown had, in the beginning, made a formal complaint before the head of police against myself, the courier, and my *valet-de-place*, and demanded our immediate arrest. According to the law, the accusation had laid for twenty-four hours in the hands of the *Questore*, when he handed it over for prosecution to the regular law-officer, the *Fiscal Advocate*. It was just after this had been done that Mr. Brown arrived to say that it was all settled ; but the *Questore* replied, it was now beyond his jurisdiction, and that the complaint was duly entered for trial ; nor did he see how it was possible to stop it without gross informality. However, it was hoped that something might still be done to stay legal proceedings.

The same evening, about nine o'clock, a *commissaire* of police came to the American Consul's house to carry me off to prison. My Consul protested against it on the ground that the difficulty was settled. The officer replied that he had no authority to violate the consular domicile, and so retired, but taking off with him my unfortunate *valet-de-place*, who still remained in my service. He came back again about ten o'clock, expressing his regret, but saying that, as a matter of form, he was obliged to arrest me. The American Consul explained that the question was adjourned till eleven o'clock next morning, and refused to give me up. The *commissaire* declared he would be obliged to take me all the same. This brought out the spirit of my Consul, who unfurled his flag, and laid it across the threshold of his door.

"Insult that at your peril," he said. My domicile is sacred, and I will protect my countryman until I know clearly that I have no right to do so."

Up to this time I had remained a quiet spectator of what was passing. The *commissaire* put on his sash of office ; but, proclaiming his respect for the American flag, hesitated as to what course to pursue. Upon this I advanced, deeply touched by the Consul's zeal and good feeling on my behalf.

"I beg you, sir," I said, "to receive my grateful thanks, but I never can consent to see an outrage committed on the national flag in so paltry an affair as this. I prefer a thousand times to go to prison. I surrender."

I then gave myself up to the police. The *commissaire*, a very gentlemanly person, thanked me cordially for relieving him from his embarrassment.

"After all," he added, "it is only a farce. If the matter goes on, you will be out to-morrow on bail."

"Well, I regret your decision," said my resolute Consul. "I would have protected you to the last. But I protest against the proceeding as unnecessary, if not absurd."

I then bid my excellent friend and his amiable wife good-night. They were both annoyed to see me quit their hospitable roof for so dreary a receptacle; and Mr. Spalding, whose feelings had got worked up by the scene, declared—

"If you must go, I will go too, to see, at least, where they put you."

An American never deserts a countryman in trouble. It is one of the finest traits of our national character. It was near midnight when we started off, myself on the arm of the *commissaire*, Mr. Spalding on the other side, and two policemen bringing up the rear. I stopped, *en route*, a moment to buy an article or two of necessity, not having seen my luggage since the day before, and then resumed my march.

My sensations were rather confused—the novelty of going to prison was rather exciting; and the dejection that might be supposed to accompany so unusual an event in most people's experience was not severe in my case, for the double reason that I was unconscious of any offence to deserve it, and next, that it was chiefly the result of a combination of strange accidents, originating in the eccentric disposition of Miss Gamble. Though not depressed at this new tribulation, I was far from that state

of exultation which might have inspired a knight of the olden time at so trying a martyrdom for his ladye-love. My feelings found a more natural vent in the plaintive expostulation of the hero of Hood—

> "Ah! little Nell, ah little Nell,
> How could you serve me so,
> I've met with many a breeze before,
> But never such a *blow*."

Suddenly turning up a narrow street that I could scarce descry in the darkness, we began a sharp ascent. Passing through two outer gates guarded by sentinels, we soon reached the door of the prison of St. Andrea. The *commissaire* then handed me over to the chief jailer, with injunctions to treat me kindly, and courteously bid me good-night. The jailer, Colombo by name, was a round-faced, jolly-looking fellow, and was rigged in a cloth *blouse*, belted by a broad strap, from which hung a bunch of ponderous keys. A red woollen nightcap completed his toilette. In costume he was the *beau ideal* of a jailer. My name was duly entered on the records of the prison, and my offence stated to be the "Abduction," of Miss Gamble. I would much have preferred, at that moment, seeing our names inscribed on a church register. That done, I was then summoned to follow Colombo and his assistants. Mr. Spalding, like a true Yankee, would not listen to any talk of regulations, but *would* follow to see how I was disposed of. After winding up two flights of stone stairs we came to a high door, which was unlocked and thrown open, disclosing a room of considerable dimensions. It was occupied by a dozen beds or more, each with an occupant, who, disturbed at this unusual hour, past midnight, slowly raised their heads and looked at us with a stupid stare. It was a gallery of portraits anything but attractive. Colombo stated that this room was reserved for a better class of prisoners, and that he would

make me up a bed as soon as possible. But I demurred stoutly to being turned into this pen, and insisted on a room to myself.

"Put me into your dirtiest dungeon if you choose," I said, "I don't mind a rat or two, but I *will* be alone."

This was said in so determined a manner that Colombo thought it no use to argue, though he seemed surprised at any opposition to his will, which no one there presumed to question. After a short consultation between the jailers, we descended a story lower, and entered a long corridor lined with rooms. I was told that this was quite empty, on account of repairs going on, and that I might have my pick of the cells. I selected one of the best, which was really a very good room—lofty, of fair size, and clean. They rigged it up in a trice. A couple of benches were brought in, and a mattress thrown on them. Colombo supplied the covering from his own stores. A table, a couple of chairs, a wash-stand, and lamp completed the furniture. Colombo then wished me a good night's rest, and Mr. Spalding extended his hand, which I grasped warmly.

"This is very hard luck," he said, "and enough to make me forswear courting as long as I live."

"Nay, don't slander the sex," I replied, "because some of them prove whimsical."

They all retired, and when I heard the rattling of bolts, and the clank of chains, and felt that I was *locked up*, a peculiar and very rebellious sensation seized me. I almost wished I could transform myself into a locomotive on the spot, when, with all my steam on, I would have rushed against every door in the establishment, and continued my progress a long way out of sight. Having nothing better to do, I turned in, and was just settling down into a snooze when I heard the bolts and chains at work again. Presently the noise of steps approaching fell on my ear. My door opened, and Colombo and *suite* entered. Without as much as saying, "By your leave, sir," they began

searching all my pockets, according to prison rules helping themselves freely to the contents, money and all. This done, they picked up my watch and coolly walked off, locking me up as before.

"That's what I call robbery according to law," I growled, getting a little more rebellious than ever. "But 'it t'aint no use,' as Corporal Hawkins said," and muffling up, I tried to sleep it into morn.

The silence was intense. I got through the night pretty well, dreaming that Miss Gamble was sawing off the iron grating of my window, whereat my gratitude knew no bounds.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. ANDREA.

Alas! it was all a dream; for the first thing that stared me in the face, on waking, was this identical netting of bars, and substantial ones they were too. Colombo paid me an early visit, and restored my watch to my great satisfaction; the money he was obliged to retain, he said, according to prison discipline, and my papers had been sent off to the Fiscal Advocate.* The door of my room was left open by especial favor, and I had the corridor all to myself for exercise. I was allowed to send out to an adjoining hotel for my breakfast. There were no fireplaces or stoves in the prison, but Colombo kindly furnished me with some cinders in a brazier, which served to warm my fingers at all events. I walked up and down the corridor for some hours during the morning, and the sounds and sights about me, to say nothing of the odors, soon gave me a surfeit of the locality. I sat down at last, and wrote to Miss Gamble, giving her a graphic picture of my condition, and begging her to do all she could to obtain my redemption thence. I handed my letter to Colombo, who promised to forward it to its destination; but he gave it, instead, according to the rules, to the Fiscal Advocate. My mind was too disturbed for reading, so I continued my promenade up and down the corridor—a prey to the most

* These consisted of a couple of notes to Miss Gamble, written during the day at the United States Consulate, but which I had not sent to her. I entreated therein her forbearance for the courier, and expressed my hope that Mary was none the worse for our frolic of Saturday, for the old lady so far seconded her mistress on that occasion as to refuse any refreshment, and I feared, at her age, she might fall ill.

uncomfortable reflections. This was one of the days of my life I shall never recall without a shudder.

About four o'clock, I was called down to see the British Consul, Mr. Brown. His manner was quite changed from the day before. Addressing me in a cold, repelling tone, he said—

"No arrangement is possible. The thing must go on."

"I am distressed to hear it," I answered; "but how is it possible to convert such a farce into a serious offence?"

"That is Miss Gamble's affair," he returned, twirling his cane.

"What does she intend to do?" I asked.

"She must stand by her complaint now," he answered, with some emphasis.

"I wonder that my Consul has not come with you," I remarked.

"He will not be allowed to see you," observed Mr. Brown, turning to retire.

"What!" I exclaimed, "are you allowed access to me, and my own Consul refused?"

"It appears so. Good-day, sir."

The British Consul then abruptly withdrew, leaving me in a state of mind anything but enviable. I paced my room for some time in extreme agitation. It seemed inconceivable that a folly of so trivial a nature could be tortured into a legal offence, and I found it hard to comprehend my situation. The rude reality, however, was before me. I was in a prison, and threatened with a public trial. My cheek glowed with shame and mortification at such a scandal, and it required all my fortitude for awhile to bear up against it. At length, I wrote to my *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin, and to the Count de Cavour, explaining what had occurred, and requesting what aid they could give me. My dinner was brought in, about six o'clock, from a neighboring *restaurant:* but my appetite, like Bob Acre's

courage, had quite "oozed away." The man who served it began, in his clumsy way, to cheer me up, and the good feeling which inspired it gradually interested me. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a magnificent black beard of Scriptural dimensions. I found he, too, was a prisoner, and had been there over two years already. He had played a very comical trick on some worthy monks, and was sentenced to three years for his want of reverence. A bustling, pleasant rogue was this same Quakaro by name, and he gravely assured me "it was nothing when you got used to it." Recovering my humor and appetite by degrees, I set to, and made my dinner.

I discovered next day that my Consul was really denied admission to me, and I was cut off, besides, from all out-of-door communication till I had first undergone an examination by what was yclept a Judge of Instruction. This preliminary investigation is analogous to that before the Police Magistrate in England and the United States; but on the Continent of Europe, where *habeas corpus* is unknown, the accused is immediately thrown into prison, and detained there till his case is inquired into by functionaries appointed for that special object. These examinations, in writing, are then laid before a council of the particular Court where the offence belongs, and upon their decision the matter is sent before the Tribunals, or may be dismissed.

On Wednesday evening, forty-eight hours after my imprisonment, I was visited by the Examining Judge, Sr. Trucco, with his secretary and interpreter, and I found him quite a gentlemanly person. He desired me to state my case, and thought it better that I should relate the whole history of my wooing. This was a harder job than Othello had to do, but I set to work most conscientiously. The judge found it often a difficult matter to preserve his gravity, whilst the secretary and interpreter frequently stopped to express their wonder and to suggest my

having nothing more to do with such an arrant madcap. After my statement was recorded, the Judge, with due courtesy, declared it was almost impossible to believe my courtship had gone through so many singular phases, and asked if I had any letters of the lady to confirm it. I answered in the affirmative, but hesitated to give them up. He said they were vital to my defence, and so I handed him such as I happened to have along with me. Before leaving, Sr. Trucco remarked that he did not consider my case as falling within the statute, for the law, in defining "Abduction," considered the motive and the circumstances as well as the act itself. He also added that, in any light, it was but a misdemeanor of the smallest class, and that an application for bail could not reasonably be refused. I found myself greatly comforted by these consolatory assurances, and I naturally looked forward to a speedy end to all my troubles. I slept soundly that night, and dreamt that Miss Gamble had got me out of prison, and fled with me beyond the reach of bolts and Browns.

The next morning I was still in bed musing, when a fellow strolled into my room and walked about with his hands in his pockets, as though he had a right to do it. There was an easy *nonchalance* about him, and an intelligence in his clear eye and olive-colored physiognomy that caught my attention.

"Well, who are you, my fine fellow?" I asked in French.

"One of the turnkeys of St. Andrea," he answered, in the same language, "and quite at your service, sir."

"Where did you pick up French?" I asked, inspecting him more closely the while.

"In France, Monsieur; I have been to Paris," he said, rather boastingly.

"What is your name?"

"Roquino."

"Well, then, master Roquino, I'd like to enrol you at once

as chief officer of my staff, if such appointments are recognized here."

"It may be done, sir," he replied promptly, "with the Director's permission, and I am sure he would not refuse you. If you will write to him I will carry the letter at once."

"Done," I said, jumping up, and suiting the action to the word.

In half an hour he returned, his face quite radiant.

"The Director sends you his compliments," he said, "and consents to withdraw me from my usual occupations and to assign me to your special service."

I liked this arrangement vastly, for I was sure that Roquino would be useful to me, else I mistook the shrewdness that sparkled in his dark eye. Happily, I little dreamt at the time how long he was destined to exercise his new functions. A rare fellow was he, that same Roquino. As great a rogue as one could well meet in a prison or out of it, but in all his tricks there was a finish and a scientific precision that would have made many a veteran diplomatist jealous of his skill. He never *did* you from mere wantonness; it was all calculation with him; he had a motive and a distinct object always. You might be *sure* he would cheat you if he could possibly gain by it, and he was equally felicitous in disguising both the cheat and the gains. I never outwitted him save once, but he bore it with the imperturbability of an adept who knew he could retrieve it. He was often useful to me, and always an amusement; but alack! I had to pay for both.

Several days elapsed before my worthy Consul managed to reach me. Many obstacles had been thrown in his way, but he thrust them aside with his wonted energy, for he was not a man to be stopped by trifles. He gave me a deal of information that filled me with surprise and pain. It appeared, from what he related on this and other occasions, that no sooner did Mr.

Brown, the British Consul, discover that the complaint he had so unnecessarily laid before the police must undergo a legal investigation, than, contradicting all he had said of the insignificance of the matter a few days before, he turned around and determined to make out a "strong case" against me, lest he might be blamed for the outrage of arresting and throwing me into prison. To this end he assumed at once complete authority over Miss Gamble, laying upon her the fault that he had acted as he had done; whilst she, finding herself in a false position from the inconsiderate step she had taken, gave herself entirely up to his arbitrary guidance, though I am quite sure her heart must have recoiled from the course he thought fit to urge upon her. In consequence, a charge was trumped up against me of having employed "menaces" to make her write the paper at my apartment already mentioned, though she had repeatedly declared the contrary as seen on the day the matter was settled between us. I am sorry to say that Miss Gamble was induced to make this cruel and unfounded accusation to the Judge of Instruction, Sr. Trucco, who duly laid it before the Fiscal Advocate. This latter functionary, after frequent and undisguised consultations with Mr. Brown, went to the extraordinary length of pronouncing me guilty of having *extorted a promise of marriage from Miss Gamble with menaces.* This was a grave act of felony, and various articles of the code were applied to the case, *making out a term of imprisonment at the galleys for over ten years!!!* This may seem almost incredible, but it is strictly true, as the records of the Tribunal will show.

I should add, that whilst the matter was under reflection by the Fiscal Advocate, my Consul was informed of the constant visits of Mr. Brown to his office, and he accordingly remonstrated in energetic language at this unseemly interference. Upon this, the Fiscal Advocate expressed a wish that neither of the Consuls would call on him again touching the case, and Mr.

Brown, at the demand of the American Consul, further pledged his *honor* not to interfere thereafter. What was the surprise of my Consul, and of his own countrymen, to learn that he still continued to do so! The fact is, the conduct of Mr. Timothy Brown, during these events, was more like a bedlamite than a sound-headed and warm-hearted Englishman. He actually declared openly in the streets, and to the American Consul on many occasions, that he would send me to the galleys, or his name was not Timothy Brown. There was no accounting for the eccentric behavior of this gentleman, which, in my case, assumed a tone of harshness that deepened at last into downright cruelty. I don't believe, from the North to the South Pole, another British Consul could have been found who would show such singular zest in hunting down a poor devil of a lover, who had, by a hard fate, fallen into his gripe.

I should, perhaps, explain here that the English influence was paramount in Sardinia, which, at the time I am writing of, had incurred the dislike of certain great States by its new constitutional doctrines; and the protection accorded to it by England was, therefore, vital to its safety, and, in other respects, greatly advantageous. Consequently the diplomatic and consular representatives of the British government at Turin and Genoa exercised an undisputed sway and it was left to the taste and discretion of these gentlemen to employ it for proper ends. Had it so minded Mr. Brown, nothing could have been easier than, with due respect to legal formality, to save me from the injury and suffering he, on the contrary, sought so zealously to inflict. His conduct throughout was unworthy his position, and of his noble country, and in strange contrast to that rational and humane disposition which characterizes all classes of the English people. What his own countrymen thought of his proceedings I shall have occasion to show by-and-by.

I was, fortunately, kept in ignorance of the terrible fate pre-

paring for me, by the considerate humanity of my jailer-valet, Roquino, who managed with such admirable address to deceive me as to leave me even without a suspicion of what was really going on.

It was in the beginning of December that a printed paper was brought me one day from the office of the Fiscal Advocate, and I sent immediately for my man Friday to know what it was all about. He glanced over it without moving a feature, and said—

"It is only the *conclusions* of the Fiscal Advocate as to your case."

"Very well; but what does he conclude?" I asked, with some eagerness.

"He applied several articles of the code to it," he answered, determined to conceal the truth; "but I don't know what they mean."

"That is easily settled," I returned, taking the paper into my hand, "for I see he gives the number of each article. Go and get the code."

Roquino was never taken aback, no matter what the emergency; and so, making no difficulty, he went off in search of it. In a short time he came back, code in hand, which I was about taking from him, when he said—

"Will you please to read out the number of each article, and I will let you know the result, for I can find them quicker than you can."

"Agreed," I replied, "so look for 47."

"Here it is," he declared, turning over the leaves with much apparent care. "That gives you one month's imprisonment."

"I don't mind that," I answered in a lively tone. "Now for 62."

"You are down again for another month," he asserted, after taking some time to find the place.

"Well, I can stand that without much wincing. Look for 97."

"How these leaves stick together," exclaimed Roquino, secretly meaning to give me a breathing-spell between the doses he was compelled to administer. "Here it is, 97. You will have six weeks according to that, though."

"That makes over three months," I said, calculating, and beginning to feel uncomfortable; "but go on till I know the worst."

In this unsuspecting way I went through all the articles specified in the document sent me, and I found that by the interpretation Roquino gave it, I was in danger of some six months' imprisonment, and the prospect disturbed me not a little. It was only a couple of weeks later that I discovered the true nature of the paper in question, which was, in fact, a notice from the Fiscal Advocate that my case was sent up to the Criminal Court, with his suggestion that the various articles of the code cited should be applied to it, constituting, as I have said before, an imprisonment at the *galleys for over ten years*.

The well-meant deception of Roquino was nearly frustrated, a day or so afterwards, by my Consul, who thought it his duty, however unpleasant, to make the truth known to me.

"Well, my poor friend," he said, seating himself in my room, "I have come to give you some very painful intelligence. Mr. Brown is making desperate exertions to send you to the galleys, and he has managed to get your case before the 'Chamber of Accusation' of the Criminal Court. What they will decide I cannot tell."

"I am happy to inform you, my dear Consul," I replied, putting entire faith in Roquino's misrepresentation, "that the amiable intentions of the merciless Brown are likely to be defeated, for I have got a notice from the Fiscal Advocate quoting the articles of the code that he declares have

been violated, and the sum-total is six months' imprisonment."

The Consul stared at this unexpected statement of mine.

"You are under some egregious delusion," he returned, "for I keep a vigilant eye on what is transpiring, and I repeat that your case is gone before the Council of the Criminal Court, and the galleys are suspended over your head."

I could not account for the supposed error of the Consul, but remaining perfectly unmoved, I said—

"The point is easily settled, for Roquino read to me each article of the code, and I will send for him to put you right."

"Do so," replied the Consul, thinking I was losing my wits.

In a few minutes the arch-deceiver entered my room at my summons, with his hands in his pockets, as usual, and his countenance as serene as a new-born babe's.

"Here, Roquino," I said, "just explain to the Consul the paper I got from the Fiscal Advocate a couple of days since. Didn't you say that the whole amount of imprisonment threatened was for some six months?"

"Certainly I did, and that was every day of it," he replied, with the utmost gravity.

"Nonsense," exclaimed the Consul, "give me the paper, and go and get the code."

"Yes, go and get it, Roquino," I ordered, "and the Consul will then be convinced."

Away went the rogue, perfectly at his ease, and coming back after a short delay, he declared somebody must have mislaid the book, for he could find it in no direction. He thus adroitly managed to leave it an open question, and the more my worthy Consul persisted, the more I continued to assert that I could not be mistaken, whilst Roquino stood by a passive witness to our friendly altercation, so perfectly composed in

feature and manner as to leave not a doubt on my mind of his being in the right.

It was only on the 24th of December that I learnt for the first time the true state of the case, for on that day the Council-Chamber of the Criminal Court rendered their judgment on the view taken of my offence by the Fiscal Advocate. They declared that, after a mature examination of the depositions made before the Judge of Instruction, and of all the circumstances connected therewith, they could find nothing whatever to justify the accusation of my having "extorted with menaces" the paper written by Miss Gamble at my apartment, on November 15th, and they, *therefore, pronounced the "conclusion" of the Fiscal Advocate to that effect as null and void.* The question whether an "Abduction" had been committed or not still remained, and they sent that down for trial before the Lower Court as a *simple misdemeanor.*

I beg to call the attention of my readers to this important fact. I was thus fully acquitted, by the solemn decision of the Judges of the Criminal Court sitting in council, of having attempted an "*extortion with menaces,*" to obtain the harmless paper already cited; and it was, therefore, an outrage on the sentence so formally delivered, as well as on reason and justice, ever to renew against me the charge of "menaces;" which was done, however, as will be seen.

My astonishment and horror may easily be conceived upon learning that an attempt had really been made, at the notorious and avowed instigation of Mr. Brown, to send me to the galleys; and that, too, upon a fictitious charge of "menaces" against a woman whose friendly conduct, after leaving my apartment on Nov. 15th, as shown, alone proved my innocence. Is it to be supposed for a moment that Miss Gamble would, of her own free will, have declined to return to her own hotel on that memorable night, and have decided to sleep elsewhere under my

protection, knocking at my chamber-door in the morning to escort her away, if I had used menaces towards her, or threatened her with any violence? I leave the answer once more to the candor and judgment of the public.

To return. I was comforted and reassured by the decision of the High Court in my favor, and as my offence had now taken the venial shape of a misdemeanor for the "Abduction" of my lately affianced bride, I made an attempt, with the zealous aid of my estimable Consul, to obtain bail, for my trial was set down for the 9th of February, still six weeks off. My health, besides, began to suffer from the confinement and unhealthiness of the prison, for the damp was so excessive as to rack every joint of me with rheumatism. The indefatigable Brown, however, declared I should not be bailed; and the remonstrances of my Consul, as well as the medical certificates, alike went for nothing in his eyes. His influence was sufficient to prevent it; and I was accordingly kept locked up till my case should come, in due course, before the Tribunal.

During these events Miss Gamble, still at Genoa, was constantly visited by the American Consul, as well as by many of my countrymen passing through, who used the strongest entreaties to induce her, for her own sake, to show me some mercy, and that if she would not exert herself to relieve my unfortunate situation that, at all events, she would not sanction the indecent and violent conduct of Mr. Brown. She declined, however, to accept their counsels, and refused to do anything to check the intemperate course of her chief adviser. Her better feelings must have rebelled against the part she was called on to play; but I have no doubt she was taught to believe, that unless it could be managed to compromise me in public opinion by a condemnation, no matter how obtained, she would be seriously blamed. To save herself from this fancied responsibility, she allowed herself to be urged on from one hostility to

another, till, as the play says, "returning were as tedious as going o'er." Her position was awkward and painful, and her sentiments varied accordingly. Sometimes she gave way to anger against me, and at others she would relent into regret.

To show her state of mind at this period, I cannot do better than quote a letter of my Consul's, after one of his usual visits to her :

"*United States Consulate,*
"*Thursday.*

"DEAR SIR,—I saw Miss Gamble last night. *Nothing to be hoped for from her.* I found her, at first, very unfavorably disposed. I intimated, at length, that, in case of a trial, you might be *forced*, in vindication of yourself, to testify to things she might not like to have brought to light. Her reply was, she did not care what you testified to, and, in excitement, declared you deserved the worst punishment the law could inflict. Afterwards, however, she said, that if it was in her power to open your prison doors, and let you go free, she would do so, provided she could be sure you would not molest her or Mr. Brown. But this, she alleged, she could not do, nor prevent the trial, if she wished.

"In great haste, I am always truly yours,

"GEORGE G. BAKER,
"U. S. Consul.

"H. WIKOFF, ESQ."

This note clearly portrays that, even in the grave circumstances in which she was placed, Miss Gamble could not overcome the habitual tendency of her mind to vacillate from one extreme to the other. It was this unfortunate trait of hers that throughout our courtship had led to so many misunderstandings, and had finally involved me in the sad predicament in which I found myself.

The decision of the High Court in my favor, it appears, took Miss Gamble by surprise ; and, under the inspiration of sounder views, she hurried off to the house of the American Consul and declared, "that if Mr. Wikoff would act like a gen-

tleman, and say nothing to injure her character, that she would do all in her power to relieve his situation."

In reply to this, I begged the Consul to inform her that "whatever she might do, I would never allow myself to utter a word that would be injurious or painful to her."

On this occasion Miss Gamble yielded to more generous impulses, and if she had always shown the same firmness in resisting the unfeeling counsels of her evil genius, her conduct would have been in harmony with the forbearing and merciful dispositions of her sex, and she would have laid up less store for regret hereafter.

It was only a few days later that I was informed that she had fallen again under the sway of the "remorseless Brown," as my Consul used to call him, and, to my great surprise, she was persuaded to bring *an action for damages* against me! Her motive in this could not have been a pecuniary one, for Miss Gamble was well enough off not to make my money an object to her. It was suggested to her, as I have since heard, that if a large sum was recovered against me (and no doubt it was thought it could be *managed*), why, then, if I had not got it to pay, I might be immured for long years in a prison for debt, in case that I should be acquitted of the "Abduction." It was really extraordinary to see with what rancorous malice I was pursued in this paltry matter. Why, if I had never seen Miss Gamble before, and had stopped her on the high road, and made off with her, such a crime would hardly have deserved the punishment that was sought to be inflicted on me. Under the peculiar circumstances of my case, however, it was unreasonable and cruel to follow me up with such inveterate animosity.

I now found myself saddled with two separate actions; and if I should by chance escape the Scylla of Abduction, I risked running plump against the Charybdis of Damages. To increase my apprehensions, I learnt that Miss Gamble, not content with

the abilities of the law-officer of the Crown, Sr. Carbone, had decided to hurl at me the eloquent thunder of the first barrister of Genoa, Sr. Cabella.

In all this I recognized the directing hand of the relentless Brown. My Consul urged me frequently to write to her, and thinking, perhaps, that I might succeed in touching her pity, I did so, and addressed her on three different occasions. It is useless to repeat here the contents of these dolorous compositions, but their contents may be inferred from the closing lines of the last—

> "Had we never met so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> I had ne'er been broken-hearted."

What might have been the effect of these anxious appeals of a luckless captive it is impossible to say, since they never reached their destination. I confided them secretly to my factotum, Roquino; but as any out-of-door correspondence was forbid before Trial, he feared to get himself into a scrape by delivering them; so he quietly put each of them in his pocket, leaving me the while under the pleasant illusion that he had carried out my injunctions, and for which he did not neglect to make me pay him liberally. When I discovered this trick, long after, I was half disposed to lay violent hands on him, but he baffled my indignation by coolly undertaking to convince me that it was all for my good he had deceived me; "for," said the ingenious rogue, "if Miss Gamble had told of it, as happened once before, you would not only have lost your inkstand, but been wholly deprived of my valuable services. Remember, signor, what befell the unfortunate Quakaro."

It was impossible to resist his logic, or the effect of his allusion, so, laughing in his face, I forgave him.

I might as well relate the incident to which he referred. I

stated that upon entering the prison, I fell into the hands of a sympathetic individual, with a flowing black beard, dubbed Quakaro. He installed himself as my butler, and seemed disposed to make himself generally useful. By charging me at exorbitant rates for his supplies and services, he was rapidly making a good thing of it. Now, Roquino, amongst his other weaknesses, had an inordinate itch for gain, and he envied not a little the fat perquisites of the bearded Quakaro. As one of the guardians of the prison, and high in favor, it would have been easy for Roquino to displace him, and "bid his will avouch it;" but it was not in his character to make a rude exercise of power, when he might accomplish his end by diplomatic craft. He, therefore, calmly awaited some sly opportunity of decapitating the doomed Quakaro, and at last it came. It so happened that a letter of mine had been offered to Miss Gamble one day by a sympathising countryman of mine, Col. V—— A——, which she scrupled to accept without Mr. Brown's approbation. On hearing of it, the irate Brown rushed off to the Fiscal Advocate, and demanded the punishment of the sinning subordinate who had conveyed it out of the prison. An investigation was ordered, and Roquino was one of the first who was summoned before the Commandante.

"So," said that officer, "you have been carrying out a letter for Signor Wikoff, though you are well aware it is strictly forbidden."

"I am sorry to contradict you," replied the impenetrable Roquino, "but I have done nothing of the sort."

"There's no use denying it," continued the Commandante, "for my inquiries trace it home to you. However, fear nothing; it will be overlooked."

"I am glad to hear it," returned the cautious turnkey.

"Oh, you confess, then, it was you."

I confess that I suspect the one who was privy to it."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Commandante, completely outwitted, "and who may he be?"

Roquino hesitated, as if reluctant to betray a comrade.

"I command you to do your duty," thundered his superior. "Speak, who is the culprit?"

"Well, if I must, I must," said the Jesuit; "but you know it is not me who serves the meals of Signor Wikoff."

It is needless to say that from that day forth a peremptory order was issued to the victimized Quakaro never to enter my room again, and the calculating Roquino accordingly fell heir to the place of the degraded butler. It is only just to the fair fame of the unfortunate Quakaro to say that he was innocent of the offence, and that nobody, save myself and Roquino, knew who really was the offender in question.

To the intense vexation of the ex-butler, he never could divine the cause of his sudden downfall, for the Commandante gave no explanation, and Roquino affected to be wholly ignorant of the mystery. It is clear the subtle arts of intrigue are not confined alone to courts, and had it been the destiny of my crafty turnkey to be born in another sphere, he might have lived to eclipse even the fame of his wily *compatriote*, Mazarin.

It was towards the end of December that my Consul called on me one day to announce that Miss Gamble had left Genoa for Nice.

"There, Consul, what did I always tell you?" I said, "that she *never* would appear in a public court in so ridiculous a matter as this. For her own sake, rather than for mine, I was sure she would not come, and there is no power to force her there against her will."

"I hope you may be right," replied the Consul, smiling at my exultation; "but your friend Brown says she will, though, and that she is only gone to Nice to amuse herself till the trial comes on, when she will return and appear against you."

"I don't believe it," I persisted. "She will take the steamer at Nice for Marseilles, and disappear. If her generosity does not suggest this course, her tact will, for in poetry, as in fact, it will read better that, like a true woman, her heart relented at last, even if her interests insisted, which is happily not the case."

"You lovers are always romantic," observed the incredulous Consul, "and it would be uncharitable to dispel your illusions; but the remorseless Brown declares that he will answer for her return, and you know to your cost that it is hard to predict what she will ever do."

"You may say what you please, my dear Consul," I persevered; "but, mind my words, she will throw Brown overboard at last, and yield to the soft instincts of the woman."

"Well, while there's life there's hope," returned the Consul, good-humoredly, "and so let us hope for the best."

I had now been in "durance vile" for some six weeks, and I had the same period to go through before the arrival of the grand trysting day which was to decide my fate. I summoned all my philosophy to abide it in patience, and endeavored to habituate myself with what grace I could to my queer abode. The prison where I was detained had once been occupied as a convent, and was of great dimensions, accommodating near four hundred prisoners. The corridor where I was lodged was a wing of the main building, and had formerly been tenanted by a goodly company of nuns. My room was that of the lady-abbess, and the ceiling was adorned by a fine fresco painting, not altogether Scriptural in its details. I used to fancy that her spirit hovered about, and would see me out of the scrape. I managed by degrees to resume my customary occupations, and spent the day in reading and writing till about four o'clock, when I sallied out for a promenade in my lonely corridor, which was paved in stone, and was both exceedingly dark and damp.

With the aid of a lamp and an overcoat I endeavored to rectify these drawbacks. Punctuality was one of the few virtues of Roquino, and as six o'clock struck, the rattling of bolts at the entrance of the corridor announced his arrival with my dinner, which it often required a vigorous appetite to assail. Whilst laying the cloth and depositing the dishes on the table, he never failed to descant on their superlative merits, avowing that he had honestly laid out every penny he charged me for them.

"As long as you don't require me," I used to say, "to believe more than a third of what you assert, I am content."

"I am sorry that *il Signor* believes me capable," he would reply in a tone of injured innocence, "of taking any advantage of him."

"I believe you capable of anything, you sly dog," was my lively retort, "when detection is not likely to follow."

"Ah," he would respond with a heavy sigh, whilst struggling to suppress a smile, "*il Signor* will do me justice one day, else I must look to my conscience for my reward."

The heaviest drag for me was to get through the evening, as my eyes were not strong enough to read by candle-light. Roquino perceived my weariness, and, always on the alert to improve a chance, he expressed his desire (sympathetic soul!) to do what he could for my relief, and offered, though it was strictly against the rules, to teach me a Genoese game of cards. I accepted his offer with readiness, and though the game was exceedingly simple I found that I was invariably beaten, and my purse in consequence relieved of several shillings every night. Roquino could not account for his singular luck, but I could.

"You cheat me, you rascal," was my frequent exclamation, "but take care I don't catch you at it."

"If I didn't know myself to be above such an act," he would

reply, quietly pocketing my money, "I should feel hurt, *il Signor*, by your suspicions."

"There is a Providence, even in St. Andrea, Roquino," I would remark in a merry tone; "and some day or other it will overtake you, depend on it."

His air of calm defiance seemed to imply he was a match for anything above or below.

CHAPTER XVII.

ST. ANDREA.

Things were going on in this pleasant way for Roquino, when he came one morning to announce that a new tenant was coming into the corridor that day.

"Indeed," I exclaimed, not liking the intelligence; "and who is the new comer, a respectable burglar, or an unfortunate assassin?"

"Oh, dear no," said my jailer, as if shocked at such names, "he is a *monsieur*."

"And what do you call a *monsieur* in these parts?" I asked, rather curious.

"He was a bookseller in Genoa not long ago," he replied, "but got compromised in the revolution and was obliged to run. He has just been caught, and comes in to-day."

"Poor devil, I pity him," quoth I. "But let me see him when he comes, for perhaps we shall manage to cheer up each other."

The new prisoner took up his quarters during the day in the room next to mine, and I bid Roquino after dinner, to ask him to come and take wine with me.

"Francesco Bini, at your service, sir," said a bustling little man, with an intelligent face and sparkling eye, who entered my room a minute afterwards, and seating himself with a readiness that showed he appreciated my invitation. He delivered himself in a strange jumble of French and Italian, and rattled on at such a pace that you had to swallow the mixture whether you understood it or not. The expression of Bini's face was decidedly in his favor, and I took a liking to him at once. He overflowed with animation, and his mind seemed singularly active and earnest. What he thought he said without circumlocution; and what he wanted he helped himself to without ceremony, for whilst entertaining me with the rapid history of his adventures, he dispatched the whole of my dessert, as though his appetite was as fast as everything else about him.

It appeared, from his account, that, in the uprising at Genoa in '49, his patriotism was fired at the prospect of restoring the Old Republic to her former greatness, and of making a Doge of himself for his pains. In the first distribution of places he became President of the barricades, and from the necessity of running about to look after them all, the probability is he was behind none of them when the fire was hottest. Bini was clearly not the man to die for his cause, and this on the principle that he could do more by living for it. The revolution was put down at Genoa, and with the spirit of a true martyr he looked around to see where the army of liberty most wanted a recruit. The Republic was still up at Rome and promised to stand; and thither Bini directed his steps, in the hope to stand with it. His ardor was possibly stimulated by the chance of his having an account to settle with the police, if he remained at Genoa; and in his absence it turned out that his ungrateful country sentenced him to three years' imprisonment for his short tenure of office at the head of the barricades. He soon became a captain of Garibaldi's Roman legion; but his hopes of renown were a

second time dashed to the ground, for the Republic at Rome followed its predecessors elsewhere to the Tomb of the Capulets, and Bini was once more a patriot at large. From this time forward his attention was totally absorbed in dodging the police all over Italy, and he soon began to think that the lot of a mad dog was a quiet life to the one he was leading. He sighed for Genoa and the pacific occupation he had, in an enthusiastic moment, forsaken. His revolutionary zeal had sensibly diminished, and he was nigh falling into a violent state of reaction from having had his pocket picked by a fellow-republican. He lost his passport with his pocket-book; but the unfortunate rogue who carried them off soon paid the penalty, for he was arrested.

"Ah," said the Austrians who nabbed him, "you are that scamp Bini,—just the man we wanted;" and he was ordered to be shot forthwith, in spite of his violent protestations to the contrary.

This foreshadowing of his fate sobered the real Bini completely, and he glided back again at all risks into Sardinia, determined to bury himself in his books, if there were any left in his old shop, and renounce glory and barricades for ever. Alas! for his laudable intentions, the police soon pounced on him, and St. Andrea opened its ponderous jaws to receive him.

"So," I said, after he had done, "you have no less than three years on your back?"

"Yes," he returned, full of resolution; "but I mean to insist on a new trial, as I was not here at the last one."

"But will you get it?"

"I mean," he replied, quite undaunted, "to try."

He was a man of immense energy, and the end of it was, that he obtained, without a friend, or a penny in his pocket, the order for a new trial.

Bini's society was invaluable to me. He overflowed with animal spirits, and there was a good-humored off-handedness

about him, that amused me not a little. His impudence knew no bounds; but he seemed perfectly unconscious of the failing. A struggle for the ascendancy soon broke out between him and Roquino. Bini had not a copper to bless himself with, and his mind was made up to live on me. I had no objections in the world; but two such leeches at one moment would, sooner or later, have dried me up, and so I intimated.

"What does he make you pay for your table?" asked Bini, in reply to this.

"Here is his weekly account," I said, "examine it."

The ex-President of the Barricades nearly went into hysterics at the inordinate profits of the usurious turnkey.

"Let me manage him," he exclaimed; "I will superintend his bills hereafter, and don't occupy yourself any further about the matter."

He installed himself forthwith as auditor of my exchequer; and my living soon improved in quantity and quality under his active supervision, whilst the expenditure was considerably less. His *disinterestedness* had its reward, for he fared considerably better than I did from that time forth. He picked up flesh, grew more energetic than ever; and so pestered judges, lawyers, and all the world besides, with letters, that he wrote at the rate of twenty per day (helping himself to paper from my desk), that they determined to let him go soon, if only to get rid of him.

Nothing could well be more diverting than the daily conflict between Bini and the former victor of Quakaro, who, at length, had met his match. There was no noise or wrangling between them, but an under-current of deadly opposition that ran both deep and strong. The boisterous bustle of Bini contrasted charmingly with the quiet self-possession of the "deep, revolving Buckingham;" but the latter was losing ground daily before the encroaching barricader. A hand-to-hand encounter

took place between them every evening at dinner, when Bini would whip the basket containing it from the reluctant hand of his rival, pass every dish under review, with the keenest scrutiny and the harshest comment. The crest-fallen Roquino would attempt no defence, but merely answer with a smile. There was murder in his smile, though—that of Richard III. was nothing to it. Roquino felt his strength failing him, and he subsided, at last, into a warmer of plates. Bini was determined, however, to have the field to himself; so pushing him, one day, right across the brazier, he cried out:

"You are only in the way, my man; leave that to me."

Roquino rose, covered with ashes and mortification, and from that hour, gave up the struggle, and calmly abided his time.

I inquired frequently after my companions in misfortune, the courier and *valet-de-place*, who were confined in a separate prison, called the Tower. It appeared that the courier was, at first, quite overwhelmed by his mishap. He sank into a deep religious melancholy, and took to the novel occupation, for him, of praying. If he had been a Catholic and sent for a confessor, there is no telling the amount of transgressions his afflicted conscience would have heaved off. His devotion gradually subsided as he grew accustomed to his situation, and the good wine of the country restored him, by degrees, nearer to his former self. The dread of the galleys, which he was told awaited him, threw him into extreme consternation, and he frequently managed, by some mysterious process, to get a note to me, imploring me not to abandon him. As usual with all married men in trouble, he affected to care nothing about himself, but raved about his poor wife and child, who were likely, I thought, to be the gainers by the castigation he was undergoing for many past offences less venial, perhaps, than his present one. I assured him, of course, of my sympathy and aid. As for the poor *valet-de-place*, Pietro, he made up his mind, I heard, that he had fallen into very bad

company, and he only regretted that he had nothing to tell, else he would have turned State's evidence at once.

As the day of trial began to approach, I thought it high time to look about me for a lawyer, and as they all seemed to work in couples in these parts, I found myself, *nolens volens*, saddled with a brace of them. Signori Maurizio and Orsini were recommended to me as advocates of high standing and reputed skill, and I charged them with my defence. I found upon acquaintance, that Maurizio was a strict constructionist of the law, and familiar with the nicest shades and subtlest meanings of the code. His mode of defence seemed founded upon a Procrustean method, for he sought to exculpate his client either by stretching his offence beyond the one he stood charged with into something else that he was innocent of, or, on the other hand, by curtailing its proportions below the legal standard applied to him, and thus demanding his acquittal on the ground of technical informalities. In a country like this, where justice is administered by magistrates only, without the intervention of a jury,* arguments based on the exact construction of the law might be frequently successful, and Maurizio, therefore, often carried off his client in the face of common sense and justice.

Orsini was an advocate of a wholly different class, and was a person of large intelligence and warm imagination. Examining closely into the circumstances of the case, and singling out sagaciously its redeeming features, he addressed himself rather to the sympathies and convictions of the Tribunal, than to mere points of law. He was just the man to succeed with a jury. In addition to these, I was obliged to accept the services of an advocate provided by the State for those who were incapable of employing one for themselves, but who had a right to plead in all cases, whether required or not.

* In a Constitutional country, as Sardinia has lately become, it is a downright anomaly that the blessed institution of the Jury is not introduced, save for Political offences.

Signor Merialdi was a sound lawyer, an earnest pleader, and a conscientious man.

These gentlemen all took the same view of my case. The single offence I stood charged with, was that of "Abduction." The supplementary accusation of "extorting with menaces" that was originally got up against me had been formally annulled, as stated, by the Upper Court. My counsel all agreed that the interview obtained by stratagem with Miss Gamble could not possibly be considered an "Abduction" in a legal sense, for our previous intimate relations, as well as her amicable conduct, after leaving my apartment on the occasion in question, rendered such a construction positively absurd. Still, they said, if Miss Gamble appeared against me, and the Judge allowed himself to be swayed by any extraneous influence, he might possibly strain my case into one of Abduction, and condemn me to a year's imprisonment, as provided by the code.

"If we had a jury to deal with," they all remarked, "the facts of the case would insure your instant acquittal; but you are wholly at the mercy of a Judge who may yield to prejudice, or interest, and apply the law according to his fancy."

From that moment, I considered myself as good as sentenced already; for, even if my Judge were capable of resisting a bribe, which, I was told, would be thrown in his way, I was aware that Consul Brown had influence enough, as he boasted, to swerve the pliant dispenser of law to his purpose. My only hope, therefore, rested on the forbearance of Miss Gamble; and I clung to the illusion that my old friend and late betrothed would recollect the claims I had upon her indulgence. It was useless, from all I heard, to expect any quarter from the indomitable Brown, whose ardor for my sacrifice, as the moment approached, could only be likened to Shylock's fiery thirst for his "pound of flesh." Verily, the unprovoked animosity of the implacable Brown would have amused me, if its consequences

had not threatened to be so serious. Nay, more; if his ire had been stirred up against me out of sympathy for any real wrong to Miss Gamble, I would have admired and applauded him; but this could not be, for I had committed no wrong; and, besides, when he came to me at the beginning, as her ambassador, did he not, in the presence of my Consul and others, turn round and abuse her, saying she was "a mad woman?" No, it was not chivalry for an "unprotected female" that inspired Sir Knight Brown. It was nothing else, apparently, than the pure delight of crushing, in his boa-constrictor embrace, the unhappy victim that lay prostrate at his mercy. There are nondescripts, as I have heard, of this sort, who cannot resist an innate propensity to tumble and toss any luckless object utterly cut off from either escape or defence, which was just my sorry plight at that moment.

It was towards the end of January that my Consul entered my cell one day, exclaiming—

"What did I tell you? Brown was right. Miss Gamble has come back."

This unexpected news quite took my breath away.

"Indeed," I said, slowly recovering from my stupor; "but she may have returned only from curiosity, or, perhaps, to give me a lift."

"Nay," continued my plain-spoken Consul, "don't lay that flattering unction to your soul. She has come to follow up her suit for damages, and you may depend on it that Brown will urge her to crush you, if it can be done by any means at their command. So prepare for the worst."

"My chances are getting desperate, I see; but the truth is mighty, and will prevail."

"So it may at a future day," returned the Consul; "but I fear you will get roughly handled on the present occasion."

I will not deny that the return of Miss Gamble to Genoa,

with the manifest intention of appearing in a public court as my chief accuser, was a cruel blow to me. The shaft that menaced me occupied my attention far less than the hand that was about to hurl it. I had always hoped that, once away from Genoa, and beyond the pale of Mr. Brown's hostile inspirations, her excitement would cool down, and that she would return to kindlier sentiments and a more correct view of the part it became her to play in these transactions. Her position in life, as well as our late intimate relations, would both conspire, I thought, to lead her back to a line of conduct totally opposite to that so ungenerously urged upon her by her rash adviser, Consul Brown. I anticipated, also, that she would shrink with disgust from taking any prominent part in the Public Trial that awaited me. Her return to Genoa, therefore, to resume the *rôle* prepared for her, surprised even as much as it pained me. I could only account for it by the conviction she had likely adopted, that a retreat from the position she had taken up was impossible. She feared, too, no doubt, to expose herself to the severest recriminations from her coadjutor, Mr. Brown, if she should finally abandon him. She had, besides, incautiously made such representations of the case to her friends that she probably felt compelled, for consistency's sake, to go on with the disagreeable task she had begun It is also possible that she may have thought that a woman of her superior intellect should not recoil from a struggle that she had, however thoughtlessly, engaged in, not recollecting that it is ever wiser and nobler by far to forsake a cause where, even, triumph is shorn of its grace and its profits. However, I acquitted her cheerfully of any malicious or vindictive motives, entirely convinced that she yielded only to a pressure of influence that she had not the strength, though, perhaps, the will, to resist. My feelings towards her, in short, were so little changed that I grew quite resigned to my prospective condemnation, if it could afford her either a satisfaction or an advantage.

Up to the last I could not help thinking that she would not venture to appear before the Court, and hoping to frighten her out of it, I sent her a summons, to let her see she must be ready to undergo the fire of a cross-examination. She merely replied, that it was quite unnecessary, for she intended to be there.

"And what was her demeanor?" I asked of the messenger; "was she at all agitated?"

"Not in the least," was his answer; "perfectly calm and unconcerned."

"Did she ask any questions about me?"

"Yes; she inquired how you were lodged, and whether you were supplied with proper nourishment and attention."

"Well," was my mental conclusion, "she is incomprehensible to the last!"

The day before the trial I received a request, in her name, that I would not allow my advocates to say anything that could be injurious or offensive to her. This was like asking me to be condemned without employing my most effective means of defence. However I replied, smiling, that she might, under all circumstances, depend on my good feeling and gallantry, and that not a word should be said to annoy her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRIAL.

The 9th of February came at last, which was to restore me to liberty, or send me back in despair to St. Andrea, a martyr to my love and the rancor of Consul Brown. A glorious sunshine lent its radiance to the occasion, and contributed not a little to buoy me up for the ordeal before me. The prospect of figuring before the public eye of Genoa as an Abductor, for such was the "head and front of my offending," was certainly not inviting; but if Miss Gamble had nerve enough to exhibit herself as the "Abducted," I saw no reason why I should fall back abashed; so I summoned my philosophy to my aid, and put a pleasant face on the matter. I had arranged with the complaisant Roquino, who was to accompany me to the Court, to sally out as soon after breakfast as possible, in order to make a short circuit of the town for the sake of the air and exercise. This was not strictly according to law as made and provided, but as long as there was no danger of losing his prisoner, my considerate protector could not resist obliging me, meaning always to make an item of it in his weekly account. I started off before nine in the morning, with the boisterous good wishes of Bini, and the hearty sympathies of Colombo and staff. The sight of the streets and the bustle of the crowd had the strangest possible effect, after the silence and seclusion of the prison where I had been cooped up for near three months. My emotions at mixing with the outer world again were so exhilarating that I grew insensible to the past and the future, in the joy of the

moment. To an *amateur* of sensations I would honestly recommend a three months' incarceration—that is quite enough —to give him an idea of out-of-door attractions that I warrant him he has never had before. The repeated hints of Roquino that it was getting on to ten o'clock called me back to the business of the day, and I followed him to the Tower prison adjoining the Ducal Palace, where the Tribunals hold their sessions. It was here that the ex-courier and *valet-de-place* were confined, but in different cells. The first glimpse I had of poor Figaro was through a cross-barred gate of iron, behind which he was standing, staring through its squares with an expression of longing in his face to be on the other side of it, not to be mistaken. He danced and grinned by turns on seeing me again. I found him in pretty fair condition, considering the length of time he had neither seen nor heard of a roast duck. He had suffered so much that he was dreadfully nervous at the thought of returning to his den, but I cheered him as well as I could.

The *valet-de-place* was brought down from some out-of-the-way corner, and his aspect was most lugubrious and woe-begone. He was not at all inclined to recognize me at first, fearing it might compromise him in the opinion of the Tribunal to keep up such a doubtful acquaintance. Up to this moment poor Pietro had no idea of what offence I was really charged with, but he had clearly got it into his head that highway robbery was nothing to it. He complained sadly of his hard fate, but I enlivened him greatly by assuring him of his acquittal, whatever might happen to me.

We were soon summoned to start; and as I heard that the court-yard and staircase of the Ducal Palace were lined with crowds of people attracted by the novelty of the suit, I determined to ensconce myself in a sedan-chair, wondering whether Miss Gamble would have more courage, and boldly face the mob. The courier and *valet-de-place* were denied the same pri-

vilege, but were handcuffed together, like a couple of malefactors of the worst description, and marched off between two carabiniers.

I entered the Court-room at ten o'clock precisely, and passing within a small railing, I seated myself on the bench of the accused. The courier and Pietro were near me. On the opposite side, also within the railing, were seated Miss Gamble on the bench of accuser, with Mary and Miss Bennett alongside of her. There she was, sure enough, looking as placid as though she had been quietly seated in her own drawing-room in Portland Place. I couldn't help wishing with all my heart that she had been there at that moment. I was sorry to see that no ladies had accompanied her ; and it seemed to me that Consul Brown ought to have insisted on some members of his family lending their countenance to the occasion ; but the truth is, the ladies of Genoa did not approve of the prosecution. On the right of the Tribunal sat the Fiscal Advocate at a desk of his own ; on the left the secretaries of the Court. Behind me, within an inclosure, were posted my lawyers ; and behind Miss Gamble were seated hers. An immense concourse was assembled. The Consular body mustered in force, and occupied places of honor within the railing. My Consul wore his uniform, and Mr. Brown sported a white hat in mid-winter. A great number of distinguished persons were present from curiosity. Strange to say, not a woman save those named was to be seen. In England and the United States they would have been there *en masse*. Are Genoese ladies less curious than elsewhere ?

Soon after ten o'clock the Judges entered and the carabiniers on guard presented arms with some *fracas*. They numbered four in all—a President, named Malaspina, who managed the proceedings exclusively, and three dummies, who slept the major part of the time. They were clad in silk gowns, and

wore conical caps of black velvet. Their theatrical costume lent additional romance to the scene, and reminded me frequently of the "potent, grave, and reverend Signors" who sat upon the Abduction case of the "black Othello." The President was a dignified person, grave in his demeanor, with a countenance of an intellectual cast, but very austere. I don't believe a culprit ever looked in his face for the first time and found any comfort there. He was just the sort of a man to punish a joke, lest his dignity might be lessened by treating a frivolity in any but an imposing way.

The proceedings began by an order for the prosecutrix, Miss Gamble, and all the witnesses to withdraw. I was then desired to relate my story. I did so in the French language, which the Court understood, and gave a simple narration of facts with all possible brevity. The courier and Pietro were, in turn, called upon to do the same thing. Pietro, *par parenthèse*, began evidently to form a better opinion of me when he heard my case for the first time. When this had concluded, Miss Gamble was called in and desired to state her complaint. She was accommodated with a chair directly in front of the Tribunal. A sensation was created by the Court declining to put her on oath. Though she was there as plaintiff in a suit for damages, and chief witness in my prosecution by the State, she was politely requested to tell the truth *on her honor*. This was exceedingly gallant on the part of the President Malaspina, but in violation of all usage, in Genoa and elsewhere. This mockery of justice showed me that my condemnation was a settled thing. Miss Gamble spoke, also, in French, with great facility and elegance, but was very diffuse in her recital. She was clearly endeavoring to pick her way safely through many embarrassing recollections. She declared that she had never given me any encouragement; that she had done her best to repel my advances (she quite forgot, though, to say a word about her

giving me her hand at Ouchy, and Geneva) ; she gave, also, a very vague description of the Abduction scene at Genoa, intimating that she had been in great danger, but not stopping to define it ; she wisely left out all mention of going to pass the night, after leaving my apartment, at the "Iron Crown" Hotel, instead of sensibly returning to her own. She was perfectly self-possessed throughout, though once or twice, at critical points, she put her kerchief to her eyes, and I half suspected she was laughing behind it, for her voice showed not the smallest trace of emotion. When she had done, she was about retiring to her place, but my lawyers insisted on my cross-examining her. I hesitated from motives of regard for her, but I knew that Consul Brown would make mince-meat of me if I refused to stir a hand in my defence. I rose, therefore, and desired permission to cross-examine. The President paused a moment, but granted it. I approached Miss Gamble, and bowed courteously. As our eyes met, symptoms of emotion revealed themselves for the first time. She sank back in the chair, her head dropped, and her cheek flushed deeply. "The spell is not quite broken," my vanity whispered. She must have suffered acutely at that moment, and I was half inclined to return to my seat ; but I knew that my motive would be misinterpreted. I addressed her in French, and began to question her, in a general way, from the day of my first visit in Portland Place. Under the empire of her *souvenirs* she seemed gradually to forget our actual position ; her manner lost its reserve, and her voice grew familiar. The scene, altogether, must have had the effect of an explanation after a lovers' quarrel. My questions were so direct that equivocation was difficult, and she answered invariably in the affirmative, forgetting that she was contradicting nearly all that she had just said. When my catechism got to Ouchy, she appeared to wake up to the ticklish nature of the ground I was approaching.

"Do you recollect," I asked, "our going out alone to walk in the gardens at Ouchy?"

"Yes," she replied, getting embarrassed.

"And do you admit that you gave me your hand there for the first time?"

She hesitated, and then rousing herself she turned to the Court and said—

"I will tell you how that was, gentlemen. I was walking with Mr. Wikoff when he took hold of my hand and insisted on my consenting to marry him. I refused, till I thought I heard somebody coming, when I cried, 'Go along, yes,' and then he let me go. He calls *that* a promise of marriage."

These last words were uttered in so ironical a tone, and with so coquettish a toss of the head, as to provoke a smile from many of the audience. For my part, seeing she attached so little value to the words, I began to fear that this was not the first time she had said, "Go along, yes."

"Very well, Miss Gamble," I continued; "I accept your explanation. But let us go to Geneva."

She fell back in the chair again, and her manner gave way.

"Do you recollect," I demanded, "that upon entering your room at the Hotel de Berg you took off your glove, put your hand in mine, saying that you would be my wife?"

"Yes," she answered, in a faint voice.

"Do you recollect"——

She looked up at me reproachfully, whilst her face was covered with blushes. I stopped a moment and reflected. Her embarrassment was extreme, and I determined to spare her. Changing my purpose I said—

"You remember sending Mary twice to my room after I had broken off with you on that occasion?"

"I only sent her once," she murmured.

"Do you recall what occurred when I came to you?"

"Yes," she replied, abruptly, as if to check me, "I begged your pardon."

"One word more. Did I treat you with the least rudeness, whilst you were for several hours alone with me in my apartment, on November 15th?"

"No," she responded, with some emphasis.

"And, in fine, can you deny that I abandoned another match, which I contemplated, for your sake?"

"I admit it."

"*And is not that person as well off as yourself?*"

"*Elle est bien riche*" (she is very rich), she replied with much readiness, as though pleased to have it known that it was not her fortune that had chiefly attracted me.

Turning to the Court, I remarked—

"There is much more I could say, but"—I glanced round, her eyes were upon the floor—"but I will not say it."

I then handed to the President a copy of Mr. Bates's letter to me, where he denied interfering between us. The President gave it to Miss Gamble, and asked her if it was a correct copy. She perused it, and said—

"Yes."

Upon this I withdrew to my place.

The attention of the audience seemed absorbed during this scene, and there was a stir and bustle at its close as though it had produced a decided effect. My lawyers whispered it was impossible to condemn me after this evidence, but I feared the contrary.

The courier then rose and begged to ask Miss Gamble if he had not shown her the address, in my handwriting, of the place where she was to go on November 15th, and if she did not smile on perusing it?

Miss Gamble *admitted that he had showed it to her*, but denied having recognized my writing.

The courier put some other questions, but Miss Gamble unfortunately lost her temper, and to all he asked she replied—

"*C'est un mensonge!*" (it is a falsehood), slapping her hand at the same time vehemently on a Bible that lay near her. It distressed me to see her engaged in an altercation with her servant, and so I forced the courier to sit down.

It was now proposed to read the correspondence of both parties, but Miss Gamble's lawyers objected, whilst mine insisted, when the President finally ordered all the letters to be read in the Italian language. There was great laughter at times, in which everybody joined but the stern Malaspina, who did not seem to relish the way things were going. There was a downright explosion of merriment at an expression in one of Miss Gamble's letters, where she spoke of her courier "as a treasure," *il mio corriere est uno tresoro.*

It was now five o'clock, and the Court adjourned till after dinner.

I returned under escort to the Tower prison, where I found my dinner prepared by the provident Roquino. I was in exceeding good spirits, and made a gay repast. The courier was considerably less nervous, but he insisted that I had let Miss Gamble off too easily.

"She'll not spare you any the more for it hereafter," said the prophetic Louis, "mind my words."

"Well, and if she don't," quoth I, "I shall never regret my forbearance."

The courier's sense of danger was too keen to appreciate such sentimentality, and no doubt pitying my weakness, he let the subject drop.

Pietro's opinion of me had evidently improved since the morning, for he insisted on drinking my health in a bottle of wine at my expense. I was cheered, also, by receiving a note from my Consul, saying, that public opinion out-of-doors was quite revo-

lutionized from ascertaining the really insignificant nature of the case.

EVENING SESSION.

At seven o'clock the Court reassembled, and the concourse was greater, if possible, than during the day. Miss Gamble was in her place, and as cool and collected as in the morning. Business began by the examination of Miss Bennett as a witness. After being sworn, the President addressed her some general questions that had no apparent object. She was about retiring to her place, when I rose and desired to cross-examine her. Miss Bennett seemed disturbed at my intention, but Miss Gamble appeared even more so.

Before the former had time to answer my first question, Miss Gamble darted forward, and whispered in her ear. I paused till she had done, and then began once more, when Miss Gamble approached again and went on whispering. The audience murmured at this irregularity, and the President then said—

"Miss Gamble, retire to your seat."

I then resumed my interrogatories, which it would be tedious to repeat here in full.

"Are you aware, Miss Bennett, "I asked at the close, "that Miss Gamble and I walked out together alone at Ouchy?"

"Yes," was her reply.

"Do you remember that Miss Gamble and I occupied a sitting-room together at Geneva?"

"Yes."

"And that during the week we remained there you passed the greater part of your time in your bedroom, whilst Miss Gamble and I were *tête-à-tête* in the sitting room?"

"I remember the circumstance," she answered.

I stopped here; as my object was merely to force on the

notice of the Court the fact of my previous intimate relations with Miss Gamble.

It is only just to say that, in the main, Miss Bennett replied with great fairness to my questions, though it was natural that she should swerve a little here and there to the advantage of her employer.

The next witness called was my old friend Mary, or Mrs. Harwood. She was put on oath, and first examined by the President. I soon remarked that Mary was resolved to screen her mistress at all hazards ; and in my heart I could not blame her, though I considered it important not to let her misrepresent the whole case. The President seemed anxious, from the nature of his questions, to lead Mary into declaring that I had menaced Miss Gamble in her presence on November 15th, though he had no right to renew an accusation finally dismissed by the decision of the High Court. Mary, however, was not very felicitous in her replies, sometimes falling below the mark, and at others overshooting it ludicrously. As for instance—

President. "Did you see whether Mr. Wikoff had any pistols ?"

Mrs. Harwood. "I saw them when he showed them to my mistress, and asked her if she would be afraid to fire them. *This was as we were going away.*"

This was too tame for the adroit Malaspina, so he tried it again.

President. "How did Mr. Wikoff, I mean, behave to your mistress ?"

Mrs. Harwood. "Oh, he stopped both our mouths to prevent us from crying out."

The audience laughed at the absurdity of my stopping two mouths at one time. The President saw he was making a bad job of it, and soon gave it up. I advanced in my turn, and began to interrogate her.

"Now, take care, Mary," I said, "remember you are upon your oath."

She took refuge, as I foresaw, in a system of stout denial to all I demanded; but I was quite sure that she would fall directly into some manifest violation of the truth, that would destroy her evidence. And it so turned out when I was questioning her about the events at Geneva.

"Did you not," I asked, "come to my room there, and implore me, in the name of your Mistress, to go to her?"

"*Never!*" exclaimed Mary, raising her arms as if quite horrified at the idea. "Never did I come to your room in my life."

This was in direct contradiction to the admission of Miss Gamble in the morning, when Mary, with the other witnesses, had been withdrawn. I called the attention of the Court to this circumstance. Miss Gamble then interposed with great address.

"The witness is confused," she said. "Try and recollect, Mary. I *did* send you to Mr. Wikoff's room at Geneva."

"Oh," drawled out the convicted one, "I'd quite forgotten it."

This mishap sobered her a little, and she answered more honestly to my succeeding queries.

"Did you not assure me, at Villeneuve, of Miss Gamble's affection for me?"

"Yes."

"And did you not, from the beginning, urge both your mistress and myself into a marriage with each other?"

"I always said that you would make her a good husband."

"Do you not recollect," I demanded, "that your mistress and myself were on the most friendly terms, both on going to the 'Iron Crown' Hotel where we passed the night on

November 15th, as well as on returning next morning to her own ?"

"Yes," responded the reluctant abigail.

"That will do," I said, returning to my seat.

The next witness called was one Arata, the porter of the Russian Consul's house. His evidence was, in some things, striking. For instance, he said :—

"I heard loud talking in the room where the gentleman was, but no cries. At eleven o'clock I went to carry wood for the fire in the saloon, and saw two ladies, and a gentleman who was walking up and down, but nothing was said to me," &c.

The next witness who came forward was Beneditto Vico, the landlord of the "Iron Crown," where I had accompanied Miss Gamble to pass the night on November 15th. This was an important witness for me ; but the President began to show symptoms of impatience the moment he appeared, and said :—

"Too much time is wasted on the witnesses."

I regarded the evidence of this person as vital to my interests but I dreaded incurring the displeasure of the President, for I was completely at his mercy. I therefore made only one or two vague inquiries, and let him pass.

Sr. Pescio, the agent of the Russian Consul, who had let me the apartment on November 15th, was next called. The President declined to question him, as he clearly sought to elicit no evidence that would conflict with any ultimate intentions he might have had. I rose, however, and interrogated this gentleman.

"Do you recollect," I asked, "calling on me at your apartment in the Strada Serra, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, on November 15th ?"

"I recollect it perfectly," he replied.

"And that I came into the room where you awaited me the moment you sent in for me ?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember my leaving you to go back into the room whence I came, to get some writing-paper?"

"I remember it."

"And that upon my return, I wrote out the agreement between us?"

"You did so."

"Was my manner at all flurried or agitated?"

"Not in the least."

"About what time were you conversing with me?"

"About half an hour or so."

"Did you hear no noise during all that time?" interposed the President.

"None at all," was the brief reply of the witness.

Upon this, I sat down. The evidence of Signor Pescio, who was well known in Genoa, seemed to make a deep impression on the public, and the general conclusion was, that if Miss Gamble had really undergone any detention in my apartment, it was equally clear that she had made no serious efforts to put an end to it; for, by following me and listening to the conversation, she would have ascertained who the party was that had called, when she might have claimed his interference. Her not doing so was considered an additional proof that she looked upon the whole matter as a jest.

It was now eleven o'clock at night, and the court adjourned till ten next morning.

I returned for a moment to the Tower, where I left the courier and Pietro, who shuddered at returning again to their dreary cells, made doubly odious by the taste of fresh air and the sight of the bright sun that they had momentarily enjoyed Roquino was waiting at the Tower to conduct me back to my head quarters, St. Andrea, and it may be supposed that I felt hardly less repugnance than the poor devils I had just left, to

being locked up again in my hideous habitation. I jested with Roquino, as I went along, as to my sleeping for the night in a comfortable bed at one of the hotels we were passing at every moment; and his annoyance at such an impossibility was as great as mine, though of a very different character, for he was compelled to choose between the loss of the handsome fee such a concession would have brought, and the serious consequences to him of such a breach of duty. I amused myself by humming over the amount I would give for such a treat; and his grief at being obliged to refuse me was really quite diverting. I praised his self-denial, but kept on doubling the bribe till he groaned in agony at the loss of sums he had never ventured to dream about. The temptation of St. Anthony was a trifle to what my unhappy turnkey underwent on that memorable night. I would not wrong him, however, so much as to say that Roquino would have denied himself a roguery he could possibly gain by, and I, therefore, think it only just to declare that I believe he would have yielded, and set the Fiscal Advocate at defiance, if his eyes had been dazzled with the sight of the glittering gold I only talked about. The uncertainty of his getting the prize I proposed (for his faith in mankind was exceedingly small), and the absolute certainty of his getting, on the other hand, the imprisonment that would have been his lot had he granted my request, alone made him hesitate. It was a trying ordeal I put him through that night, the fallible Roquino; and I took care not to let him know that I was only playing upon his most sensitive chord. I need hardly say that, nauseous as was the idea of returning again to my revolting abode of the morning, yet would I have refused the boon, had he been weak enough to concede it, for it would only have exposed the poor devil to severe punishment, and compromised my own position.

When I got back to my old corridor again, I found the devoted Bini pacing it up and down, lamp in hand, dreadfully

impatient for my return, to know the result. He began to think I must have been acquitted when midnight sounded and I came not; and he began also to think, no doubt, where he would get his breakfast next morning, in case such good luck had befallen me. When, at length, I made my appearance, and the door was bolted behind me, a sign not to be mistaken, he flew at me with all the enthusiasm of a barricader, and was bent on embracing me in the true Italian fashion. I held him off, though, at arm's length, till he had cooled down again, when I gave him some account of the events of the day. He rejoiced heartily at the turn things had taken.

"You will be acquitted," he cried, exultingly. "The evidence has broken down, and corrupt as justice may be in this old town of Genoa, where the long reign of an oligarchy has left so much vice, still public opinion cannot be bearded now-a-days, and you must be acquitted."

"Bravely spoken for an ex-President of the Barricades," I exclaimed. "It may be true enough, my friend Bini, that justice is still halting in this ancient seat of the Doges, and it is equally true that public opinion is gradually putting things to rights; but, depend on it, that I have to do with a Judge who is ingenious enough to pervert the one, and to blind the other; and I shall be condemned, just as if I were the most guilty of abductors."

"I don't believe it," cried the energetic foe to oligarchies. "Oh, would that I could speak in your defence!" and he threw himself into an oratorical attitude.

"Don't waste your eloquence upon me, advocate of the rights of mankind! for I am going to bed, as I shall have need of a clear head for to-morrow. Besides, you will have enough to do to defend yourself before long; so bottle up your fine speeches for your own benefit, and good-night to you."

"*Au re vous voir*, Monsieur Wikoff," said Bini in his funny

French, and making for the door, as I had suggested, "*au demain, au demain.*"

TRIAL—SECOND DAY.

I rose betimes next morning, greatly refreshed by a sound sleep, and was cheered during my breakfast by the news that the tide of opinion had turned strongly in my favor. The general impression amongst the officials of the prison was that I must be acquitted, from the absence of all proof showing criminality, either as to intention or act.

I set off, as before, with Roquino, a little after nine o'clock, for the Tower prison, where I found the courier and Pietro in a better state of mind than on the previous day. I heard that the multitude about the doors of the ducal palace was denser than on the first day; for the noise of the trial had spread through the town, and curiosity as to the result had vastly increased the throng. I felt less *mauvaise honte*, now that the real nature of the case had become better known; and, on setting out for the Court, I declined the offer of the sedan-chair, and no longer sought to conceal myself from public view. As I made my way, under the escort of two carabiniers, through the crowd that filled the courtyard, and lined the splendid staircase of the old palace of the Doges, now converted into halls of justice, I received numerous marks of sympathy, and was hailed by occasional cries of "*viva!*" for I was generally looked upon by the public as the victim of the English Consul, who had taken no pains to disguise his hostile proceedings against me. It was generally supposed that he was acting under the instructions of his government, and that I was, in fact, the object of a secret political intrigue, which was carried on under cover of a mock-trial for the abduction of my affianced bride. I entered the court-room about ten o'clock, and took my seat as before,

with the courier and Pietro in my neighborhood. Miss Gamble was already in her place, attended, as yesterday, by Miss Bennett and Mary.

My astonishment was even greater than the day before, to find that not a single lady was to be seen in any part of the court-house. The men had it all to themselves, and the throng was extraordinary. Miss Gamble, however, seemed perfectly at her ease, though her manner gave tokens of irritation I had not observed on the previous day. I soon learned that she was in great apprehension at my possible acquittal, and it was natural, after having been urged to go so far to prevent it, that she should feel disturbed at the chance of being defeated.

Before the judges came in, I remarked that Mr. Timothy Brown was bustling about with a paper in his hand, that he flourished aloft ever and anon, as though it contained matter of importance. I should not omit to say that the behavior of this eccentric gentleman during the previous day had been of a kind to attract general attention, which was, doubtless, his object ; but it brought down upon him no small amount of blame and jeering. He had been requested to withdraw, along with the other witnesses, from the court ; but not long afterwards he made his way back again, and forcing himself through the crowd, in spite of the opposition of the *huissiers*, he got within the railing, and strode towards the Tribunal. This irregular proceeding provoked the murmurs of the public, and the President called on him, in a rough voice, to retire ; but, quite unconcerned, he approached and whispered in his ear, and then clapping on his hat, as if to show his consular contempt for the exception taken to his conduct, he shoved boldly through the crowd again, regardless of the laughter and sibilations that followed him. I saw no more of him for the rest of the day.

But, as I was just saying, his manner on the present occasion showed that he considered the fortunes of the day rested entire-

ly on his own shoulders, and the scowl with which he regarded me, as well as the sternness of his demeanor, indicated he would unsparingly employ every means at his command to carry out his object. I was curious to know what was the new engine of destruction that he had so unexpectedly unmasked, and I was informed by my lawyers and Consul that, fearing my acquittal, from the failure of the evidence against me, Mr. Brown had thought it judicious to bring forward a document that he hoped would compromise me in public opinion, and afford a pretext to the Tribunal for my condemnation, if that were really their purpose, as supposed.

"A well-contrived trick," I replied; "but what is the nature of this document?"

"I have just glanced over it," said my Consul, "and it seems to be a letter addressed to Miss Gamble by a former acquaintance of yours,* and contains merely some sweeping expressions of a very abusive character."

"But has it anything to do with the case in hand?" I asked.

"Not the least in the world," returned the American Consul.

"Then, the object," I continued, "is plainly, as you suggest, to lower my character in the public view, and afford the Tribunal, if so inclined, a justification for an adverse sentence. Well, let them play their game out. I shall not oppose the reading of this irrelevant matter."

"But we shall," said my lawyers, who were standing by; "for such a proceeding is really abominable."

It was half-past ten o'clock before the Judges entered and took

* I may as well state here that the person who was declared to be the writer of this calumnious epistle was Mrs. ——; but, I am happy to say that I received afterwards a *written denial* from Mrs. —— that she ever penned anything of the sort. Mr. Brown was, therefore, guilty of a falsehood, in assigning Mrs. —— as the author of a lampoon he had possibly concocted.

their seats. The lawyer of Miss Gamble, Signor Cabella, immediately arose, and stated that Mr. Brown, the English Consul, had brought a document into Court that morning which threw doubts on the character of the accused, Mr. Wikoff, and he demanded, therefore, in the interest of his client, Miss Gamble, that the said document should be *publicly* read. I gave my ready assent to its reading, as demanded ; but Signor Maurizio arose, under some excitement, and said—

"That, notwithstanding the permission just accorded by his client, Mr. Wikoff, he would, on his own responsibility, protest against the irregularity of this singular proceeding. It is a well-known enactment of our law," he continued, "that no evidence of the kind in question can be produced on trial without *five days'* previous notice to the opposite party ; and here, on the second day of a trial, when the evidence is nearly closed, we find a concealed battery suddenly opened upon us, not in the shape of a reputable witness, but in the equivocal one of a calumnious letter that says nothing of the case in hand ; and which, I may add, does little credit to its ostensible author. What motive can Mr. Consul Brown have for this illegal and unfair manœuvre other than to prejudice the Tribunal, and to justify the condemnation of my client in the public eye? In a word, I protest against the admission of the said document ; first as illegal, and next as irrelevant, having nothing whatever to do with the offence my client is here to answer."

The Tribunal then called upon Mr. Brown to deposit the document he held in their hands ; and they retired to reflect upon what course it was best to adopt under the circumstances.

It appears that the libellous letter in question had been duly translated into Italian, and was meant to operate, therefore, upon such of the Judges and the public who did not understand the French and English languages.

The Court remained absent for near an hour, and, of course,

perused the invidious paper they had carried with them. Inasmuch as the law clearly forbid its admission as evidence, their duty was to overrule it at once, without leaving the bench. I merely instance this act of President Malaspina and his coadjutors to show how small their deference for law or justice.

On the return of the Tribunal, it was pronounced with much learned verbosity, that, according to the Sardinian code of procedure, no documents could be produced on trial without *five days'* previous notice to the opposite party ; and as this requisition had not been complied with in this instance, the document brought forward by Mr. Consul Brown was inadmissible.

One of my counsel then rose and objected to Mr. Brown being heard as a witness, since article 304 of the code declared that the name of every witness, together with a summary of the facts on which he is to be interrogated, must be deposited at the secretary's office at least *twenty-four hours* before the trial ; and as this necessary formality had not been fiulfilled in Mr. Brown's case, he could not legally be-admitted as a witness.

The Tribunal decided that, although due notice had not been given as stated, according to the law, yet they considered themselves vested with a *discretionary* power in the case, and they would therefore grant their consent to the examination of the witness !

Mr. Consul Brown was then called forward, and took his seat on a chair in front of the Tribunal. He had the complacent air of a man who seemed to relish his work. Imagine the astonishment of the public when the President *declined to put him on oath*. He was simply requested, as Miss Gamble had been on the day before, to give his testimony *on his honour*. Now, it may have been a stretch of politeness to a lady, though she was both a plaintiff and a witness, to allow her to testify without being sworn ; but what reason could President Malaspina give (and I here publicly demand it), for suffering Mr. Timothy Brown, a witness for the prosecution, and, as shown, an *illegal*

witness besides, to give his testimony without being put on oath, according to law, both in Genoa and all the world over? Have I not the right to denounce my trial as a mockery, after such a bare-faced violation of justice as this?

As the examination of Mr. Brown, by the President, was as curious as the rest, I subjoin it in full :—

President. Do you know Mr. Wikoff!

B. Consul. I do.

President. How long have you known him?

B. Consul. About four months.

President. What is his moral character?

B. Consul. *Detestable.*

President. How do you know this?

B. Consul. I *infer* so from his conduct to Miss Gamble, and from what I have heard.

President. Do you know whether he had any employment under the British Government?

B. Consul. I do not *know*, but I *believe not.* *I have, besides, spoken to the English Ambassador, who told me that it was impossible.*

President. Since the affair between Mr. Wikoff and Miss Gamble, was there any negotiation through the medium of the American Consul?

B. Consul. Yes.

President. Relate what you know respecting it.

B. Consul. Wishing that the name of a lady should not be brought before the public, I desired to negotiate with him to come to an understanding that Mr. Wikoff should leave the country.

President. Why did Mr. Wikoff refuse?

B. Consul. He did not refuse ; but, in consequence of delay on the part of the American Consul, the affair was divulged ; besides, there was not time sufficient. I afterwards saw the

Advocate General, for the purpose of speaking to him, but he replied, "It is too late."

President. In the negotiation which took place, and in which you were engaged, what *opinion did you form in regard to the transaction.*

B. Consul. I am persuaded that Wikoff was determined to obtain Miss Gamble's fortune either by *love* or force.

At the close of his testimony Mr. Brown left his chair, and, instead of returning to his place, he seated himself, to the surprise of all, alongside of the President, and continued to supervise the proceedings with an air of authority that seemed to imply that his *dicta* was paramount over both law and judge. He chatted familiarly with the Judges, and must have said some good things, from the giggling that frequently ensued. This was not very decorous in so grave a place as a Court of Justice ought to be; but the way judicial business is managed in Genoa, taking this as a sample, is different from what I had ever seen in any other country before. Notwithstanding the inattention of my Judges, I rose immediately after Mr. Brown had finished, and begged to address a few observations to the Court. I said—

"It is not my purpose to bandy words with Mr. Consul Brown, and I will, therefore, make no reply to the unnecessary aspersions he has chosen to cast upon me. I leave them in their spirit and taste to public appreciation, both here, in his country, and in mine. Indeed, I have reason to be satisfied that he has given such plain expression to his feelings, and in language so intemperate, since it cannot fail to prove he has acted towards me throughout this puerile affair with a virulence that no one could have expected of an English Consul, or an English gentleman. But let that pass. There is one distinct declaration, however, on his part, that I feel it necessary to notice on the spot. Mr. Brown has proclaimed his disbelief that I have ever been in the employ of the British Government. Nay,

more. He has stated that the English Ambassador at Turin, Mr. Hudson, has declared that my reputed connection with the British Government was 'impossible!' I must first express my regret that either the President of the Tribunal, or Mr. Brown, has thought fit to mix up the British Government with so frivolous a case as the one in hand, but I have no choice now but to follow their leading. It is well known to the Tribunal that I stated to the Judge of Instruction, and I stated it only because Miss Gamble had revealed it, that almost up to the day of my arrest at Genoa I had been in the employ of the British Government. If, then, the grave and deliberate statements of the Consul and Ambassador of England are true, I stand before this Court and the public in the odious light of an unmasked impostor. Humble a person as I really may be, my veracity and position, thus needlessly assailed, are still dear to me; and I have no alternative, therefore, but to declare that the unqualified assertions of Mr. Consul Brown, and of his Excellency, Mr. Hudson, are untrue, and directly opposite to fact. I beg, therefore, to state that, in September, 1850, Lord Palmerston, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, personally made to me propositions to enter into the service of the British Foreign Office, which I finally accepted, and entered upon my functions the October following. I continued in this employment during the years 1850 and 1851, when, for reasons I am not called upon to specify here, a misunderstanding arose which may end in the close of my connection with the Foreign Office, but which has not yet positively taken place. Surely nothing could have been easier than for Mr. Consul Brown, or the English Envoy at Turin, to inform themselves of these facts by application to Lord Palmerston direct, or to the Foreign Office. It was their manifest duty to do so, both as discreet officials and as honorable men, before venturing to pronounce me an impostor. I must, therefore, hold them jointly guilty of an act of unpardonable ignorance, since it is quite

impossible to believe that an English Consul, or an English Ambassador, would designedly state what they knew to be false. In conclusion, I feel all the disadvantage I labor under in having no more than my simple word to oppose to the emphatic disclaimer of Mr. Consul Brown, and of his Excelleney Mr. Hudson ; but if any notice had been given me to furnish proofs of my connection with the British Government, I should have promptly produced them. I have nothing of the kind with me at Genoa ; and if the sentence of the court is to depend on my *proving* that I have not been guilty of misrepresentation and falschood, it needs must be registered against me. I have been taken completely by surprise, and I must be allowed to say that the conduct of Mr. Consul Brown in this matter is as unfair and ungenerous as in all the rest."

I sat down ; but my precise language and earnest tones failed to convince either the Tribunal or the public that I had spoken the truth. Called to elect between the good faith of individuals holding places of such importance and distinction as those of Consul and Ambassador of England, and that of a person in my unfortunate position, it was perfectly natural that the general impression should prevail that I had been guilty of an unjustifiable deception ; and from that moment public sympathy began to diminish for me. Mr. Brown succeeded, at last, by a flagrant mis-statement, in breaking down my position as a person worthy of confidence, and his real object was thus cunningly achieved ; for public opinion would take less exception to my condemnation, once supposed to be guilty of a gross imposture, however innocent I might be thought of the abduction of Miss Gamble.

[To show how cruelly I was belied in this matter, I beg to refer my readers to the note below.*]

* I subjoin an extract from a letter of H. U. Addington, Esq., H. B. M. Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which happened to be lying in the hands of my bankers, at Paris, at the very moment the events above were taking place. This will suffice to

The American Consul was the last witness that was called. He appeared in his uniform, as a mark of respect for the Court; and next, to show that he took an official interest in what was going on. He considered the tribunal under the influence of Consul Brown, and he meant, by wearing his uniform, to show that he attached importance to the fact. He was requested to take his oath. He made no objections, though he was greatly astonished, as well as the public, that the testimony of the English Consul had been received on his honor, whilst he, though appearing in his official capacity, was desired to be sworn. *Could anything be more gross than the partiality of the tribunal in favor of the prosecution?*

show that both the British Consul at Genoa, and British Minister at Turin, did me an unwarrantable injury in declaring that to be false, which it was their business to ascertain to be true. I might add other documents to these, but I deem it unnecessary, as it is my intention to publish, at an early day, the entire history of my relations with the Foreign Office—

"HENRY WIKOFF, ESQ., &C., &C. "*Foreign Office*,
"*November 24th*, 1851.

"Sir,—In reply to the letter which you addressed to Viscount Palmerston on the 31st of October, I am directed to observe to you that the sole object of the arrangement which his Lordship made with you in the Autumn of last year was to make known clearly, through the medium of the French and the United States press, the liberal, and especially the pacific character of the policy of her Majesty's Government. * * * * * I am, therefore, directed to state to you that Lord Palmerston considers that the engagement taken with you would properly cease, as already announced to you, with the close of this year; but in order that you may have a full twelvemonths' notice of its cessation, he will continue, until the end of June next, 1852, the rate of payment which you have already received, and on the 30th of June that allowance will accordingly cease altogether.

"I am, Sir, your obedient and humble Servant,
"H. U. ADDINGTON."

The President addressed a few general questions to the Consul, that had little bearing on the case, and soon concluded.

I then came forward to interrogate him in my turn.

"Do you remember, sir," I began, "calling, at my request, at the house of the English Consul on the evening of Nov. 16th, in the hope of some amicable arrangement between Miss Gamble and myself, and that you informed me, upon your return, that Miss Gamble was most anxious for such an arrangement, but that the English Consul violently opposed it; and that he even ordered Miss Gamble, in your presence, to quit the room?"

A. Consul. "I saw Miss Gamble on the evening you allude to at the house of Mr. Brown, and she expressed her extreme desire to terminate the matter amicably. Mr. Brown was absent during my conversation with her. He was gone, I believe, to the *Intendente's*. Upon his return, he declared his determination to oppose any friendly settlement between you, and ordered Miss Gamble to leave the room, which she did immediately. On the following day I had several parleys with them both, to put an end to the affair."

"Do you recollect that Miss Gamble then used the most urgent entreaties to induce you to prevent my being imprisoned?"

A. Consul. "She did so; and constantly expressed her desire to end the matter in a friendly way, without your being imprisoned."

"You remember the fact, I presume, of the English Consul calling to see me, on behalf of Miss Gamble, at your house, on Nov. 17th?"

A. Consul. "I do, sir."

"And that the English Consul then declared that he had entirely changed his views of the case since he had conversed with me?"

A Consul. "Yes, sir."

"Are you willing to state that, upon that occasion, Mr.

Brown expressed himself, in the presence of several persons, in language exceedingly unfavorable to Miss Gamble?"

A. Consul—after hesitating a moment, turned to the Court and said—"Am I obliged to answer this question, or to say anything which might compromise the English Consul with Miss Gamble and her friends?"

President—after looking at the English Consul alongside of him, who knit his brows, but said nothing—"You are obliged to state the truth."

"I merely desire to ask," I continued, "whether Mr. Brown did not say that he considered Miss Gamble quite mad, and that I would be still madder if I married her?"

A. Consul. "Yes, he made this declaration, and in the presence of several persons."

"Will you allow me, further, to demand whether, in your frequent interviews with Miss Gamble, during the past three months, you have not come to the conclusion that she is of a vacillating turn of mind, and whether she is not prone to express herself in one way to-day, and in the opposite way the next?"

A. Consul. "I should be very sorry to say anything disagreeable to Miss Gamble, but my conviction is that her disposition is unstable and changeable."

"In conclusion, do you remember whether Miss Gamble ever declared to you upon any occasion, from first to last, that I threatened her in any manner, whilst in my apartment, on Nov. 15th?"

A. Consul. "On the contrary, Miss Gamble has frequently declared to me that she never had the smallest apprehensions of personal violence on the occasion you refer to. She always said that she was detained there against her will, but never said that you had threatened her in any manner."

Thanking the Consul, I returned to my seat. The testimony

of the American Consul seemed to give great satisfaction to the public, which was not a little enhanced by the dignity of his demeanor, and his gentlemanly forbearance both towards Miss Gamble and the English Consul.

The list of witnesses was now gone through, when the Public Prosecutor rose on behalf of the State, and began his harangue.

He endeavored first to establish that I had been guilty of the abduction of Miss Gamble, and used a good deal of special pleading to maintain his point. He next asserted, in the very teeth of the evidence, and in spite of the judgment of the High Court already quoted, that I had employed menaces against her. He concluded by demanding my condemnation ; and declared that the offences alleged had rendered me liable to an imprisonment of four years as principal, and the courier to an imprisonment of three years and three months, and the *valet-de-place* to one year's imprisonment as accessories.

The courier shivered with apprehension, and poor Pietro nearly fell off the bench with terror at such startling propositions as these.

Sr. Cabella, the advocate of Miss Gamble, followed Sr. Carbone, and spoke with great fluency, but with less effect than I had expected from a barrister of his reputation. He stated, however, at the outset, that his position was an embarrassing one ; and I do not think that he relished his work. He sought, nevertheless, to make the most of his case, addressing himself exclusively to the question of damages. He considered his client, Miss Gamble, entitled to a heavy sum ; but left it to the discretion of the Court to fix the amount. His comments on the conduct of Miss Gamble during my courtship were, certainly, not very felicitous, and I was somewhat puzzled to know whether he had been sleeping through my cross-examination of her, since he ignored her own admissions, or whether he was indulging in a vein of subtle irony at her expense. I leave my readers to

judge from the following phrases which I quote from the report of his speech.

"It cannot be denied," he said, "that my client's conduct throughout has been prudent and upright; that from Mr. Wikoff's first acquaintance with her family (in 1835) up to the last moment, nothing could be alleged against her that was not judicious, prudent, and becoming a lady; that Miss Gamble's letters, as well as her actions, showed that *she knew her own mind*, being, at the same time, to her complete justification, and to the condemnation of the accused. Not only did the lady *never give any encouragement* to Mr. Wikoff, but on the contrary, *she had always shown him that there was no hope.*" He wound up by demanding damages for his client, Miss Gamble, according to law.

Sr. Cabella must have heard Miss Gamble declare she had given me her hand at Geneva, for the second time. If that is not "encouragement," I should like, for the sake of all lovers in doubt, to know what an Italian barrister considers a fair case of encouragement!

One of my advocates was rising for the defense, when Miss Gamble begged permission to withdraw. She had complacently listened to my pummelling by the Public Prosecutor and her own lawyer, but she was not disposed to have her impressions disturbed by hearing anything said in my behalf. But, I dare say, she expected that I would allow a great deal to be said that would be painful to her. She was not aware, of course, that I had insisted on my lawyers treating her with the utmost delicacy and forbearance.

The President replied to her request by saying he could not allow her to retire without my consent.

I gave it immediately; but, rising, I begged to ask her a simple question as to a point of some importance that had been overlooked—

"Do you remember, Miss Gamble, that when I inquired as to the contents of the small black bag of Mary's that I discovered in my apartment on Nov. 15th, that you stated to me it contained 'only odds and ends'—those very words?"

She hesitated for a few moments, when the courier arose and begged to ask Miss Gamble if she did not recollect that he came into the saloon along with Mary, on Nov. 15th, to know whether his mistress had any orders to give him?

Whether she considered it injudicious to answer these questions, or whether some sudden irritation seized her mind, I could never tell; but, to the surprise of everybody, she sprang forwards to the front of the Tribunal, and pointing her finger at a picture of Christ on the Cross that hung upon the walls, she cried in a loud voice—

"I swear that Mr. Wikoff is a ——, a calumniator, and a vile man."

I was astounded at such extraordinary language, and, above all, at the violent anger that seemed to possess her. I had given her no other provocation than the simple question I had asked. Though deeply wounded by such strong epithets, I preserved my composure, and said—

"I have no reply to make to Miss Gamble, other than she used the phrase of 'odds and ends' in reference to the contents of her servant's bag, and to this I am ready to swear," laying my hand at the same time on the Bible near me.

The President then informed Miss Gamble that she was at liberty to go away, and, accompanied by Miss Bennett and Mary, she instantly withdrew.

As she passed by me, I got up and bowed courteously, but sadly, for I had a presentiment I should see her no more.

My defence was about beginning, but as it was five o'clock the court adjourned for dinner. I returned to the Tower to dine as the day before. My companions in misfortune had little

relish for their repast. The courier was dreadfully cast down, and Pietro was half demented at being longer cut off from his family, who were entirely dependent on him for support. I continued to assure him of his acquittal, of which I entertained no doubt; but he whined piteously, and, like Rachel, "refused to be comforted."

EVENING SESSION.

At seven o'clock the Tribunal re-assembled. The curiosity to hear the sentence had attracted extraordinary numbers. The bench of accuser, hitherto occupied by Miss Gamble, was vacant for the first time. I saw nothing of Mr. Brown either;—in fact, there was nothing more for him to do, and he was pretty sure, I dare say, that President Malaspina would do the rest.

My defence now began, and occupied less than two hours. That of the courier and the *valet-de-place* followed. My lawyers, one and all, acquitted themselves with zeal and ability; though the stringent instructions I had given to make no comments on the conduct of Miss Gamble, considerably impaired their means of defence. Their pleading may be summed up as follows:—

"That the attempt made by the prosecution to depict the offence of Mr Wikoff in such dark colors was little short of ridiculous, in the face of the facts as proved by the evidence, and of the admissions made by Miss Gamble herself.

"That it was morally impossible that a person holding the social position of Mr. Wikoff in Europe and in his own country could have been actuated by any base motives in seeking the interview he had obtained with the lady so lately affianced to him; and that, in short, the act in question was rather a subject for a novel or a comedy, than for the lengthened legal investigation it had undergone.

"That as to the 'Abduction,' even if regarded under a sinister point of view, there was not sufficient proof to establish

the fact of *illegality*, because it did not appear that by the procedure of Mr. Wikoff the liberty of Miss Gamble had been seriously violated. On the contrary, it was even evident that she had all along the power to recover it, *had she been firmly resolved to do so.*

"That as regards the accusation of 'menaces,' not only did all the evidence go to disprove it, but that, in truth, this Tribunal could take no cognizance of it, since the decision of the Council Chamber of the Criminal Court had formally overruled it.

"That, finally, it was impossible to apply article 498 of the Penal Code, which forbids the carrying of weapons, to this case; for it had been shown, first, that the empty pistols did not belong to Mr. Wikoff; and second, that they were only momentarily in his possession.

"In conclusion, the innocence of Mr. Wikoff of the abduction of Miss Gamble—the sole charge for which he stood arraigned—being fully established, both as to motive and fact, his complete acquittal was demanded."

The trial was now at an end, and the Tribunal prepared to retire to consider their judgment. The President asked me if I had anything further to say in my defence, and I answered in the negative.

Sr. Cabella, the advocate of Miss Gamble, then rose, and begged to withdraw the demand of his client for damages; observing, that "Miss Gamble had constituted herself a civil party, not so much for damages, as to have the right of being heard, in case her honor had been attacked."

I was delighted to find that Miss Gamble had decided to abandon her pecuniary claim, even at the last moment; but I was astonished to learn that she had employed an advocate merely to defend her honor, in the event of its being attacked. That she should harbor such an apprehension, for a moment,

shows that she thought me greatly exasperated against her, which was not the case.

It was after ten o'clock when the judges withdrew, and they remained absent over an hour. During this interval I chatted calmly with my Consul, who manifested the liveliest anxiety for the result. My counsel differed in opinion, I observed. Sr. Orsini thought I would be condemned, but the others not. The public all expected my acquittal; and I was pleased to learn that they looked upon the "Abduction" as an amusing farce. I was not more surprised than gratified at the public prosecutor, Sr. Carbone, advancing to me, and giving me his hand—

"I never had a more disagreeable duty to perform," he said; "and I trust you will excuse the unpleasant things I was obliged to say. I spoke according to my instructions, and I did not seek, you must admit it, to exceed them."

"I thank you, sir, most cordially," I replied, "for the graceful and feeling manner you fulfilled a duty you are pleased to say was repugnant to you. I shall long bear in mind this expression of your esteem, equally unexpected as flattering to me!"

Sr. Cabella, the advocate of Miss Gamble, then declared that if he could have anticipated my treating his client with so much courtesy, he would have been far more sparing in his language towards me.

"It is very civil of you, sir, to say so," I remarked; "but the mischief is irreparable now."

It was after eleven o'clock when the Judges returned into Court, and took their seats amid the profound silence of the vast crowd that had patiently awaited the result.

President Malaspina had written out his judgment, which was exceedingly long, and ingeniously constructed. The reasons advanced by the learned Judge, in justification of the sentence

he pronounced, are so remarkable for their direct contradiction to the evidence, and their flagrant distortion of the facts, that I beg the permission of my readers to pass them in review, with my own comments in juxtaposition.

WHEREAS—	
At the end of the year 1835 the accused, Henry Wikoff, having made the acquaintance of Miss Jane C. Gamble, conceived an affection for her, but without result, he having left her in 1840 :	
That, in the interval which elapsed between this period and 1850, Miss Gamble having inherited a large fortune, was revisited by the accused, who, feeling his former impressions deepened, spoke to her of his attachment, and solicited her hand in marriage :	*It was in April*, 1851, *that I met Miss Gamble again. She had inherited the* income *only of her uncle's property two or three days before, but I was wholly ignorant of the fact, as shown on my first visit.*
That, Miss Gamble rejected his offer, which did not silence the said Henry Wikoff, who began following her about through France and Switzerland, when he succeeded in *extorting* a promise of marriage from Miss Gamble, to which was annexed the condition of obtaining the consent of Mr. Bates, of London :	*Miss Gamble was never in France during the whole period of my courtship. In Switzerland, as averred by Miss Gamble before the Tribunal, she voluntarily and solemnly pledged me her hand.*
That, so far from Mr. Bates giving his consent to the marriage, he made known his opposition to Miss Gamble :	*A letter from Mr. Bates, produced on Trial, and acknowledged by Miss Gamble, proved that he had made no opposition to our marriage.*
That, Miss Gamble then exhort-	*The letters of Miss Gamble, read*

ed Mr. Wikoff to desist from his pursuit :

on the Trial, proved that she had solicited interviews with me after the alleged opposition.

That, in spite of her explicit refusals, Mr. Wikoff formed the resolution to get possession of Miss Gamble :

The letter of the Russian Chargé d'Affaires produced on Trial, proved my intention to go to Russia, instead of following Miss Gamble to Italy.

That, for this purpose, he corrupted her courier, Louis Vannod :

The written obligation I gave the courier was suppressed *by the Prosecution, in order to make out a charge of corruption.*

That, he made an attempt to get an interview with Miss Gamble, at Turin, by passing himself off as a Mrs. Austin, but failed :

I employed a ruse "*to obtain an interview,*" *in the words of the Judge, but abandoned the attempt.*

That, he made a second attempt at Genoa, which succeeded :

That, during Miss Gamble's stay in his apartment, he employed menaces to force her to marry him, or pass the night there :

Miss Gamble frequently declared the contrary to the American Consul, and made no such statement before the Tribunal.

That, to escape these alternatives, she wrote, under the dictation of Mr. Wikoff, a promise of marriage :

The said paper was a mere repetition of her former pledges of marriage, and was invalid in point of law.

That, after this, the attendant of Miss Gamble arrived, and she desired her to come to her.

It would have been easy, if I had wished it, to prevent the presence of the said attendant.

That, after the arrival of her attendant, Miss Gamble became composed, and partook of refreshments :

Miss Gamble ate two large bowls of soup for lunch two hours before the arrival of the said attendant.

That, on Miss Gamble leaving the apartment of Mr. Wikoff, she accompanied him to the "Iron Crown" Hotel, from whence they afterwards returned to their respective hotels :

The judge carefully suppressed *the important fact that Miss Gamble "accompanied" me voluntarily to pass the night at the "Iron Crown" Hotel, and returned to her own on the following morning.*

That notwithstanding the judgment of the Session of Accusation of Dec. 24th, 1851, there is sufficient to prove that Mr. Wikoff had illegally abducted the person of Miss Gamble, as defined in article 242 of the Penal Code :

The "Session of Accusation" acquitted me of the false charge of "extorting with menaces" the aforesaid written paper.

Article 242 *of the Penal Code provides for a real case of Abduction, and not for a farce.*

That, it cannot be denied that Mr. Wikoff had in his possession unlawful weapons :

There was a pair of empty pistols in the apartment, belonging to the courier, as explained.

That, it was proved that Louis Vannod was the principal agent of Henry Wikoff in abducting the person of Miss Gamble :

That, there is abundant proof to show that although the *valet-de-place*, Cavallari, must have suspected that he was engaged in an improper act, still he cannot be regarded as an accomplice :

If it was proved the valet-de-place *"suspected" anything improper, as the Judge declares, he was, then, an accomplice.*

Wherefore, the Tribunal declares that Luigi Cavallari shall be set at liberty :

Declares that Henry Wikoff is convicted of having abducted the person of Miss Gamble, and of having in his possession dangerous weapons :

Declares Louis Vannod is convicted of being the principal agent in the misdemeanor of abducting Miss Gamble, and of having dangerous weapons:

Seeing articles 242, 107, &c., &c., of the Penal Code condemns the said Henry Wikoff and Louis Vannod to the penalty of fifteen months' imprisonment each, counting from the day of the arrest, and to pay the costs of the process:

The reading of this judicial *exposé* was listened to with silent attention by the auditory, but when it was found that I was condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment loud murmurs of astonishment and dissatisfaction broke out on every side.

President Malaspina, who had the air of a man conscious of doing an unjust thing, lost his temper at these manifestations, and threatened to clear the Court. Then addressing me, he made a sort of apology for the sentence, by saying he had given me the *minimum* for a case of "Abduction," and said, further, that I had ten days allowed me for an appeal.

I replied in a courteous tone that, "I would consult with my counsel, and decide upon what course it was best for me to pursue!"

The *valet-de-place* then had permission to go; and he did not wait for a second order, for he shot off as though he had been ejected from a mortar. The courier was deeply affected at his condemnation, and began to weep. I told him, upbraidingly, to put up his handkerchief, and to behave as a courier ought.

It was midnight when the Court broke up, and it was raining in torrents. The weather was in harmony with the dismal state of my mind. The American Consul remained to bid me good-night, and, with his usual kindness, endeavored to console me, though it was easy to see that he was deeply annoyed at the unfairness of the proceedings and the injustice of the sentence.

"Well, never mind," he said, stretching out his hand, "for bad as it is, there is comfort in knowing these intrigues are at

an end. They can do you no more harm ; or, as we say in America, ' they have jumped their length !'"

"It is really too bad," I replied, trying to force a smile, "after being bamboozled for so many months by Miss Gamble, to fall, at last, into the jaws of a downright dragon, like your colleague Brown. It would have put Job himself into a passion."

"It *is* a hard case, but keep cool," returned the Consul, who looked as if he were trying to take the remedy he recommended to me. "Keep cool, and I will call on you to-morrow to see what is to be done now. They have got you down ; and let us hope that will content them."

"Thanks, my dear Consul," I said, shaking him cordially by the hand, "I shall never forget your goodness. It is a consolation to see that, though now a condemned abductor, your sympathy for me still survives."

"You are so much less to blame than I thought," he responded, "that I will struggle all the harder for you. Good-night."

I got into a sedan-chair awaiting me, and was carried off to St. Andrea once more, that I had secretly hoped in the morning never to see again. The transit was less than half an hour, but the suffering of years was crowded into that short interval. I shall never forget the poignant emotions of that desolate night. It was not the dejection of grief ; nor yet the torture of fear that afflicted me. It was not the cruelty of a woman I had passionately loved, nor even all the terrors of a long detention in a loathsome prison that overpowered me. No ; I thought only of the ruin of all my prospects in life that this unjust condemnation would bring upon me. I thought of the loss of my friends, whose esteem and respect were above all price. I thought of the reproach and contumely that the ill-natured would cast upon me. These bitter reflections filled me with the deepest gloom. I knew that I had committed no offence against law or morals—that a folly, or an impertinence, was

the worst that could be imputed to me. I knew I was the victim of intrigue and of powerful influence. But how was I to convince the public that, under form of law, "the still small voice" of Justice had been drowned? How was I to expose, in all their crookedness, the unworthy means that had been employed against me? This apparent impossibility gradually threw me into a state of mind that I shrink from describing. Some natures at such a moment would have given way to despondency or to rage, but I remained calm amid a prostration the most complete and mournful I had ever known.

I was surprised, on reaching the prison, to find that Roquino accompanied me to my room, and that he and Bini remained there even after I had gone to bed, though I was not disposed for conversation. I sent them off, at last, but I remarked that two or three times afterwards Roquino, under one pretext or another, came back again. I learnt some days later that he had received orders to watch me closely, lest, in a paroxysm of anger or despair, I might do some violence to myself. Seeing me composed, he finally retired to rest, having previously removed every means of danger.

CHAPTER XIX.

ST. ANDREA.

I HESITATED for a day or two whether to make an appeal or not. My Consul thought it a wiser course to lay the circumstances of my case before the Government, and apply for pardon.

"I can hardly think," he said, "that Miss Gamble would seek to oppose you; and as to Mr. Brown, I trust he will be satisfied with the mischief he has done."

"I will take your advice, Consul," I replied, "and will draw up my petition for pardon."

Before making the application, I thought it would save me, perhaps, the mortification of a refusal, if I wrote to the Marquis de Cavour at Turin, asking him frankly whether my case was likely to meet with a favorable reception or no. As the Marquis was brother to the most influential Minister of the Crown, it was clear that the information he sent me, for good or bad, might be relied upon. To be sure, I felt great doubts whether this distinguished person would reply to me at all ; for I naturally feared that my condemnation would make him conclude that I must be guilty of some serious offence, and altogether unworthy his sympathy. This apprehension deterred me from writing for several days, but at last I made up mind to risk it. I wrote to him accordingly on the 22d of February, begging to recall myself to his recollection, and humbly soliciting his opinion as to the course I had better take. My gratification was only equal to my surprise at receiving an immediate reply, couched in the following amiable terms :—

"*Turin, February* 27, 1852.

"Mr. Henry Wikoff,

"Sir :—I had certainly not forgotten the pleasure it gave me to make your acquaintance during your passage through Turin in November last. Therefore, before receiving your letter, I had read with interest the details the journals had already furnished me of your affair. After this perusal, it appeared to me that you had been driven to your wits' end by a series of coquetries profoundly irritating, and that *your action was, therefore, excusable in point of honor, and can certainly do your reputation no serious harm.* Permit me here to observe that the justice which Tribunals administer is always, and necessarily, imperfect. Sometimes they allow to pass faults that are morally grave ; at others, they proceed severely against transgressions that morality regards as rather the effect of human weakness than of deliberate malice. The reason of this fact is that the criminal law of civilized states is founded, not so much on pure notions of abstract justice as on the necessity of social defence. I can, therefore, comprehend the motives which may have dictated the judgment of the Tribunal of Genoa, *although in truth, it appears to me exceedingly*

severe. But judgments, on the honor and individual character, are founded on principles more delicate and difficult to seize, but which a certain moral sense manifests to every upright mind, and which are beyond the reach of any application of law whatever.

"You have now two courses to take, either that of an appeal to the Superior Court, or that of a petition to the King for pardon. If you decide upon the latter step, it appears to me proper that your petition should be transmitted to our Government by your *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Kinney, whose official business it is. If this take place, it will give me the sincerest pleasure to speak to our new Minister of Justice, whom I know well and see very often, since I have become a member of our Parliament, which occurred after your departure from Turin.

"Pray accept the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

"GUSTAVE DE CAVOUR.

"P. S. Your letter, dated the 22d of this month, only reached me yesterday—I don't know why—the 26th."

Nothing, certainly, could surpass the tact and benevolent feeling that inspired this welcome epistle. Brother to the leading member of the Cabinet, and himself one of the first personages of Sardinia, it might not have become him to cast any heavy censure on the Tribunal of Genoa; but still he did not hesitate to say that he thought its judgment "exceedingly severe." But what was far more consoling to me, coming from the lips of so estimable a person, was his unqualified declaration that "my action was excusable in point of honor, and that my reputation could suffer no serious harm." I had a right to conclude from this that the harsh sentence of President Malaspina would not rob me of the good opinion of society; and that, though deprived of my liberty, I might yet hope to preserve my friends, and recover their esteem. From this time I grew more resigned, and by degrees returned to my wonted elasticity of mind.

About a week after the trial I received a message from Miss Gamble, through one of my lawyers, to the effect, that she

regretted to see me the tenant of a prison, and that she would be disposed to take some steps on my behalf, if she could feel sure that I would not molest her in any way. I returned for answer, that she was entirely mistaken if she supposed me at all exasperated against her ; that I regretted, for her sake as much as for my own, all that had occurred ; that I was quite persuaded she had been urged against her better feelings into the course she had pursued. I begged her to believe that in seeking to vindicate myself, I would make every effort to spare her annoyance ; and I entreated her, finally, if it were in her power to do anything to relieve my unhappy position, that she would make an effort to that end, in consideration of our long friendship, and our late more endearing relations.

Several days elapsed without my hearing again from her ; for, unfortunately, my worthy Consul was so annoyed at her conduct at the trial, that he abandoned his former habit of visiting her. I trusted his displeasure would soon subside, as I was anxious to have news of her intentions towards me; and the more so, when I learnt that Consul Brown had dropped his intimacy with her the moment the trial was over, which shows he had some special interest in my condemnation, and only made use of Miss Gamble as a necessary instrument. My energetic Consul continued to manifest the most unwearied interest in my behalf ; and amongst other proofs of it, he addressed a letter, at my request, to the then Prince President of France. He thought, with me, that no means should be left untried to render my pardon more certain, and as he was aware of my former intimacy with this illustrious person, he was ready to aid me in any application I might deem it proper to make. To be sure I considered it rather a desperate expedient, for the Prince had quite enough on his hands just then in looking after France and himself, without being bothered by a luckless abductor, even though an old friend. I had little hope that my application would ever reach him, still I was so

sure of his real goodness of heart, that I thought it likely, if he heard of the case, he would condescend to say a word for me. It occurred to me that he might recollect that in other days I had crossed the Atlantic to penetrate into the depths of his dreary prison at Ham,* for the honor of bearing to him the sympathies of affectionate relatives and friends. All humble as I was, I remembered his expressions of satisfaction at seeing me again, after the lapse of years, and at finding me still as confident as ever in his ultimate triumph, and as devoted in his hour of disaster as in the day of prosperity. Recollecting this, I thought I might venture to address him, and lest I might be tempted into a too partial view of my own case, I begged my Consul to draw up the facts in his own name, which he readily consented to do. I esteem this brief statement of the American Consul's as too important to suppress, though I regret his dissatisfaction

* It may be interesting to relate that in seeking to obtain an interview with Prince Louis Napoleon in September, 1845, at the Citadel of Ham, where he was condemned for life, the greatest difficulties were thrown in my way by the French Government of that day. When permission was granted, I left Paris, but on arriving at Ham, I was told that I would be allowed to see the Prince but once, and that only for a period of four hours. It was over five years since I had been in the habit of meeting his Highness in London at the hospitable table of his uncle, the King Joseph, and for nearly the whole of that time he had been shut up in the desolate prison where I came. So profound was the impression of my interview with the Prince, that I requested his permission to publish it, which was kindly granted. As it was most important that I should not misrepresent his political views, I begged his Highness to look over my MSS., which he was condescending enough to do; and a correspondence ensued between us on the subject. My first letter to him on my return to Paris was promptly answered in the following amiable terms; and no one can read these lines without being forcibly struck at the incredible change in the fortunes of the writer, who was then a despised and unhappy captive, but who is now Emperor of France and arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

"*Citadel of Ham*,
"*October* 6, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I desired ardently to know your address, in order to thank you for the visit you lately paid me, and for the sympathy you manifested in my behalf with so much warmth as to touch me profoundly. Your letter of

with Miss Gamble at that moment induced him to express himself with more warmth than was his wont. After a short preface, wherein he explained his motives for addressing his Highness the Prince President, his letter ran as follows—

"I will, therefore, briefly state the facts as they came to my knowledge, and appeared on trial. On the 16th of November last, Mr. Wikoff called on me and related his adventure with a Miss Gamble, and said he apprehended that she was about instituting legal proceedings against him; but as it was only a farce he had played on her, in retaliation for the many she had played on him, he could not conceive it possible that it could assume the character of a grave and formal offence. Still, he thought it best to settle it, and wished me to call on the British Consul and have it arranged.

"I called as he requested, and found the lady there, who appeared most anxious to have the affair terminated without publicity. The British Consul, however, to whom she had confided her case, appeared determined, on the contrary, that the matter should go on. The following day nevertheless, it *was settled to the satisfaction of both parties!* but too

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the 3d, which I only received to-day, afforded me, then, a double satisfaction, by giving me news of yourself, and by enabling me to acquit myself of a legitimate debt.

"It is true, that I still groan under the weight of my defeat, and the more so that opinion has not entirely come back to me. I can only hope to reinstate myself by my scientific pursuits, and by my resignation. I am fully decided not to mix myself up again, in any way, with politics, and to await tranquilly a happier destiny. I am very grateful for whatever service you can render me, and I am obliged at your making mention of me in the work you propose shortly publishing, but I beg you, for your own sake as well as mine, to be on your guard against the stories that are told you, for Paris abounds with police agents, who often use falsehood only to discover truth. Believe only what you see and hear yourself. If my position is an unfortunate one, it has yet some compensations; and the greatest consolation I can meet with, is to receive from honorable men, like yourself, such proofs of interest and attachment. Receive, then, My Dear Mr. Wikoff, with my thanks, the assurance of my sentiments of esteem and sympathy.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS."

late, unfortunately, to stop legal proceedings. I had interviews with Miss Gamble whilst Mr. Wikoff was at the Consulate of the United States, and before he decided to give himself up to the police, when she implored me not to permit him to be arrested, saying he had many noble and generous qualities, and that love had prompted him to the act of sequestering her at Genoa. In subsequent interviews she *admitted that she had promised to marry Mr. Wikoff.* She complained, on another occasion, that she had been detained with her maid against her will in the apartment of Mr. Wikoff at Genoa, but *never complained of having been menaced by any threats of personal violence.* She is, however, excessively capricious, and now seems bent on his destruction. The case appears to me a most extraordinary one, and peculiarly hard for Mr. Wikoff.

"Further, I cannot but believe that the Tribunal here has been prejudiced, to some extent, by the *great exertions of the British Consul.* He, the Consul, was permitted, *without being sworn*, to give an opinion upon the general character of Mr. Wikoff—not from what he knew (for he admitted he knew nothing), but from what he had heard from others. But I will not trouble your Highness further with the facts or circumstances of the case. Suffice it to say that the conduct of the lady, since her stay in Genoa, has been such as to convince all parties of her intolerable fickleness; and, though this may not justify the romantic adventure of Mr. Wikoff, it certainly occasions regret that he should suffer imprisonment from the caprice of this lady."

My reader must remark that the facts of my arrest and imprisonment, as related by the American Consul with equal brevity and precision in the above letter, confirm the account I have already given. It is there seen that whatever might have been Miss Gamble's motive for appealing to the British Consul, she vehemently shrunk at first from making the farce I had played the subject of legal investigation, declaring that "love alone had prompted it." It is equally clear that the *dénoûment* which ensued originated in the precipitation and violence of Mr. Timothy Brown. The moderate but distinct declaration of the American Consul, that the tribunal was prejudiced by the *great exertions* of the British Consul, is not less striking.

Some three weeks had elapsed after the trial, and I felt disposed to go to work and draw up my petition for pardon. But there was one vital point connected with the matter necessary to ascertain beforehand, and that was the course Miss Gamble intended to take regarding it. It was the custom of the country that in every application for pardon, the name of the complainant should figure first on the list of those who supported it, and I was therefore anxious to know if my late betrothed would render me this essential service. I thought it possible that she might even go to Turin and ask the King in person for my restoration to liberty. Her tact, I supposed, would suggest this, even if her feelings were indifferent to the matter. She had sought my condemnation, doubtless, from politic motives, for she desired to convince her friends and the public that she was in the right; but I hoped she would be content with the triumph she had gained. Her wisest course now was to intercede for me, and I trusted she would do so either from feminine sympathy, or from anxiety to show the world that she was actuated by no vindictive spirit. The cessation of my Consul's visits had cut me off from all news of her; and this was so necessary to me, under the circumstances, that I begged him to call on her again and ascertain her dispositions. My Consul was never reluctant to do a kind act, and hoping to facilitate my escape from the horrors of my position, he readily agreed to go and see her. The fact is, though the Consul frequently condemned in lively terms the conduct of Miss Gamble, which he thought harsh and vacillating, still he bore her no ill-will; on the contrary, he always manifested the best feeling by advising her for good, and in seeking to save her from the counsels of the foolish or the malignant. He would sometimes go further in talking to me and say—

"I believe there is more love on her side than on yours, after all."

"Induce her to show it," I used to reply, "and I will be a ready convert to your opinion."

The Consul failed not to call on Miss Gamble as he had promised, and early the next morning he sent me the following note:

"*U. S. Consulate,*
"*March 2d*, 1852.

"DEAR SIR,—I saw Miss Gamble last evening and conversed with her for some time, but I could not clearly discover whether she was favorably disposed to you or not. She told me long stories of your courtship, and tried to make it appear that she had not encouraged your advances. Yet she seemed *exceedingly* pleased when I told her that you had recently said to me, 'I believe that Miss Gamble still entertains something more than mere friendship for me, and in spite of all her perverseness and foibles, I am excessively attached to her.' I can give you no decided opinion as to what course she will take, but on the whole, think she will neither intercede for nor oppose your application for pardon. My impression is that you have nothing to hope or to fear from Miss Gamble in regard to your pardon.

"I do not know how long she intends remaining at Genoa.

"Very truly yours,
"GEORGE G. BAKER.

"P. S. You know Miss Gamble, and may judge from the above, better than I can, what she intends to do."

"If I could ever have told what she intended to do," I soliloquized, after perusing the above, "I should not now be under the necessity of torturing my brains with conjecture."

I was disappointed to find that Miss Gamble was not disposed to rise to the level of the occasion. I knew her to be a woman of superior discernment, and it required no magnanimity to play the fine *rôle* that offered itself. I could not doubt her sagacity to see it, but it was evident she had not force enough of character to enact it. I learnt from my Consul when he came to see me, that Miss Gamble was more subdued in tone

than formerly, and in a mood, perhaps, to be won over to better inspirations. I determined, therefore, to write to her in an urgent strain, and endeavor by appeals to her reason and heart to awake her from that indecision that weighed upon her will, that, as the play says, "let I dare not, wait upon I would." I thought it well to send her also the letters I had addressed to her before the trial (and which the rogue Roquino suppressed, as already shown), for she had expressed to my Consul her surprise that I had never written to her at all. A couple of days afterwards the Consul was good enough to call and see what was the effect of my "spiriting," and he wrote me the next morning to this effect:

"*U. S. Consulate,*
"*March 9th*, 1852.

"DEAR SIR,—I saw Miss Gamble last evening. She had lately received your letters, and appeared to be in great distress and trouble; so much so, that she wept. She said to me that she could never be indifferent to your fate. She begged that you would publish nothing reflecting on her character, or it would injure you. She wished me to say to you * * * * * * * * *
and she entreats that you will spare her hereafter. She spoke of leaving Genoa soon.

"Yours, in haste,
"GEORGE G. BAKER.

"H. WIKOFF, ESQ."

I was pained to hear that Miss Gamble was suffering in mind, but still I thought her tears were a sign that her feelings, which had been so long congealed, were melting at last, and that all the evil influence implanted by her ex-adviser, Mr. Brown, would be carried away and drowned in the flood of nobler sentiments. I rejoiced at it, not merely for myself, but for the sake of her own future satisfaction of mind. Seeing that she seemed to apprehend hostile proceedings on my part hereafter, I wrote to assure her that I had no such intentions; and

that when I came to publish my vindication I would attribute no malice to her, but rather let fall the blame upon those who really merited it.

I heard nothing for two or three days, but I expected every hour the visit of my Consul, bringing the joyful intelligence that Miss Gamble had gone to Turin to procure my pardon ; and the boon of my liberty would have been less grateful to me than this graceful act of clemency on her part. What I had already suffered and lost would have vanished from my memory at this display of a generous repentance. The Consul came at last, but his countenance, on entering the room, had not the aspect I anticipated.

"Well, Consul," I said, gaily, "good news or bad? What does she say ? Has she decided ?"

"She has."

"I am glad of it. What is she going to do ?"

"*She is going to oppose your pardon,*" replied the Consul, with a look that conveyed what he did not care to express.

"Oppose my pardon ?" I slowly repeated, in a tone of utter incredulity.

"Yes," he continued, "Miss Gamble called on me yesterday, and stated her intention to enter her formal opposition to your pardon. She explained that she was anxious to complete her tour in Italy, and that if you were detained in prison, she would have no inconvenience to fear from you !"

I sat down and brooded in silence over this unlooked-for information. A thousand emotions filled my breast, and for a few moments impeded my utterance. The Consul, meanwhile, glanced over the pages of a book lying on the table, leaving me to renew the conversation when I felt disposed.

"You were wrong in your Kentucky phrase," I observed, at last, "when you said on the night of my condemnation that 'she had jumped her length !'"

"It seems so," returned the Consul, "for there are lengths to which I thought it impossible she could go."

"Well, it is useless," I remarked, "to waste more words upon her. Appeal and remonstrance are alike ineffectual. But what is to be done? Will her opposition, think you, compel me to linger out a whole year longer in this horrible place."

"I hope not, sincerely," said the Consul, with much feeling; "but it is, I learn, a serious obstacle to your immediate pardon. It will be much worse if Mr. Brown, or any one else, should avail themselves of Miss Gamble's opposition as a pretext to detain you in prison."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, quite startled at this intimation, "have you heard that such a thing is meditated?"

"There are rumors of the sort flying about, and I fear that the benevolent intentions of the Government towards you will be strenuously resisted."

"There is no doubt," I declared, somewhat excited, "that a secret influence has worked from the beginning to undermine me. At first it was sought to send me to the galleys for ten years or more. I owe my escape chiefly, Consul, to your energetic interference. Then it was attempted to immure me in a prison for four years, as demanded by the Fiscal Advocate at my trial. This failed from the rottenness of the evidence and the bungling of Mr. Brown. And now, it appears, an effort is making to prevent my pardon, lest it might reinstate me in public opinion. I fear to abuse your good nature, else I would ask you a favor."

"I think you an ill-used man," was the Consul's prompt reply, "and if I can assist you, I shall not hesitate. What do you wish?"

"Will you go to Turin," I inquired, "and see our *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Kinney. Endeavor to ascertain, through him, if you please, what are the intentions of the Government concerning me, and inform him, also, of the intrigues that you suspect are on foot."

"I see no objection to that," said the amiable man. "I shall go to Turin to-morrow, and will, probably, bring you back some definite information. Do not be too sanguine, though, for I fear you are destined to keep your cage for some time to come."

The Consul was as good as his word, and left for Turin next day. I awaited his return in painful suspense.

My patience had been sorely tried by all the vicissitudes I had undergone since the evil day I had renewed my acquaintance with Miss Gamble, but I found nothing so difficult to reconcile my mind to as this last cruel decision of hers to prolong the misery of my captivity in this hideous jail. For the first time I was convinced that my attachment to her had been sincere, and profound, for I felt no anger at what I could not but regard as an unfeeling and uncalled-for act. I thought it puerile to give way to any violent chagrin ; and therefore I put a restraint on the tendency of my mind in that direction. A phrase from one of her own letters frequently recurred to me—"How painful is a sense of the unworthiness of a person we love," and I found such a conviction so intolerable, that I preferred to discover, or to invent, some palliation for this strangest freak of all. I could not allow myself to believe that her object was to detain me, to the last hour, in this disgusting prison ; for this would have been to accuse her of the most odious cruelty. I felt sure it was not malice that induced her to oppose my pardon, but rather a keen apprehension that once at liberty I would set to work and publish a full explanation of the whole affair. By keeping me in duresse for a few months longer, she likely inferred that my acute suffering would force me into a pledge of sparing her the annoyance of any public statement of my case, and that other means might also be employed to urge me into renouncing this dreaded result. Such a policy was neither generous nor wise ; but there are many people who only take counsel of their fears, and commit, not merely the greatest errors, but frequently bring

about the very end they seek to avoid. Had Miss Gamble obtained my liberty her safety would have been in my gratitude, and that failing, her protection by public opinion was certain against a man who disowned so serious an obligation. A vulgar nature may be cowed by rigor, though it is the worst method; but if Miss Gamble believed as she wrote and said, that I was better endowed, wl y did she not throw herself on my generosity? But there was another motive that, probably, had its weight with her and others. If I received a prompt remission of my sentence, she feared, no doubt, that the world would conclude me innocent; whereas, if my pardon was postponed or rejected, the inference would tell against me, and in favor of her who had prosecuted me. This calculation was a shrewd one; for it was all-important to Miss Gamble that opinion on the spot ıould appear to approve her conduct.

It seemed strange to me that a woman, however strong her ntellect, should give herself up so entirely to the cold dictates of an inflexible policy; but with the fatality that attended her from the hour she turned her hand against me, she preferred to go forward in ill rather than retreat back to her better self.

The reason she had given the American Consul for leaving my bolts undrawn—that I might molest her travels—I could not persuade myself was a sufficient one in her eyes to subject me to the slow torture of my degrading imprisonment. The motives I have arrayed she may not have thought it discreet to avow, but they were beyond question the real ones.

Reflections like these, amplified a thousand-fold, absorbed my mind so completely as to make me momentarily insensible to my situation.

The Consul's absence was a short one, and he called on me with one of my countrymen, General D——, of New York, a few hours after his return. He handed me a letter from my *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin, to the following effect:—

"*Turin, March* 15, 1852.
"*U. S. Legation.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter, asking my interposition in favor of the application you propose making for a remission of the judicial sentence against you has been received, and shall have, as your painful case has had, my most careful consideration.

"I send this by the Consul: through whom, I presume, it may be properly delivered.

"I remain,
"Your very humble and obedient Servant,
"W. B. KINNEY.

"HENRY WIKOFF, ESQ.,
"Genoa."

"This is very obliging, on the part of Mr. Kinney," I said, "but did you get any news of my probable fate?"

"I did," replied the Consul, in a tone that foreshadowed his announcement, "But I am unwilling to say from what quarter I obtained it."

"That is quite unnecessary," I observed; "but let me know all without reserve."

"Then, I fear, your pardon is impossible," continued the Consul. "The Goverment, I know, are exceedingly well disposed to you; and they would probably have ignored the veto of Miss Gamble, for her conduct is condemned on every side; but, as I apprehended, the English ambassador at Turin has laid hold of her opposition, and uses it so powerfully against you, that the Government are embarrassed, and will do nothing, at all events, for the present."

"It is appalling, indeed," I replied, after a violent effort to master my emotion, "the idea of being longer detained in this den of thieves; but if it must be so, there is nothing left but to summon my courage to bear it. The fact you state, however, that diplomacy has seized upon the hostility of Miss Gamble, as a means to carry out some purpose of its own, is a singular one

indeed, and will infallibly lead some day to an *exposé* that had better been avoided."

"It is in very bad taste, to say the least," declared my Consul; "but I leave you to treat the matter as you think fit. However, do not give way to despondency, for something may turn up to your advantage. Meanwhile you will be pleased to hear, I am sure, that all my English friends at Genoa and Turin express great sympathy for you, and denounce in strong terms the behavior of Mr. Brown. In proof of it, I may mention that an English gentleman of high character, Captain Pakenham, R.N., who has been wintering at Genoa, has desired me to say he would be happy to call on you, and render you any service in his power."

"It will give me infinite pleasure to receive him," was my reply, "and I am not surprised, though much gratified, to learn that English sentiment is opposed to the unbecoming and inexcusable proceedings of Mr. Timothy Brown."

"Well, write me a line," said the Consul, getting up to go away, "that you would like to see Captain Pakenham, and I will hand it to him."

The statement of my Consul, that Miss Gamble's protest against my pardon was caught at by a distinguished diplomatist at Turin, as a pretext to prolong my imprisonment, was fully corroborated by succeeding events. I have collected abundant testimony as to this inexplicable fact; and it is impossible to quote higher authority than the present Prime Minister of Sardinia, the Count de Cavour, who declared to a friend of mine that "Mr. Wikoff's pardon would have been promptly granted but for the determined resistance of —— Ambassador at Turin."

I shall say no more at present of this strange event; for it is my intention to take the matter up at another time, and discuss it more deliberately than is compatible with my object in the volume in hand.

CHAPTER XX.

ST. ANDREA.

It thus appeared that in the face of common sense and humanity I was to be detained for some months longer in this abominable place, and it may be supposed that it was a bitter draught to swallow. I thought it childish, however, to be making grimaces about it, or to give way to useless railing. I endeavored, on the other hand, to habituate myself as much as possible to the weariness of the life I was destined to lead. It was not the confinement in itself that I found the most difficult to endure. But the sight of the infamous wretches around me, whose contact it was impossible at all times to avoid, was loathsome in the extreme. The corridor I had formerly occupied alone, and whose dark solitude was far preferable to association with the miserable felons so near me, was now sadly metamorphosed. It had been found that, for want of sufficient air, the place was considered too unhealthy to be converted into cells, even for the worst criminals, so it had been decided to turn it into shops, to be occupied only by day, and to remove the prisoners to other dormitories for the night. Whatever might be the consequences to my health, it was impossible to change my quarters unless I could manage to herd it up-stairs in the large room before alluded to. It cost me no hesitation to decide on staying where I was, for the chance of illness was far less insupportable than living in immediate contact with the filthy outcasts that for the most part made up its occupants.

It is a disgrace to the municipality of Genoa that in a town where it is the custom to imprison, even before the offence is inquired into, that some locality is not assigned for indivi-

duals accused of venial infractions of law, or of political misdemeanors. Whilst a tenant of St. Andrea, I remarked several instances of persons condemned for political publications treated no better than so many *forçats*, or common thieves. I considered myself fortunate to be the sole owner of a rather comfortable cell which, though paved in brick and sweating with damp, was a *boudoir* of luxury compared to the alternatives that surrounded me.

I got through my day well enough in reading and writing, for I was allowed to receive my French and English newspapers, and to correspond with my friends. At night the mercurial Bini was always on hand to struggle with me at a game of chess, which I found a much more economical amusement than the diversion at cards which Roquino had introduced me to.

The trial of Bini was approaching, and though I sincerely longed for his acquittal, I looked forward with real regret to the loss of his lively company. He had run out the history of his exciting adventures in quest of glory, but he was invariably at boiling point upon some topic or other. He declaimed less violently than of yore against oligarchies and the carabiniers, whom he used to call "the instruments of despotism," but he was never in want of a theme. The luckless lawyer, who was to defend him, came in for a share of his energetic indignation at not hurrying on his trial; and Roquino was always there in the absence of another victim. Roquino, it seems, still clung to his old system of plunder; and though his attention was momentarily diverted from me by the vigilance of Bini, yet he contrived to keep his hand in for all that. Dinner once over, and everything edible dispatched, Bini gave himself no further concern about the rest; but Roquino knowing that the eye of the barricader was no longer upon him, gave himself up, it appeared, to a sly bit of accumulation that he hoped would make up for his late losses. By a simple process of addition, he discovered

that a couple of plates that he *forgot* every day to return to the restaurant that supplied me, would make just five dozen at the end of the month, and his fancy was doubtless busy in devising means to get them into market without giving rise to any awkward suspicions.

As Bini was a political prisoner, he had the run of the prison, and his activity found vent in ransacking every nook and corner of it. He was everywhere and in everybody's way, and plunged to his eyes in everybody's business the live-long day; but as Roquino got out of his path, no one else ventured to interfere. In one of his peregrinations he stumbled, in some dark corner, one day over the mass of unreclaimed crockery aforesaid, and big with the discovery, he rushed into my room, and prancing around like a madman, he poured volley after volley of his red-hot invective on the head of the peccant Roquino, who happened to be with me settling one of his weekly accounts.

The delinquent bore the revelation with tolerable composure, and put the fault on the basket, which he declared was too small to contain all the return plates, and hence their *accidental* accumulation. The defence was a lame one, but there was no proof of guilty intention. Let Roquino alone for steering clear of proofs.

Bini threatened to carry up the case to head-quarters, but I interfered, lest, in order to remove Roquino beyond the pale of temptation, it might be decided to withdraw him from my service altogether, and it was impossible for me to get on without him. Bini was pacified at last, by my giving him authority to see that the stray property in question was duly restored to its owner and no questions asked.

Roquino assented with the readiness of a rogue who had escaped a difficulty; but I heard him, for the first time, mutter a vow of vengeance, and I hinted to the ubiquitous Bini that he had better look to himself hereafter.

My Consul lost no time in conveying to Captain Pakenham the note he had suggested my addressing him, and I received the following reply the day after :—

"*Genoa, March*, 1852.

"H. Wikoff, Esq.,

"Sir—I am at all times disposed to render any service in my power to a citizen of the United States. The subject to which your note refers is one of considerable delicacy; and I feel, therefore, some apprehension of committing an intrusion in mixing myself up with it. Under this reserve, and limiting myself to a temporary residence at Genoa, I will do myself the pleasure to call upon you to-morrow.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"John Pakenham, Capt., R.N."

The writer of the above is pretty well known to the English world abroad and at home. A member of the illustrious Wellington family, and one of the oldest Captains on the navy roll of England, his social position gave great weight in my eyes to the good feeling he manifested for me as "a citizen of the United States." He had resided much, I understood, of late years in Tuscany, where his zeal in the Protestant cause had involved him in frequent disputes with its fanatical Government. He was, by all accounts, a man of strong convictions, benevolent impulses, and decided character, and no sooner was he convinced that a cause, or an individual, had been unjustly dealt by, than he sided with either, at once, from that love of fair play which is so thoroughly English.

In compliance with his promise he called on me the succeeding day, accompanied by my Consul. He was a person of some fifty years and upwards. The clear and mild expression of his bright blue eye denoted his intelligence and amiable disposition. His manners were simple and frank; his conversation practical, and his views honestly expressed, without regard to persons or position. There was no mistaking his character, or his nation.

He stated at once, in plain terms, the motive of his visit and his desire to serve me.

"I have come to see you," he said, "to express my regret at finding you in such a place as this, and to declare without reserve that the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Brown towards you is viewed with extreme dissatisfaction by all his countrymen here. I should be very sorry if it was thought by you, or your worthy Consul, that his behavior is at all a correct expression of English sentiment towards Americans, and my anxiety to prevent a conclusion so much to be deprecated is my chief reason for intruding myself upon you."

"I appreciate, sir," I replied, "the honor of your visit, and believe me, it is a profound consolation to hear you disavow, for yourself and countrymen at Genoa, the eccentric interference of Mr. Brown in my unfortunate affair, and which has, naturally, produced no small irritation amongst all Americans who have heard of it. I have lived too long in England not to know that Mr. Brown is no exponent of English feeling towards the United States; and I am certain that should the knowledge of his strange behavior come under the observation of his Government and countrymen at home, that it will be gravely condemned."

"You are quite right," continued Captain Pakenham; "his conduct will be censured by every Englishman who is made acquainted with the facts of this absurd affair. I am very glad to see you do not interpret his treatment of you into an expression of English dislike to Americans. Believe me, no such thing exists now-a-days, for the old jealousies have disappeared with our old quarrels; and kindly sentiments and mutual respect have sprung up in their place. The deportment of Mr. Brown to you is quite out of date, and you may depend on it, that once known it will be disowned. But what can I do to aid you? As you have been connected with our Government, why not write to Lord Palmerston?"

"But Lord Palmerston is no longer a member of the Government," I answered.

"True," returned Captain Pakenham. "Well, write, then, to Mr. Addington, of the Foreign Office, and ask him to lay your case before Lord Granville, the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs."

"I should do so," was my reply, "if I thought my statement would be attended with any result; but Mr. Brown has, no doubt, poisoned the mind of the English Minister at Turin, to whom the matter would naturally be referred by Lord Granville, and so my chance of relief would be small."

Captain Pakenham reflected for a few moments, and then said—

"Well, to prove to you, as far as I am concerned, that I think your case is entitled to the fullest sympathy, I will write, if you wish it, to the American Minister at London, whom I have the honor to know, and call his attention to the matter."

"I thank you most gratefully for your kind offer," I observed, "for any representation of my case by a person of your standing, and who has been an eye-witness to all that has occurred, must be received as impartial testimony, and may do me an essential service."

"I shall be exceedingly gratified," returned the gallant Captain, "if such should be the result;" and so saying he took his leave of me, kindly promising to call occasionally whilst he remained at Genoa.

The very next day I received a note from Captain Pakenham, informing me that he had written to the Hon. A. Lawrence, United States Minister at London, and inclosing a copy of his letter, which ran as follows:—

"His Excellency Hon. A. Lawrence,
&c., &c., &c.

"*Genoa, March*, 1852.

"Dear Sir—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, I have

troubled you with one or two applications in favor of the poor Tuscans suffering from the most unjustifiable religious persecution. I hope that in doing so I have not been considered too intrusive. The subject on which I have now to trouble you is one of a different description altogether ; and my advocacy is for a citizen of the United States, of whom I knew personally nothing until he claimed my advice and assistance. You have heard, no doubt, of a case which has created here a good deal of sensation. It arose out of a rather protracted love affair, terminating in a scene more fit for a romance than for a court of law, but which has placed the person to whom I allude under a *very severe* sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment in an Italian jail. As Mr. Wikoff knows you personally, I will leave to him the right to tell his own story ; my object in interfering being to prevent anything that had the effect of generating unkindly feelings between the citizens of the United States and those of Great Britain. In the matter in hand, I have no hesitation in saying that the conduct of the British Consul here, as set forth in the printed report of the trial, has had that effect. I know that such is the impression on the mind of the prisoner, and on that of the United States Consul here ; and the communication of such views to the citizens of the United States passing through Genoa are likely to lead to unpleasant results.

" The whole affair was capable of an amicable adjustment at the beginning, and never ought to have been the subject of a public trial ! It has exposed to much scandal more than one individual moving in respectable society, and if some remedy be not applied, such is the natural irritation of the sufferer, that he will give extended publicity to the whole through the press, and then the mischief will be a hundredfold.

" I would venture to suggest that your Excellency should request Lord Granville to instruct Mr. Hudson, our envoy at Turin, to move his Sardinian Majesty for a pardon for Mr. Wikoff, the effect of which interference will be exactly the opposite to that which the indiscretion of the British Consul here leads me to apprehend.

" Your Excellency's

" Very obedient and humble servant,

" JOHN PAKENHAM, Capt. R.N."

I am sure that the sound sense and correct feeling displayed in the above letter would find an echo in every English mind, as familiarly acquainted with the details of my case as was its

distinguished writer. With the firmness of his character, and the authority of his social rank, he gave undisguised expression to his opinion of Consul Brown's "indiscretion," and the simple solution he suggested was alike obvious and humane. The American Minister at London returned a prompt reply to the application addressed to him, saying it would afford him great satisfaction to give me any aid in his power; but that it would be in violation of his duty to take any steps in the matter, as suggested, without the approbation of Mr. Kinney, United States *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin, to whose especial jurisdiction the affair in question belonged.

Captain Pakenham, who continued to visit me at short intervals, on hearing this, proposed, if I thought fit, to forward a letter to Mr. Joshua Bates, urging him, as he was so well acquainted with the matter, to make some friendly exertions on my behalf.

I accepted, with the warmest acknowledgments, this new act of kindness on the part of this "fine old English gentleman;" for whether his efforts succeeded in obtaining my pardon or not, I considered his zealous espousal of my cause as the best testimony of my innocence of any unworthy conduct, whilst his statements made on the spot, and after the most careful investigation, would be my best protection hereafter against calumny and misrepresentation. The letter to Mr. Bates was duly dispatched, and I am pleased to furnish my readers with a copy.

"Joshua Bates, Esq.,
London.

Genoa, March, 1852.

"Sir—There can be no better position than the one occupied by you for pronouncing on the fitness of the following suggestion, which arises out of the affair between Miss Gamble and Mr. Wikoff. It would, certainly, require some ingenuity to have found in the reality of this love-story the miserable materials of an indifferent romance; and yet, by the indiscre-

tion of parties applied to, it has been made to occupy a lawsuit—to spread much scandal—to be published *in extenso*, and to create a state of feeling between citizens of the United States and those of Great Britain the reverse of what every friend of either could wish. There is nothing more fraught with mischief to national susceptibilities than trumpery affairs of this kind, *magnified by malevolence into serious crimes*, and producing feelings of exasperation. My conviction is, that this affair was capable at the very beginning of an easy, amicable arrangement, and that it ought to have been so arranged. The mere perusal of the trial, as printed, will show *where* the fault lies of its not having been so; and it really seems too bad that the inflation of an individual, although filling an office which requires the exercise of a sound and conciliating judgment, should produce effects so deplorable.

"There are other considerations I might add to these, but your penetration will at once perceive what they are, and how desirable it is that even now whatever can be done should be, and that promptly. It seems to me that means might easily be taken to induce Lord Granville to apply through the British Minister at Turin for Mr. Wikoff's free pardon, and thus cover with a gracious act the blunder already committed, and consign to insignificance and forgetfulness a story which can only owe a lengthened interest to the *extravagant* imprisonment of one of the actors in the comedy.

"I may add that I know nothing of either of the parties, but that, having been asked for advice and assistance by Mr. Wikoff, I *have made inquiries into the matter*, and now give you the impressions thereby produced.

"I am, sir, your very humble servant,

"JOHN PAKENHAM, Capt., R.N."

I can hardly be mistaken in supposing that the dispassionate and considerate views of Captain Pakenham, who was an observer of all that passed, will be received by the English world as conclusive testimony of the really insignificant nature of my case. With the forbearance of a high-bred gentleman, he makes no criticism on the conduct of Miss Gamble; nor was her name ever mentioned in any conversations between us on the subject. With the manliness of his character, he boldly casts

the blame of this scandal on its sole author, Mr. Consul Brown, whose perverse disposition led him, not only to expose an impulsive woman to endless vexations, but to subject me to an amount of humiliation and suffering totally disproportioned to the venial offence committed. For my part, I rejoice that the temperate, but distinct expositions of Captain Pakenham will satisfy all parties that I have given way to no anger or prejudice in my comments on Mr. Timothy Brown's conduct, and that I have neither exaggerated nor distorted it. I bear him no malice ; nor should I have made him so prominent a figure in my canvas, but that he chose to identify himself so completely with the incidents that befel me at Genoa, that it is impossible to relate them without bringing him conspicuously forward. In fine, that his ill-treatment of me should have stirred up the angry sympathies of my countrymen, on the spot and elsewhere, is natural enough ; and, therefore, the motives that inspired the generous interposition of Captain Pakenham in my favor can only be regarded as the more judicious and commendable.

It was about the middle of March that one day I was quietly writing in my room, when Bini came rushing in and tumbling over everything in his way, dashed to the window, screaming at the top of his voice—

"*Damigella* Gamble ! *Damigella* Gamble !"

I gazed at the brawling fellow in astonishment, wondering whether he had lost his wits, or was trying to practise on my credulity. He kept on making signals to some one below, and addressing me meanwhile in his incomprehensible French, the only word of which I could make out was *regardez*. I looked out to satisfy him, but all I could see was the copper-colored phiz of my quondam *valet-de-place*, Cavallari, who was dancing about in the court-yard below in the same wild excitement that possessed Bini above.

I waited calmly till their Italian *furore* blew over, when I learnt the sudden cause of their fantastic gyrations.

It appears that Miss Gamble, attended by Miss Bennett, and a *cicerone*, had actually ventured within the gloomy precincts of St. Andrea. She was caught sight of by Cavallari, who was waiting below to pay me a visit, when he communicated by a shout the information to Bini, who flew off *instanter* to convey the startling intelligence to me. The moment Miss Gamble remarked that her presence was discovered, she turned about and disappeared as suddenly as she came.

It turned out upon inquiry, that she could have had no other object than to get a view of the prison where I was confined, preparatory to her leaving Genoa. Her impressions of the locality, I think, must have been far from favorable, for nothing could be more shocking and repulsive than the exterior view of the prison and its inmates. The building itself had a grimy and revolting aspect; but the worst feature was the sight of the miserable wretches that crowded all the windows the whole day long, poking their legs and arms through the iron bars, as expressive, I suppose, of their longing to be at liberty again. Familiar as was this *tableau vivant* to my eye, I could never regard it without disgust, and what effect it must have had for the first time on the vision of Miss Gamble I can easily imagine. If she did not give way, then, to a keen sense of compassion for the frightful position that through her I was reduced to, why she must have been made of sterner stuff than I ever fancied. I have no doubt she must have felt both compunction and horror, and I even ventured to hope that, aroused to a conviction of my suffering by the palpable proofs of my situation, she would abandon her policy and stretch out a hand to my rescue; or, at all events, manifest a desire to do so, which would have been a consolation in itself. Had Miss Gamble only withdrawn her opposition to my pardon, *no other party could have*

sheltered themselves behind that pretext, and the Government, I repeat, would cheerfully have accorded it. A day or two after this my Consul brought me news of the departure of Miss Gamble for the Baths of Lucca, in prosecution of her Italian tour.

"She is gone, then," I said, painfully surprised, "and sent me no message of regret, or even of good cheer."

"Not a word," replied the Consul. "She called at my house yesterday to bid adieu to my wife, when she talked of several indifferent matters, but said nothing of you or your sad condition. I always told you Brown would carry the day, and now you see it, and feel it too, I dare say."

"The triumph is yours, my dear Consul," I answered, a good deal more upset than I affected to be, "and Brown has turned out Cæsar's Cæsar, as you predicted. I never thought, though, she would abandon me, so old a friend, in such a sorry plight as this. I confess that hope never forsook me utterly up to this hour, and now"—

"And *now*," interrupted the Consul, with one of his dry smiles, "you are going, I hope, to 'whistle her down the winds,' as the play says, a prey to some new adorer. It is high time you banished her from your mind, but there's no denying your right to say and think what you please of her."

"You must do me the justice," I observed, "to admit that I have never in a single instance said aught against her, and never shall. She has been led into a false view of her position, but sooner or later she will discover her errors and repent. Her conscience will one day avenge me."

"I don't see," said the Consul, abruptly, "what good that will do, if you are to be kept in this horrible place the year out. However, there's no use repining. You must make the best of it, my man; and what I can do to mitigate the severity of your martyrdom you may count on."

"If anything could compensate me for Miss Gamble's rough usage," I replied, in a tone of unfeigned emotion, "it is your indefatigable kindness, my dear sir. I don't know in what manner to express my gratitude."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed this amiable man, "I want no thanks for standing by a fellow-countryman in distress. I shall come and see you every day, and bring you all the news, and lots of your countrymen to visit you, as they all take a real interest in your misfortune."

Miss Gamble's final departure from Genoa was the last blow to my illusions, for I persisted in thinking to the last that, not from any tender motive, but out of common humanity, she would turn round and offer to assist me; or, failing in that, console me, at least, by the expression of her sorrow. Twist it and turn it as I could, her calm disappearance from the scene of my captivity, after throwing in the way an insurmountable obstacle to my deliverance, was by far the heaviest pang she had yet inflicted on me; and of all her thoughtless acts, it was this one that cost me the hardest effort to forget and forgive. It afforded me no satisfaction to believe her a heartless woman, and it was not merely out of regard, but more from a sense of justice, that I refused to come to this solution of her conduct.

It must be seen, from the description of my courtship, that it was nothing else than a long and obstinate struggle between us. My object was plain enough. Sensible of my esteem for her, and confiding in her expressions of regard for myself, I sought for the natural termination of such a state of things in a marriage; whereas she, upon one pretext or another, constantly aimed at delay and postponement, not merely from a love of coquetry—which was certainly one of her besetting sins—but more, I am persuaded, from a desire to obtain a stronger ascendancy over my will which she secretly feared and resisted. Through the whole of this unlooked-for episode of Genoa, I suspect

she never entirely lost sight of her object, and the chief reason of her carrying on the war against me with such unremitting vigor was, possibly, the cherished hope of finally breaking down my pride and forcing me into a suppliant tone and attitude.

If I had appeared at the trial, pale and worn with suffering, and had acknowledged by my humbled manner that she had, at last, obtained her coveted supremacy over me, her *amour propre* would have been gratified, and her feelings perhaps touched; and she might, nay, I think would, have acted differently. But seeing me on that occasion perfectly calm and erect; firm, though conciliating; not in the least subdued by my situation, nor alarmed at the power she then wielded over me, she was disappointed, irritated, and enraged; and what a woman is capable of, under stimulants like these, the chroniclers of love-stories have furnished endless examples.

If, before her departure, I had abandoned my dignified but sad demeanor, and besought her in abject terms of submission to stoop to my relief, it is always possible that she would have thrown aside the callous and haughty bearing she had hitherto worn, and abandoned herself to the control of those soft, generous, and elevated sentiments that doubly became her as a woman and an old friend. It is pretty certain that if I could, after all my experience, have brought myself to rely upon her, I would gladly have adopted any tone to escape from my miserable fate; but though fanatically clinging to the conviction that she was not dead to all gentle emotion, and, therefore, an exception to her sex, yet I knew her to be so completely at the mercy of every gust of caprice, that I thought it useless to beseech her further. My reader may likely think that my self-love has led me into a very fanciful explanation or defence of Miss Gamble's apparent indifference to the degradation she had brought on me; but I have done no more than give a faithful transcript of my state of mind on the day I heard of her exit from

Genoa. I have not thought it worth while to fill up the picture by throwing in the Rembrandt shades that in reality cast their deep shadow athwart it. I leave that to the sympathetic fancy of those who can enter into the details of a position as desolate and trying as was mine at that moment. In the midst of all I preserved some degree of equanimity, and my reproaches at the stern desertion of the fair author of my calamity were no more bitter than those so melodiously expressed by the bard on another occasion :—

> "For thee I panted, thee I prized,
> For thee I gladly sacrificed
> Whate'er I loved before;
> And shall I see thee flee away,
> And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
> Farewell, we meet no more!"

From this time forward I struggled to act on the advice of my Consul, and to reconcile myself to the lot it seemed impossible to escape from. Instead of giving way to aversion and horror at the scenes and outcasts it was my daily necessity to confront, I sought to envelop my feelings in a thick panoply of philosophical endurance, and to regard the singular ordeal I was called on to undergo as one of those sudden vicissitudes of life that all are subject to, and meant for some wise purpose. I resigned myself, with what cheerfulness I could, to my forlorn prospect, and endeavored to gulp down, without shrinking, the nauseous dose it was my fate to have administered.

The trial of Bini came on towards the end of March, and the certainty of his acquittal became so apparent that Roquino, it appeared, determined on the first opportunity to avail himself of the only chance he should ever have to give the unsuspecting Bini a bit of his mind, and the manner he effected this was eminently characteristic. His sensibility, which laid in his pocket, had suffered too much by Bini's constant interference

with his accounts to make him abandon the small satisfaction he promised himself. It was the custom of the prison for the turnkeys to make a tour through all the wards several times during the night to see that all was right, and the first visit began at ten o'clock. At this hour Bini was invariably in my room, engaged at a game of chess, and though, by regulation, he ought to have been locked up, yet out of courtesy to me, Colombo always allowed him to remain till I gave over playing. But on the very night before his trial, he was ordered, for the first time, to go to his own room, and was duly bolted in. Bini was exceedingly enraged at this unusual exercise of authority, which Roquino seemed vastly to enjoy, for it was he who had planned it for a special purpose. The turnkeys went off in the prosecution of their round, as usual; but Roquino lingered in my room till the coast was quite clear, when, with that stoical *sang froid* which distinguished him, he went to the door of Bini, and opening the little window that allowed the turnkeys to inspect the interior of the cells, he began, in "choice Italian," to empty on the defenceless head of his victim the hoarded phials of his wrath. There was not an epithet in the wide range of a turnkey's vocabulary, or an insult that malice could invent, which was not liberally poured forth on the occasion. Bini's fury was quite indescribable, and the more so that there was no escape or relief. He was clearly no match for Roquino in the rhetoric of Billingsgate, and he ran round his room like an enraged hyena in a cage. Roquino, meanwhile, feeling his security, stood with his arms folded, regarding with calm delight, the impotent passion of his detested rival.

At last Bini made a violent rush at the door, and dashed his arm through the wicket, hoping to plant a blow on his tormentor's nose; but the vigilant turnkey was on his guard, and adroitly catching hold of the exposed limb, held its unhappy

owner pinioned fast. The struggling and kicking of poor Bini to get loose were more diverting than all the rest, till Roquino, seeing the opportunity, suddenly let go his hold, and away went the unfortunate barricader, rolling head over heels to the other side of the cell. Roquino was satisfied, and with a demoniac laugh he let fly a parting volley of odorous adjectives, and closed the wicket with a bang.

"Now," he said, quietly, "he may go and be—acquitted. I have settled my account with him." Bidding me good night, he rammed his hands complacently into his pockets, and sauntered off, whistling a tune he never changed, as unmoved as though he had been listening the while to a drowsy sermon. This was a fit climax to the protracted duel that had been so long waging between these well-assorted combatants; and, in the way of comedy, I saw nothing to surpass it during my stay at St. Andrea.

The next morning Bini flew like a wild cat all over the prison in search of Roquino. "Set him before me, ye gods," was his cry, but in vain. The turnkeys were allowed a holiday in succession every week, and the astute Roquino knew it was his turn on the day in question, and was therefore amongst the missing. Bini had, in consequence, to abandon his revenge, and to occupy himself with his trial, now coming on. He joined me at breakfast with a haggard look, and downcast eye, but I restored his usual buoyancy in a minute, by offering to rig him up in a manner that would gratify his love of finery, and impress his judges with a due sense of his respectability. The poor fellow brought no luggage into prison but what he carried on his back, and his only suit bore evident traces of the wear and tear it had undergone. He had been busy for several days stitching, darning, and mending, but his appearance was not at all what suited his ideas of an ex-President of the Barricades.

To make amends for his discomfiture of the previous night,

as well as to reward his late zeal in my behalf, I agreed to supply all deficiencies, even to a pair of white gloves that he had set his heart on, and his content at this addition to his wardrobe was so complete that he was ready to embrace all the world, and wanted to begin with me. I declined his hug, but extracted from him a promise of forgiveness for the absent Roquino.

Bini was fully acquitted, but returned once more to St. Andrea to bid me adieu. How I envied his good fortune! He had not the wherewith to get a meal, but he thought of nothing but the joy of his recovered liberty. He looked on the world, however, with the resolute eye of Shakspeare's *Pistol*, as an "oyster" that he could find the way to open. Confident in his energy, he left the rest to chance. *Fata viam invenient.* He was quite disenchanted with the deceitful charms of the siren Revolution, and his mind was now absorbed by the pacific calculations of honest trade. I made him a small loan to start with (which he faithfully returned), and I parted with him with sincere regret. I heard of him occasionally afterwards, and he was always getting on most prosperously.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. ANDREA.

At the beginning of April the Director of St. Andrea, whose civility was extreme, accorded me a boon of inestimable value by allowing me an hour's exercise every day in the open air, on a species of inclosed terrace in front of the prison. It was a great relief to exchange, even for so short a period, the hard brick floor of my room and the foul atmosphere within, for the fresh breeze and the elastic touch of the familiar earth without. A further piece of good fortune at this time was the pleasant

society of a man of education and refinement, Dr. P—— of Genoa, who had been condemned to a month's incarceration for a political pamphlet, which had reflected rather sarcastically on the intolerance of the Catholic priesthood of Italy. He was a person of fine literary tastes and much reading; and had, on many occasions, taken an active part in the political struggles of Sardinia, both with his pen and the sword. He was present at the ill-fated battle of Novara as aid-de-camp to General Ramorino, whose tragical death he had witnessed, and of whose mysterious career he gave me many singular details. My daily converse with this amiable and accomplished person, who was no better satisfied with his lodgings than myself, was a charming diversion to the monotony of my life, and tended to give a healthier tone to my reflections. Though his imprisonment was only for a brief month, he found it so intolerable, that he was hourly longing for its termination.

An odd incident occurred whilst he was a tenant of St. Andrea, that may be worth relating. Dr. P—— received one day the visit of the Chevalier de F.——, the Questore of Genoa, with whom he was well acquainted, and it appears that my imprisonment was the chief motive of his call. Whilst discussing the matter, the Questore remarked that suspicions were entertained at Turin, by the diplomatic personage before alluded to, and others, that my political views were not favorable to Parliamentary Government, and that if I could succeed in removing these doubts, it would hasten more than anything else my restoration to liberty.

"What mode do you suggest," asked Dr. P——, "as the most expedient to this end?"

"Let him draw up," replied the Questore, "a distinct confession of his political faith, and send it to me. I will forward it immediately to Turin, and if it be found satisfactory he may count upon its beneficial effects."

This intimation was duly conveyed to me by Dr. P——, and

I need hardly say that it both surprised and amused me. It was an additional proof that some political intrigue was at the bottom of my condemnation and detention in prison, whilst the folly of Miss Gamble was only used as a veil to cloak it. I said this much to my fellow-prisoner, Dr. P——.

"From what the Questore let drop during our conversation," was the reply, "I am convinced that it is so ; but why not draw up some paper of the kind suggested, if it will facilitate your pardon ?"

"I have no objection to state my political views," I rejoined ; "but it is ridiculous to expect me to make a sweeping declaration in favor of Parliamentary Government, a thing quite *sui generis*. It is the best of governments in England I admit, but would be impossible in the United States. It has failed signally in France, and makes slow progress in Germany. It promises well here, because it has such men as Cavour and Azeglio to guide and support it."

"What you say is quite new and interesting to me," continued Dr. P——. "Pray go to work and explain yourself on these points. I will forward it to the Questore, and it may meet with entire approbation at Turin."

"I doubt it," was my remark, "for the object is clearly to sound me on the political structure that prevails in England. I can conscientiously uphold it there, and would like to see it equally successful all over Europe. But to declare broadly that, in the face of history and usage, every country can suddenly be converted, 'hey, presto,' into a Constitutional one, by giving it a Parliament to *govern* and an Executive merely to *reign*, as in England, would be to declare a creed that the events of the last three years have contradicted. All that I can, or will do, under the circumstances, is to draw up my humble views of the present condition of the States of Europe, and they may then infer what they please."

"That is, certainly, the most honest course," resumed Dr. P——. "I approve of your independence, though it may not be the most politic just now; for you know what influence is predominant in Sardinia, and your fate depends on conciliating it."

"That may be," I returned, "but not even to escape a year's detention in this filthy kennel will I give my unqualified adhesion to a doctrine that may be true in one place and false in another. I will only write plain common sense, and those who may read it at Turin and elsewhere, will, I hope, recognize it. Why should I espouse the banner of Parliamentary Government, *quand même*, as the French say, when I think the balanced Constitution of the United States theoretically far more perfect? And if I were to do so, how should the 'predominant influence' you allude to, know whether I was practising on its credulity or not?"

"*Vous êtes dans le vrai*," said Dr. P——, as we were talking in French. "You are in the right. Let the confession of faith demanded be a conscientious one, and if your diplomatic opponent at Turin be at all sagacious, he ought to see that it would be wiser to conciliate you than to abuse his temporary power; for you can, in the end, appeal to the tribunal of opinion in his country and yours."

"Yes, *chacun a son tour*," I replied, with emphasis, "and if I am forced to swallow the last drop in this baneful cup, they may count on the poisoned chalice reaching their lips at a later day."

In compliance, then, with the proposition of the Questore, I set to work; but, instead of exhausting panegyric in lauding the universal efficacy of a pure Parliamentary Constitution, I contented myself with drawing a sketch of the political condition of Europe, and venturing to point out what form of government was best adapted to the exigencies of each State, that was, in

all respects, so differently situated. By way of comment to my exposition, I took care to add that all Governments at this epoch were under a popular "pressure from without," that would force them to bend to its demands, but that these might be as fully met under one form as another. In short, as Pope wrote :—

> "For forms of Government let fools contest
> That which is best administered is best."

My prison essay was duly forwarded by Dr. P—— to the Questore, and thence found its way to Turin. I had little hope that my political bid for pardon would be more successful than those addressed to Miss Gamble, for neither in sentiment nor politics was it my fortune to hit the exact water-line. It so turned out, for in a week or so Dr. P—— was informed that my political views were interesting, but not so clearly expressed as was *expected*. It was even hinted that my philosophical manner of treating the subject was regarded only as an ingenious mode of disguising my real opinions.

What a dreadful thing it is to labor under a suspicion in this world—political or otherwise ! The simplest means taken to carry conviction are often considered but an artful dodge to escape detection ! I was still regarded, therefore, as the insidious foe to Parliamentary Government, and my pardon grew more doubtful every day. Diplomacy and Miss Gamble proved equally intractable, and my inability to induce either to remove my fetters was enough to drive me to despair. I employed my whole mind, however, in ransacking ways and means to get out of my predicament, and I kept up my correspondence with the amiable Marquis de Cavour, always trusting that his exertions might win his brother, the Minister, over to my cause.

The Marquis, of course, was in the true secret of my detention, but he was too nearly connected with the Government to avow it. Whether he considered my pardon as improbable I do

not know, but he was too considerate to say so. On the contrary, he kept me afloat by cheering glimpses of hope; and I hardly knew which most admire, the elaborate ingenuity he displayed in citing causes of delay, or the affecting goodness that induced so lofty a person to give a prop to the sinking spirits of a forlorn captive. He was also condescending enough to engage with me in philosophical discussions, where, indeed, I was little able to cope with his vast learning, but was equally charmed and struck by the captivating simplicity of his style, and the unvarying justness of his conclusions. The following is an extract from one of his letters received at this time, but which loses, of course, by translation:

"*Turin, April* 18, 1852.

"DEAR SIR—Some time has elapsed since I answered your last letter, partly because I have been much occupied, and also that I did not see how I could be useful to you. The Minister of Justice is well disposed towards indulgence, but, as I have already hinted, there is a grave question in this matter; it is not that there is any desire to raise an international difficulty, which would be puerile, and without *apropos*. Besides, until the regular course of legal procedure is exhausted, the royal prerogative in the way of pardon cannot be exercised. Finally, it is necessary that your envoy, Mr. Kinney, should take the initiative for the step that, *when the time arrives*, will put an end to your captivity, and then I will associate myself most cheerfully in urging the Minister to give it his immediate attention. Before *that time*, I fear, I can do nothing that will be useful to you. * * * * * *

There are many reflections to make upon what you have said as to politics. In my view, there are in politics two elements; the one invariable, pure, and inflexible as mathematical truth. This first element is the moral one, which consists in the efforts made by man to realize that law of duty whose lineaments are engraven by the Creator himself upon his heart. The second element is that of occasion, or of those artificial institutions established by the will of individuals for their social welfare, and this leads to an order of things very variable, and where the utmost toleration should be shown towards the opinions of each other, and where it may be considered impossible to arrive at absolute truth, but only to a

comparative better state. I concentrate in these few words my thoughts on this subject in answer to yours; but a volume would be necessary to give it development.

"Allow me to close here my letter in renewing the expression of my distinguished sentiments.

"G. DE CAVOUR."

The bait the Marquis threw out as to "the time" that might come for the end of my captivity was a solace that only those can appreciate—and I hope there are none such amongst my readers—who have gone through the crushing weariness of a prolonged imprisonment, which, even in a palace, would be depressing, but in a Genoese jail was almost insupportable. It was like balsam to my wounded spirit to receive from time to time a letter from the Marquis, and other distinguished persons of Sardinia, for it helped to assuage that keen sense of degradation that my unhappy position so naturally awakened. As long as individuals of their character and standing kept up kindly relations with me, I could not consider myself as lost to society. My physical annoyances were galling enough without the prostration of such a withering conviction as that.

As the season advanced the heat became very oppressive, and the more so in the corridor I occupied, for want of a free circulation of air. Another vexation began to manifest itself to my serious discomfort. No one has travelled in Italy but has had his dreams disturbed, even in the most luxurious hotels, by the quantity of vermin that pervades the entire land. Whether it be the mildness of the climate, or the dirty habits of the people, it is hard to say, but in spite of its fine arts and bright landscapes, no country is so overrun by fleas, and other unmentionable things, as this same land of Raphael and Dante. But if the churches and palaces of Italy convey to the unhappy mortal cursed with a sensitive cuticle a practical idea of that middle state called Purgatory it may be supposed that an occupant of

one of its prisons must soon form a vivid conception of a place much lower down. Certes, the bodily torment I underwent from this source alone would have filled an inquisitor with rapture. For whole months I never got two hours of consecutive sleep. I passed the night waging an ineffectual battle against whole legions of the enemy, and, overpowered by the tremendous odds, I was constantly obliged to beat a retreat, and give up my miserable bed for a wooden chair, and even then it was only a case of mitigated torture. Worn out by the *ennui* of the tedious day, which seemed interminable, how I longed to bury my cares in sweet, oblivious sleep; but soon I began to shiver at the very thought of bed-time, and the horrible shadows that "struck such terror to the soul" of the crooked-back tyrant were only "jolly monks" to the ravenous insects that preyed nightly on my unfortunate body. As little affection as I had reason to entertain for the "remorseless" Brown, who had plunged me into such bloodthirsty company, still I would not have had the heart to expose him to more than *one* week of what I had for whole months to suffer. But the subject throws me into a fever, and I recoil with a shudder from its recollection.

I must not forget to say that I was favored one day by my Consul with the perusal of a London publication of my trial. I was astonished beyond measure at the unscrupulous manner in which everything was misrepresented and distorted.

I should mention, by the way, an occurrence that took place immediately after the trial in February. I was waited upon one morning by the proprietors of a Genoa journal, called the *Gazette of the Tribunals*, and informed thet they intended publishing a report of my trial, but that propositions had been made to them by Miss Gamble (I believe through her solicitor) either to suppress the entire publication, which she offered to pay liberally for; or, if that could not be done, to publish such a version of it as would be acceptable to her. They desired to

know if I would agree to the latter course, as they were bound to their subscribers to make some publication touching it. I replied that I had no objection to their shaping the matter in a way that would be conformable to the wishes of Miss Gamble; but I begged, in common justice, they would not suppress facts to such an extent as would put me in a false or invidious light. They seemed as much surprised as pleased at my readiness to oblige Miss Gamble, and went away promising that whatever they omitted at her request (for which they received a goodly sum, I heard), they would treat me with fairness.

The trial was published in due course, and I saw they had gone to extraordinary lengths to favor Miss Gamble's views. They suppressed even the the very title of the trial, as the word "Abduction" was disagreeable to the lady. They garbled my statement to the Court in such a way as to make it either unintelligible, or very unfavorable to myself. Whereas the statement of Miss Gamble was written all anew, it appeared, for she had given quite another version to the Court. The defence of my lawyers was so clumsily expressed as to do me no good, whilst everything said in Miss Gamble's favor was clear and cogent. This was bad enough; but an abominable trick was played on me by *putting into the mouth of my Consul injurious words that he had never uttered.* On showing this to the Consul he was exceedingly indignant, and he gave me instantly an official document, contradicting the unwarrantable misrepresentation that had been made in his name. I append it.

[Arms of the Consulate.]

Genoa, May 21, 1852.

"DEAR SIR—In reply to your note of this morning, in regard to my testimony as published in the trial between Miss Gamble and yourself, I have to say it is incorrect in several respects.

"I stated that Miss Gamble *often* declared to me that she believed love was the sole motive that prompted you to 'sequester' her; but this part

of my testimony appears to have been lost! At all events, it is omitted in the published report you have submitted to me.

"In the same report I am *made* to say that she told me you compelled her to give you the paper promising marriage, &c. This is incorrectly reported. I stated that she always complained to me of being detained in your apartment against her will, but *I did not state* that she ever said you *compelled* her to write the paper in question.

"In all the conversations I had with her on this subject, she *always* gave me to understand that she wrote the said paper in order to get away from the apartment, *not from any apprehension of personal violence*, but, simply, from the fear of being compromised.

"There are other inaccuracies in the said report of the trial, in which I am made to say ridiculous things, but I hardly think it of consequence to notice them further.

"Very truly yours,
"GEO. G. BAKER,
"U. S. Consul."

It will be seen from the above that a sly, but not very reputable, attempt was made in the formal report of the trial to fasten on me, in the name of the American Consul, the ruinous accusation that I had compelled Miss Gamble to give me the worthless paper binding, herself to respect her previous pledges of marriage. It was clear enough to Miss Gamble's solicitor at Genoa—for I cannot believe she had any hand in such roguery—that if the public abroad could be led to think I had used any compulsion or menaces towards her, I would be irretrievably damaged in character, and hence it was sought to stamp the falsehood with the authority of the American Consul. This was a Genoese specimen of the unfair means employed to sink me in general estimation.*

* A personal description of Miss Gamble and myself was given in the Genoese report of the trial, which I am disposed to copy, in order to gratify the natural curiosity of my readers as to the physical traits of the heroine and chief actor in the events this volume records.

"The prosecutrix was of middling size, slight figure, an interesting countenance, ani-

As regards the London publication, the matter was made still worse. I should mention that I sent the Italian report to a friend of mine at London, J. J. R——, Esq., pointing out its misstatements, and telling him to find a publisher that was disposed to put a *correct* version of it before the public. My friend was in the Provinces at the time he received it, but sent it per post, to a Mr. Shoberl, publisher, of Marlborough street, with a note expressing my wishes respecting a translation. It appears that the publisher in question translated it, and then sought to make a traffic of the pamphlet to his own advantage. He called on certain parties connected with Miss Gamble, whose names I withhold, and offered to suppress it for some £350. It was finally settled amongst these politic individuals, in solemn conclave, that however annoying the publicity to Miss Gamble, it would do me more injury to let it appear, especially if it were still further garbled to suit their purpose. The publisher lent himself readily to this disingenuous act, and made a good thing, I hear, of the speculation.

It would be tiresome to expose all the deceptions practised on the English public in this second attempt to libel me down, but they may be inferred from the fact that the title of my trial, which was for "Abduction," was coolly altered into "A Conspiracy to effect a Forced Marriage with Miss Gamble." Besides, all that portion of Miss Bennett's evidence touching the important fact of my occupying a room with Miss Gamble, at the Hotel de Berg, at Geneva, during the month of August, 1851, and of our constantly remaining together *tête-à-tête*, was suppressed, though it appeared in the Genoese publication.

mated eyes of hazel, and brown hair. She was dressed in black silk, and was wrapped in a mantle, which she threw aside when she entered within the railing. She wore a white bonnet, and had an eye-glass and a smelling-bottle in her hand.

"The first of the accused was well dressed, and was about forty years of age, of tall stature, brown hair, a high forehead, blue eyes, a regular nose, natural color, and pensive countenance."

It is not to be wondered at, that the London public should have formed a harsh opinion of my case, after such a barefaced imposition on their good faith.

It may be inferred, that when I discovered these ingenious, but dishonest, means to screen Miss Gamble from blame, by aggravating and blackening my offence and character, it was far from enhancing the serenity of my mind, or from reconciling me to the hourly inflictions I was obliged to endure. Still I struggled to bear up against the multiplied rigors of my fate, though it was a species of moral discipline I would little like to undergo again.

There was now and then a redeeming event that lightened for a moment the burden of my imprisonment. I received a letter one day from the Count de V——, a nobleman of high standing in the political and diplomatic world, and whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to make previous to these *triste* accidents, wherein he promised me the acquaintance of a friend of his who might be useful to me. I knew the Count to be on intimate terms with several of the Ministry, and the kind interest his first letter displayed convinced me that he would employ all his interest in facilitating my pardon. He addressed me as follows :—

"*Chateau of Giez, Savoy,*

"HENRY WIKOFF, ESQ. "*May 22d*, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I have just received your honored letter of the 15th inst., and the place I date from will explain the delay of my answer, and of the difficulty I shall have to be useful to you, as I would like to be, in the unhappy position in which you find yourself. Since the short journey we made together, I have abandoned parliamentary life, and live tranquilly in the bosom of my family, surrounded by my children, who compensate me for the solitude of a country life, and which enables me easily to forget the world, which, even at the age of forty-five, no longer possesses for me either charms or illusions. The journals which I receive disfigured your name so entirely in giving an account of the adventure you speak of, that

I little suspected you were the hero of the affair in question. I am filled with surprise at the details you give me, and I need hardly say that in my eyes it is entirely excusable.

"If, instead of being at the foot of the mountains, I was still at Turin, and a member of our Parliament, believe me I would have spared no exertion to obtain your pardon, and I would have labored for it with all the interest you inspired me during the interval we passed together. But since, unfortunately, it is out of my power to render you any direct service, as my heart would dispose me readily to do, allow me to recommend to you one of my best friends, who lives at Genoa, and who would be charmed to be useful to you, if he can be. He is an accomplished gentleman, and in whom you can repose the utmost confidence. I will write to him immediately to pay you a visit, and I hope you will find in him a consolation and support under your affliction. I shall learn with delight the close of your captivity, which seems to me excessively severe, and *cruelly prolonged for so insignificant an adventure.*

"I seize this circumstance, my dear sir, to offer you the assurances of my most distinguished sentiments.

"V——E."

This was still another flattering instance of a person of lofty position, living on the spot of my disaster, continuing, in spite of my condemnation, to hold me in the same regard as before, and which led me to hope that, the truth once known, I should recover the good opinion of all my old friends. It was this cherished expectation that buoyed me up against the increasing pressure of my trying captivity.

A few days only after this, I happened to be standing at the table of Colombo, near the door of the prison, whither I had gone in quest of my letters, when I heard my name called, and was told that a gentleman was waiting to see me. I should say that, by prison rule, no one was allowed to mount up to my room save my Consul, and all visitors were shown into a place below, assigned to that purpose. On entering this dingy apartment, a fine-looking man, of distinguished manners, advanced towards me, saying he had come at the request of his friend the Count de

V——, to pay me a visit, and at the same time handed me his card. He turned out to be no less a person than the Baron de R——, the Commandant of Genoa. I apologized, with a smile, for receiving him in so dreary a place, for I saw by his countenance that he was horrified at the sight and noise of the wretches roaming about ; but, in a few moments he recovered his composure, and began discussing the oddity of my adventure, and the inexplicable punishment that had been pronounced upon me. I ascertained, for the first time, the opinion of the higher classes of Genoa upon these points, and it appears that they regarded the so-called Abduction as a *plaisanterie de bon ton*, and the adverse sentence as inspired by something else than a legal motive. The ladies, it seems, compassionated my tribulations (Heaven bless them !) and the conduct of Miss Gamble was set down to the account of English eccentricity, not knowing that she was of genuine Yankee origin.

My conversation with the Baron, however, soon rose from my mishap into the higher region of political gossip ; and as his official connection kept him *au courant* with all that was passing, I was regaled with the daintiest tit-bits of current news. The Baron was a person of large understanding, sound views, but rather conservative tendencies. He talked with the prudence of a statesman, but the elegance of a highly-polished man of the world. It was many months since I had such a treat as this charming *entretien*, and when he rose to go, I thanked him with effusion for bestowing such a favor upon me as to venture into such a place from the benevolent motive that actuated him. He expressed the warmest sympathy, and promised to do what he could to assist me, adding that he would visit me regularly whilst detained there.

He nobly redeemed his word, and came every week to see me, and whilst walking up and down, during my evening promenade, would supply me with the latest intelligence of the secret doings

of the diplomatic world, that newspapers could give little cognizance of. A visit from the Baron was inexpressibly refreshing to me, and gave me new strength to struggle with the oppressive monotony of my imprisonment and all its attendant horrors. He must have perceived its salutary effect on my mind, for not otherwise could I account for a man of his rank and fastidious habits stooping to enter a locality that must have secretly inspired him with the most intense disgust. His unabated kindness, to the very last, proved that, in spite of a countenance that wore the habitual expression of command, and the *hauteur* of his lofty bearing, he was a man of gentle nature and generous sympathies. I shall carry with me through life, deeply engraven on my heart, the most vivid and grateful recollection of all his goodness to me.

Time was wearing on. I had got to the middle of June, and the heat was increasing, my patience diminishing, and the fleas, etc., growing more daring and multitudinous than ever. The day seemed to stretch out to "crack of doom," and yet night brought no rest to the weary. Reading and writing, in my uneasy state of mind, was little attractive, and I had no society that could afford me the relief of conversation. Even the unabated rascality of Roquino, which "ne'er knew retiring ebb," amused me no longer. I had a little diversion, however, one day, at the end of this month, in detecting him, for the first time, *in flagrante delicto*. In glancing listlessly over his monthly account, I was struck by some heavy charges that I had no recollection of, and on looking at the date, what was my satisfaction to discover I had got him fast beyond equivocation.

"Oh!" I cried, with suppressed delight, "I see you still continue to rob me, without regard to consequences, either in this world or the next."

He was a little startled by my tone, but only for a moment.

"I am astonished, *mon cher maître*," he replied, as composed

as usual, "that you will still cling to such strange illusions, that only make you dissatisfied, whilst they occasion me the most profound"——

He left his sentence unfinished from emotion.

"I should be sorry," I said, with a mocking, smile, "to wound your feelings, or to make so direct an accusation, if I did not see it was in my power, at length, to convict you of an egregious act of plunder."

"Convict me!" he exclaimed, quite roused at this slur on his stupidity in giving me a chance. "Convict me!—never, *Monsignore*, will you convince me that I have set down a penny that is not my due. Why, the fact is, I am losing money every day by furnishing articles that I often forget to charge."

"Well, I congratulate you that this time you have not made that mistake. All I regret is to see you fall into such ignorance of the calendar."

"What *does* il Signor mean?" he asked, with a puzzled expression.

"Just take up that almanac, my man-of-all-work," I said, "and look for the month of June." He seemed surprised, but did as I bid. "Now, how many days does it contain?"

"Why thirty, and not an hour more," he said, unconscious that he was nailing down his own coffin.

"Very well, then," I continued, "do me the favor to cast that keen eye of yours over your account again, and explain how I could have consumed such a quantity of items on *the* 31*st of June*, if there is no such day in the almanac."

This was a smasher. Roquino sat staring his account in the face, pretty much as a marble statue would have done under the circumstances; he neither blushed nor moved a muscle. Directly a faint smile flickered over his placid visage.

"That almanac may be in error," he suggested, trying to grope out of the "fix."

"That won't do, my special pleader. All the almanacs of the world are against you. Allow me, therefore, the supreme enjoyment of announcing to you that of all the rogues in St. Andrea you are not the least guilty."

Roquino could stand it no longer. A less clever knave would have quibbled and equivocated, but he saw there was a wiser course to take. For the first time in his life he confessed himself fairly caught, and he laughed at his unintentional blunder till his sides ached.

This incident served to enliven me for several days, and it was strange how, in the dearth of occupation and excitement, the smallest circumstance would engage the mind or seize the fancy.

Finding I could do nothing for myself, I tried very hard occasionally at accomplishing something for others. There were three poor devils of sailors, who I think were English, though they declared themselves Americans, that had been thrown in prison for some drunken frolic or other. They had been there for three months when I became acquainted with their case. Out of pity I used to visit them, give them newspapers, and promise them assistance. They suffered terribly from the confinement, and sometimes cried like children. The *straw* soup, as they called it, and black bread of the prison had quite broken down their courage. I went to work and got the Consul, who was never backward at a kind action, to interest himself. I drew up a letter in the name of the sailors, and sent it to our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin, who spoke to the Minister of Justice, and a trial was ordered immediately, when the poor fellows were all acquitted. They got out after four months' imprisonment, when in England they would have been only fined 5*s.* for being drunk; and if I had not heard of the matter, they might have lingered there for a whole year to come. There is as little respect for *habeas corpus* in Genoa, as the bold barons

used to show in the Middle Ages. I may mention, as an amusing proof that a sailor is not an ungrateful animal, that I remarked for several successive evenings one of the lately liberated three who was lurking round the gate that opened on my promenade. At length, screwing up his resolution, he approached me, and with an embarrassed air begged me to accept, in token of the gratitude of himself and shipmates, a bottle of brandy, which he drew from beneath his jacket. He seemed to apprehend I would refuse his humble gift, but smiling I accepted it (intending it for Roquino), and offered him some money in return, which he refused.

"If you please, sir," continued the flattered son of Neptune, "I have got a message from Jones ?"

"What is it, my hearty ?"

"He says as if so be you'd like it, sir, he wouldn't mind giving a thund'rin' floggin' to the British Consul for putting the likes of you here, sir."

This Jack-tar method of expressing sympathy was highly diverting, but I entered my *caveat* strongly against the proposal of the pugnacious Jones, whose chemical aspiration to convert what was Brown into something that would be black and blue, by no means suited my notion of harmonious coloring.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. ANDREA.

I OCCASIONALLY got news of Miss Gamble from my Consul, who received it from some correspondent of hers at Genoa—her solicitor, I believe. She passed the whole of April at the baths of Lucca, and then moved on to Florence, *en route* to the Tyrol, in whose shady retreats she proposed spending the summer. My Consul continued his almost daily visits, and after getting through the news and a discussion on politics, we both turned back to the old theme, and wondered how long Miss Gamble would persist in her stubborn resistance to my pardon.

"Write to her again," said my Consul one day, "and give her a graphic picture of what you suffer here. It must touch her if she be not made of flint."

"It is only exposing myself to another wound," I replied, in a despairing tone, "for she has apparently closed every orifice of her heart to compassion; and my entreaties, I think, will only harden her the more."

"Don't give it up," reiterated the Consul; "try it again. Everything, they say, has a handle, and you may get hold of her yet."

I yielded, and wrote as he suggested. Always suspecting that her chief motive in keeping me in prison was her childish apprehension that I would seek to annoy her when free, I endeavored, in this letter, to convince her that my breast was not the cavern of brooding thoughts and vengeful purposes she might, perhaps, fear. I assumed a lively tone in reference to my courtship, and

whilst admitting the sincerity of my affection, I declared she was misled in supposing, as she had often said, that I was carried away by frenzy for her, which would likely lead me to a renewal of my suit. I implored her to believe that I harbored no resentment, and that nothing was further from my intention, if I recovered my liberty, than to annoy her by my presence or otherwise. I thought if I could only disarm her fears I might possibly reach her sympathies. My letter was forwarded by the Consul, but no answer was ever returned.

I should not forget to say how much I was annoyed some time previous to this by a publication in a London journal, the *Daily News*, of the pretended details of my courtship. It was stated to be copied from an American journal. Anything more false or calumnious it was impossible to devise, and from first to last its only purport seemed to be to heap upon me the utmost amount of obloquy. This tissue of misrepresentations was declared to be from Miss Gamble's own mouth, for the American editor asserted that he had passed "four hours" in her society at Genoa, when she related all he published, giving her permission, besides, to make it known. From the portrait he drew of Miss Gamble it is clear he had seen her. He writes that "in person she is small and delicate; in mind and manners, cultivated and accomplished; in conversation, spirited and attractive; in temperament, excitable, but confiding and affectionate."

If all else had been as accurately drawn as this sketch, I should have no comment to make on the narrative given. It would be trifling with the patience of my readers to demolish, paragraph by paragraph, the pyramid of fabrication in question; but to give an idea of the prodigal fancy of the writer, I will merely adduce one of his lively sallies. He declares I followed Miss Gamble, on the day she left Turin for Genoa, Nov. 12th, and that the courier, in concert with me, tried his best to keep

her on the road after dark, that I might take violent possession of her. Miss Gamble only escaped, he relates, by insisting, against the will of the courier, on stopping before night at a hotel along the road; and that, even then, the courier sought to separate his mistress from her female companions by giving her a chamber at some distance from the others, &c. At the very moment I was engaged in this romantic exploit in the neighborhood of Genoa, according to this veracious scribe, I happened to be dining with his Excellency the Count de Cavour, at Turin, as already shown; and the invitation of the Count, still in my hands, will prove, by its date, that if anybody was really following Miss Gamble on the day she left Turin, it must have been some new convert to her charms. The rest may be judged from this sample, but there is one asseveration so abominable, and which has injured me so deeply in the public mind, that I must brand as it deserves. In giving an account of the abduction scene at Genoa, the editorial *confidant* of Miss Gamble writes as follows: "Soon after which Mr. Wikoff *made an attempt to administer chloroform unsuccessfully; but, he said, if driven to make a second attempt, she should not escape its effect.*" It is hardly necessary to say that nothing of the kind ever occurred; but it is important to know who originated this vile invention. The inference is so fatal to the character of Miss Gamble, that it is not likely she would have lent herself to spreading such a slander. Besides, she was asked by the Judge of Instruction, whose ears such a story may have reached, if I had used any chloroform, or attempted it? Her answer was emphatically, "No." This examination is upon record, and I have a copy signed by Judge Trucco and Miss Gamble. It is, therefore, clear as the sun at noon-day that Miss Gamble could never have told the American editor, Thurlow Weed by name, that I had administered chloroform once, and threatened to repeat the attempt. This shameful libel is, therefore, fastened

upon Mr. Weed of the *Albany Journal*, and he must expect to answer for it in due course of law.

And yet, upon reflection, it seems strange what could have prompted Mr. Weed to the invention of so injurious an allegation. The character and social position of this gentleman would forbid the supposition that he was capable of so culpable an act. A politician of great influence, a journalist of decided ability, and a man of wide reputation, it seems incredible he could have originated so cruel a slander, even if he had a desire to disparage me, which could hardly be the case. Mr. Weed may have been desirous to acquit Miss Gamble of blame and throw all the discredit on me, but still I hesitate to believe that such a man would employ a rank fabrication to accomplish an act of gallantry. Mr. Weed was certainly guilty of an extreme unfairness in publishing the statement of Miss Gamble, whom he visited, as he passed through Genoa, January, '51, without stopping to hear the other side. It was his duty, as a conscientious journalist, to investigate the case fully before he lent his name and the columns of his widely circulated journal, to representations that might be exaggerated or false, as it has turned out. If he feared to venture within the walls of my dreary prison, which, however, would only have been an act of common charity, he still might have obtained from my Consul, Dr. Baker, sufficient information to convince him that the story he declares Miss Gamble related to him was utterly at variance with the facts. As the matter stands, I have been seriously damaged by the fictitious details given by Mr. Weed of my courtship of Miss Gamble, and still more by the chloroform story, which were copied not only by the press of this country, but also very extensively by that of England and France. It is due to myself and my numerous friends, that I should endeavor to relieve my name from these unfounded imputations, and if it should appear that Mr. Weed was made the unconscious instrument of Miss Gam-

ble's thoughtless misrepresentations, then I will expect him, as an upright man, and a true Christian, to give me the benefit of such a declaration. Otherwise, public opinion will hold me justifiable in seeking my vindication before the proper tribunal.

As to the London journal, the *Daily News*, which gave a European circulation to this degrading accusation, I am quite persuaded that it was duly inserted on the usual terms by the enterprising *employés* of Miss Gamble, simply to destroy any possible chance of public opinion returning to me. At all events, I shall shortly call the manager of the *Daily News* before a jury of his countrymen ; and I dare say some curious disclosures will be the result.

To return to my prison. Midsummer had arrived, and more than eight months had elapsed since my incarceration. My weariness was extreme, and I had to struggle hard at times to maintain my self-control against alternate attacks of fiery impatience and the dreariest despondency. To have given way to either would only have aggravated my condition ; and, happily, my reason was vigorous enough to resist the moral miasma which frequently attacked, but failed to overcome it.

The courier, who was now a tenant of St. Andrea, bore his mischance with commendable fortitude. I had him removed the day after the trial from the Tower, where he was shut up in the same cell with a dozen abandoned wretches, to my prison, and to preserve him from the infection of bad company, I assigned to him a corner of my room for his mattress. He reciprocated my civility by making himself vastly useful ; and as he was not a bad cook, he often succeeded in dispelling a fit of the blues by improvising an omelet done to a turn ; or, at others, would stir up my jaded appetite by a well-dressed salad, or some savory addition to my dinner, in the selection of which Roquino had no hand. The courier had provided himself with a *batterie de cuisine*, in the way of a charcoal furnace, and some earthen

saucepans. It had "this extent, no more," and he used, to my perplexity, to perform some singular feats of culinary legerdemain by boiling or roasting in the same vessel at will. As the courier perceived that I relished his handiwork much more than the anonymous artist employed by Roquino, he was glad enough to pass two or three hours of his dull day in this interesting occupation, which he carried on in the corridor where the darkness sadly disordered his mixtures. As cooking, or even fire, was strictly against prison rule, some amusing scenes occasionally occurred through the courier's daily breach of discipline. Roquino, as one of the guardians, was responsible for these infractions, but as he drove a lively business by supplying the raw material, he was far too obliging to interfere ; nay, he often connived at them in standing by to praise the courier's skill, which he inferred would meet its reward by a slice, or a share of the feast preparing. It was a point of faith with Roquino never to refuse anything, and what he could not put in his pocket he was happy to absorb in the usual way. It sometimes happened though, that just at the critical moment when dishing was to commence, and Roquino's mouth was watering for the dainty morsel he awaited, a note of alarm would be given that the Director of the prison was coming to pay me a visit, which it was his frequent custom to do. The confusion that ensued was as indescribable as diverting. It was a matter of life and death to Roquino that every sign and vestige of what had been going on should disappear ; and as there were neither cupboards nor other conveniences, the bewildered saucepans flew in every direction, behind the door, under the bed, and sometimes out of the window. All this was accomplished with such amazing celerity, that, by the time the gentlemanly Director came, bowing in with his Secretaries, there was nothing left but the strong odors of the kitchen-crime just committed. The nose of the Director was invariably astonished, but as "order reigned

in Warsaw," and there was not a spark of fire even to kindle a supposition, he usually concluded that the atmosphere was impregnated by the fumes of some adjoining cookshop, and it was not my interest to enlighten him further. Such incidents, however insignificant, helped to diversify the monotony of my dull existence, and stirred up pleasant recollections of my University days, where, also, life was a thing of regulation, and where similar unrehearsed effects not unfrequently occurred.

The window of my cell looked out upon the principal entrance to the prison, and, though it was a source of occupation, at intervals, during the day, to gaze out upon the motley panorama passing before me, yet the sights were generally of so painful a character as to repel me from their observation. The commonest event all day long was the arrival and *sortie* of prisoners, frequently in gangs, going to the galleys, and chained together like so many wild beasts. But the most disagreeable thing of all, perhaps, was the coming of the *bon Dieu*, as the procession of priests that convey the sacrament to the dying is called in Catholic countries. The chief hospital of all the prisons was attached to St. Andrea, and the consequence was, that the *bon Dieu* paid frequent visits to the establishment. The time selected was generally after dark, in order that the effect on the crowd, as it passed along the streets, might be more imposing. The priest at the head carried a small bell which he rang incessantly, and associated as was the sound with the melancholy event it announced, the effect was anything but pleasant; another priest carried the Host, others incense, and each bore a flaming torch which threw its lurid glare over the group, whilst they chanted, with sepulchral voice, the dismal dirge of the *Miserere*, which was taken up in chorus by the large crowd that always followed this lugubrious cavalcade. When the priests entered the prison to administer the last rites to the dying felon, the crowd outside would fall upon their knees and

repeat, with breathless volubility, the set prayers of the Church. It was some time before I got used to this ; and nothing jarred the nerves of the courier so much as the sharp tingling of that death-bell. On one occasion of this sort I went over, accompanied by Roquino, to witness a Catholic ceremony I had never seen. The hospital consisted of several apartments of large size, and situated at the very top of the prison for the sake of a free circulation. I entered the largest room a moment before the priests arrived, and the dying man was pointed out to me. It happened to be an assassin, under sentence of death, but he cheated the scaffold, and anticipated the law. He was propped up in his bed, and lay immovable. His black, short hair stood bristling up as though in an agony of remorse or fear. His face was ghastly pale, and his hollow eye was fixed on vacancy. Anything more terrible than the aspect of that dying cut-throat I never looked upon. I posted myself right opposite to him as the chanting Fathers entered, to see if the ceremony had any visible effect. A prayer or so was hastily mumbled over by the officiating priest in front of an altar at one end of the room, when he approached the bed of the sinking wretch to put the consecrated wafer on his tongue ; he opened his mouth to receive it, but gave no other sign of consciousness—not a muscle moved, and his glassy eye, that seemed as though bent on the terrors that awaited him, remained fixed and glaring. The miserable creatures that were lying about, all appeared horror-struck at the close proximity of death, and lay with their hands crossed over their breasts, muttering fragments of prayer. I was glad enough to get out of the place, and Roquino followed me with extreme alacrity, for it was a sight, jailer as he was, he relished as little as myself.

During July I was struck by the continually recurring visits of the *bon Dieu* and the consequent frequency of the funerals.

By dint of pumping my *vade mecum*, I discovered that the small-pox had broken out in the prison, and was committing no small ravage. Here was an event enough to appal the stoutest heart and shake the strongest nerves. I had always held this odious disease in especial horror; and to find myself now tied, bear-like, to a stake, and with "no flying hence or tarrying here," was, certainly, a pull upon my philosophy that strained it to the uttermost. Fortunately the pest abated as suddenly as it came, and I breathed freer again. Misfortunes never come single; and I received at this time a pretty distinct intimation from the Count de V—— that I was likely to stay my time out. This estimable nobleman had been exerting himself with much zeal on my behalf, and that he found the obstacles to my pardon very serious is evident from the positive manner in which he expressed himself—

"*Chateau de Giez,*
"*July* —, 1852.

"Henry Wikoff, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—I hasten to answer your esteemed letter of the 24th, and I regret sincerely to learn that in addition to the *ennui* of imprisonment you are suffering from an impaired vision, which curtails your reading, the only resource that could minister to the sadness of your situation. Patience, however, is a remedy for all evils, even for acts of the greatest injustice, and ere this how many would have died of sorrow, if they had not known how to employ it. I must continue to recommend it to you, for all seems to conspire that you do not recover your liberty till the expiration of the term. I always hoped much from the participation of Miss Gamble in the efforts made by others in your favor; and I have no doubt *that if she had withdrawn her opposition, and accompanied it with a recommendation to pardon*, that you would immediately have felt the benefit of it. But if she will not allow herself to be softened, and if her animosity is carried so far as to refuse to unite with others to render you free, then abandon all hope and give yourself up more and more to that sentiment of patience of which I just now spoke. * * *

"I am charmed to learn that you have found in the Baron de R—— a consolation and an *agrément*; indeed, I know no one more capable than

he of identifying himself with the sorrow of others, and of bringing them relief when it is in his power to do so. He is the best of my friends and one I esteem the most. * * * * * * * * * *

"*Enfin*, I regret sincerely that my country has been the theatre of so sad an accident for you, and instead of the agreeable *souvenirs* you would have carried away if the amiable Miss Gamble had been less capricious, there will rest nothing for the rest of your life but a sad and painful impression. I desire, nevertheless, that you should not hold it altogether responsible for your misfortune, but rather lay the blame on the Ambassador of England at Turin, *who certainly has played the most important part in the prolongation of your captivity.*

"Genoa, with its beautiful and sumptuous palaces; with its magnificent site, to which its noble bay lends so gay and lovely an aspect, would have left in your mind the memory of a brilliant spectacle; how different from the contemplation of those damp and gloomy walls which now inclose you. But the hour of deliverance will come, and then you will doubly enjoy the ravishing sight of that splendid Gulf of Genoa, unless, indeed, you hasten to fly from a country which has been so inhospitable for you. Go, however, where you may, even to the most hideous land in the world, with liberty for your companion, and it will appear like another Eden, rejoicing your sight and refreshing your spirit, saddened and depressed by so long and cruel an imprisonment.

"Receive, till then, my dear sir, the new assurances of my distinguished consideration and most devoted sentiments.

"V——."

I had reason to be flattered by the touching expressions of sympathy and good-will from so distinguished a person; and, in truth, they fell like "the gentle rain from heaven" upon my dry and withered hopes. I could not fail to be painfully affected by the emphatic assertion of the Count de V——, that if Miss Gamble had withdrawn her opposition, and signed my petition for pardon in the usual form, that my friends would have found one obstacle the less in their way. The fact already stated is further confirmed by the Count, that Miss Gamble's opposition was laid hold of as a pretext by the English Ambassador at Turin, to insist on the prolongation of my imprisonment.

I was agreeably surprised one morning in the beginning of August by the following note from my Consul—

"*U. S. Consulate,*
"*Thursday.*

"DEAR SIR,—The Rev. Mr. Hastings, from Rome, is here, and wishes me to tell you that our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Rome, Mr. Cass, jun., has had a long interview with the Pope on your case, and that his Holiness was greatly amused at many of its details, and laughed heartily. He promised, however, to write to Turin for you, and declared that your punishment was *excessive* for such a farce. Mr. Cass has been unable to write to you, since he has been suffering for two months past from an attack of ophthalmia. I will call on you this evening with the Rev. Mr. Hastings.

"Very truly yours,
"GEO. G. BAKER.

"H. WIKOFF, ESQ.'

Little had I calculated on a lift from such a quarter as this. My astonishment and pleasure were all the greater, as I had never thought of writing to Mr. Cass, though a very old acquaintance. With that benevolence of character and strong American sympathy which characterize him, no less than his distinguished father, Gen. Cass, of U. S. Senate, my worthy *Chargé* at Rome had been moved to his generous interposition simply by the reports of American travellers as to the injustice and ill-treatment I had undergone. The Consul called as intimated, accompanied by the reverend gentleman who had brought me such pleasant intelligence. It appeared that his Holiness made right merry with the subject which was, certainly, one that he had not likely discussed before. It is not an occurrence of every day, *certes*, that the august head of the Mother Church is called aside from his spiritual cares to contemplate the vagaries of an impenitent from Portland Place, or the tribulations of an unbelieving abductor.

What conclusion his Holiness drew from the relation of such a history it is hard to say, but I venture to think it must have

been one decidedly in favor of that decried institution of celibacy of which he is the living impersonation. It is not to be wondered at that the novelty and absurdity of such mundane weakness and folly should have provoked the mirth of the solemn Pontiff, and it is equally natural that a confirmed bachelor, as his Holiness needs must be, should jestingly say, as was reported to me, "that if the court really thought it necessary to condemn him at all, that it would have been only just that Miss Gamble should have been called upon to undergo half the sentence in the *next* cell to him." A Pyramus and Thisbe arrangement of this sort would have contributed materially to sooth the *ennui* of my captivity. Seriously speaking, it was a proof of the high consideration in which Mr. Cass must have been held in Rome, that the Holy Father was induced to interest himself in the matter. All my countrymen in Italy at the time considered I had been victimized by the British Consul at Genoa, and Mr. Cass was strongly urged to exert himself in my favor. The Pope, when appealed to, good-naturedly consented to do what he could; and without stopping to inquire whether I was Protestant or not, gave orders that his Nuncio at Turin should be written to. It was remarkable that a favor should be asked of the Sardinian Government when the relations of the two Courts were so notoriously at variance, and the diplomatic influence against me at Turin must have been strong indeed to warrant its refusal.

It was not for want of American sympathy, and in the highest quarters, that I was still detained at St. Andrea, for the United States Envoys at Vienna and Berlin, when they heard of the case, wrote to my Consul at Genoa that they had made known to the Sardinian Minister at their respective Courts their sentiments on the subject of my detention, and begged that they should be communicated at Turin. It was, besides, a profound consolation under the circumstances, to receive so many

flattering proofs of good-will on the part of my countrymen travelling in Italy, and not a week passed without my Consul bringing numbers of them to see me. It would be, indeed, a grateful task to make public mention of the many amiable persons who included me in their tour of sight-seeing at Genoa, and whose nerves were strong enough to exchange a gorgeous picture-gallery for an interior view of a filthy jail. Many came singly, still more in groups. I remember a numerous deputation that called on me one day, headed by Alderman Maynard, and Mr. Daniel Howard, of New York. Like all the rest, they made merry at first with the oddity of my adventure, but when they came to find that I was really innocent of any offence against law, or the lady, and that I was detained in prison against the desire of the Sardinian government, but at the peremptory demand of the English Ambassador at Turin, their sympathy, not to say their indignation, was expressed in unmistakable language. They were kind enough to send a petition to Turin in my behalf, that shared the fate of all before it. Petition after petition was forwarded time after time, to the United States *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin to exert himself more actively in my favor; for a rumor had got afloat that Mr. Kinney was cowed by the opposition of the English Ambassador. One of our steamers of war, the *San Jacinto*, came into port during August, and her officers called frequently to see me during their stay. The first lieutenant, Mr. Lanman, a very intelligent and gentlemanly person, took much interest in my case; and before the vessel left Genoa, her Commander, Capt. Crabbe, did me the favor to write, also, to the *Chargé* at Turin, to engage him to bestir himself in the matter. I relate these incidents with great satisfaction, since they illustrate with what laudible alacrity Americans ever make common cause with a fellow-countryman in trouble, if his case is one to warrant it at all.

There were reports flying about at the end of the month that

my pardon would be granted in September. It is the custom in Sardinia for the Government to issue a batch of pardons three times in the course of the year, in honor of certain Church *fêtes*, and the individuals selected for these acts of clemency are those whose cases seem the most entitled to them. It was supposed by all parties, that my pardon would not be delayed beyond this period; and my Consul informed me that Miss Gamble was expected in Genoa the beginning of September, to lend her aid in effecting my liberation. But it was like the aid expected by "Sister Anne," who gazed so wistfully from Blue Beard's tower, for it never came. Something like a dozen pardons were granted at the usual epoch to various offenders in St. Andrea, and among them, to several who had been guilty of homicide, and were under sentence for several years each; but my jest with Miss Gamble seems to have been regarded as a much more heinous crime! I was told by some friends that Miss Gamble and others continued their opposition, lest my pardon should be construed into a sign that I had not deserved a condemnation. Thus, to deepen such a conviction in the public mind, I was to be compelled to drag out to the last hour the shameful penalty inflicted on me. It really often happens, as the bard says, that—

> "deeds bad begun
> Make strong themselves by ill."

I remember one night, about the middle of September, just as I was going to bed, Colombo came up to beg me to bestow my hospitality on an unfortunate who had just been brought into prison. He declared him to be a gentleman, and that his offence was simply applying his cane too abruptly to some scamp who had insulted him in the street. Colombo appealed to my sympathies, and reminded me that he had no place in his establishment where he could bestow a person of the least respectability. Before committing myself, I went down to inspect the party in

question, and found that he was, in fact, a French gentleman of high standing, who had instinctively resented a gross insult from some varlet, when he was laid hold of by the police, and after the custom of this blessed town, was at once carried off to prison. His consternation at being obliged to abandon his wife, with whom he was walking home at the time, and to take up his abode at near midnight in St. Andrea, was depicted strongly in his face when I encountered him. I readily offered him the shelter of my room, which I was occupying alone at the time (having sent the courier up stairs for refractory conduct); and I need hardly say, that M. J——e was quite delighted to accept it. To express the keen enjoyment I found in the society of this charming person for the three or four days he was obliged to pass in my prison, would seem like exaggeration to those who have never been cut off from the society of persons of their own condition. The French are proverbially polite and agreeable, but M. J——e was a person of highly cultivated taste, refined manners, and accustomed to the society of *littérateurs* and politicians of the best stamp. His conversation, therefore, overflowed with graphic description, and sparkling anecdote, which were conveyed with that facility and elegance of expression that make an educated Frenchman the model of talkers. Under ordinary circumstances, his delightful gossip would have been attractive, but after the long abeyance in which I had lived, I actually luxuriated in it as though in a voluptuous bath, where every faculty was stimulated into unnatural activity, and every sense steeped in delicious enjoyment. Whilst the fascination endured my filthy prison seemed converted into a fairy island; and when the exit of M. J——e recalled me again to the coarse realities about me, I felt refreshed and strengthened by the momentary escape of my mind from the sad and gloomy thoughts that usually absorbed it. The moment his situation became known to his distinguished friends at Genoa he was freed from

"durance vile;" but, fortunately for me, it was three days and upwards before the necessary formalities could be got through. St. Andrea, I found vastly resembled the lion's mouth in the fable. Nothing was easier than to get into it; the difficulty was to get out again. I was fortunate enough to preserve the acquaintance so singularly formed, and I was indebted to M J——e for many succeeding acts of kindness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. ANDREA.

It would be anything but a welcome spectacle to raise the veil on the "secrets of my prison house." It would form a strange *pendant* to the beginning of this story to relate all the hideous things I was compelled to witness and endure; but now and then an incident occurred that may be told without jarring the nerves or shocking the tastes of my readers.

Towards the end of December a young man, a Swiss by birth, was thrown into prison for some trivial offence, in which, I believe, a woman was concerned—as often happens in the scrapes that man is heir to. There was some mystery connected with his previous career that he did not choose to dispel. His body was covered all over in the most frightful manner with scars of every description, consisting of sabre-cuts, bayonet-wounds, and here and there the indentation of a bullet. He briefly stated that he had received them in various battles in which he had been engaged, but refused to enter into any details. The probability is, he had taken an active part in some

of the revolutionary attempts of the last few years, and feared to commit himself by giving more precise information. For two or three days after his arrest he was silent and gloomy, but wept frequently. Now and then he expressed an agonizing sense of shame at his unfortunate position, and declared that if he were not set free he would seek some speedy means of death. Constant watch was kept on him, but at length he refused to eat, and said his fixed intention was to die by starvation. Great efforts were made to reason him out of this madness, but in vain; he was visited by all the officials of the prison, and food of the best description was kept always before him, in the hope that nature would at last get the better of his resolution. "Let me go," was his frequent exclamation, "or I am resolved to die." The director of the prison came to expostulate with him; and then the Fiscal Advocate, who promised an early investigation of his offence and great indulgence. Every resource failed, and he was losing strength so rapidly, from having gone near three days without any nourishment, that he was carried up to the hospital, where it was feared he would not survive long. Nothing occurred in the prison, of any interest, that was not duly reported to me by my general purveyor, Roquino; and I was therefore furnished with frequent intelligence of this singular case. My interest naturally deepened as the chances of a fatal result grew hourly more probable.

Learning, at last, that the poor wretch was beginning to swoon away, and would likely soon fall into a state of insensibility from which he would never recover, I determined to make an effort to save him. I so declared myself to Roquino, but without further explanation. I bid him to go and set him up at a table, and to put some good wine before him; and to order, meanwhile, a bowl of chicken-broth. He started off to carry out my suggestions, for so desperate was the case that they

were anxious to try anything; besides, my standing with the authorities of the prison was such as to ensure my request being complied with. I had settled in my head upon a simple expedient, and I proceeded to carry it out. Diving, for the first time, into the recesses of my portmanteau, I drew forth my daintiest articles of dress. I made my *toilette* as effective as possible, and was just sticking my best pin into a showy scarf, when Roquino came back to say all had been done as I had ordered. He was surprised at the metamorphosis in my appearance in so brief an interval, and gave way to no small admiration for my patent-leathers, and the unexceptionable cut of my garments.

"Why, one would think, *Monseigneur*," as he used to style me, "that you were going to pay a visit to the Intendente."

"I am going to employ my time still better, I hope," was my reply, "so conduct me to the hospital."

"What! you have not dressed yourself in that way merely to go and see the Swiss?" exclaimed the puzzled *porte-clefs*.

"You will see that directly. But hurry along," I said impatiently, "lest it be too late."

"*Oh, le malheureux!*" cried Roquino, whose feelings were really touched, "he is getting so weak that they are obliged to prop him up in the chair; he will not last much longer."

After a long circuit through winding corridors and interminable staircases, I reached the hospital, and near the door was seated the unfortunate object of my solicitude. He was quite young, and good looking, with a certain military air about him. His head reclined on his breast, and his whole frame gave signs of utter exhaustion. Several of the jailers were standing round, regarding him with looks of commiseration; and Colombo, with the Commandante of the Genoese prisons, was also present. As I entered, these persons raised their caps and saluted me with much courtesy. The movement attracted the attention of the sufferer, and he raised his head. From my showy

appearance, and the manner I purposely assumed, he mistook me for some person of consequence, and he attempted to get up, but fell immediately to the floor from weakness. He was picked up and put in his chair again. I affected to take no notice of his condition whatever.

"*Eh bien, mon brave,*" I said in French, and seating myself gaily at the table before him. "I have come to take a glass of wine with you, and to congratulate myself on having a companion in misfortune. It is not the pleasantest place in the world—this prison of St. Andrea; and a little good company is a great improvement. I am sorry to hear you are not well; but when you get your appetite back again, come over and dine with me. I am sure the Commandante here will make no objection. Eh, Signor Commandante?"

"Certainly not, Signor Wikoff," replied that sagacious officer, who detected my game and humored it.

The effect of my words, manner, and appearance on the poor creature before me was curious and indescribable. Amazement and incredulity by turns flitted over his intelligent face, and he gazed at me in utter bewilderment. I went on talking in the same easy, pleasant strain.

"Why, one would think from the way you stare, *mon jeune sabreur*, that you have some doubt whether I am a prisoner here or not. However, you can settle that point by asking Colombo, or il Signor Commandante, how many months I have been here, and how many more I expect to stay. I don't know what brought you here, but when I tell you my story, you'll see how little I deserve it. What do you say to that, Commandante?"

Signor Paretto was obliged to laugh in earnest at my abrupt appeal; but he declared, in good faith, as he had often done before, that if ever there was a hard case it was mine.

I could see by the change in the face and manner of the

sufferer that a few moments had sufficed to revolutionize his mind and feelings. Here was he, from an exaggerated sense of degradation, resolved upon self-destruction ; and before him sat a person—beyond doubt, his superior in life—who had been for months a prisoner, and yet who treated the matter with good-humored unconcern. His strong emotions revealed themselves in tears. I saw his resolution was broken, and that something like shame and repentance were succeeding.

"The worst of it is," I continued, addressing him as before, "you are not, I learn, likely to stay here long ; so let us have a glass of wine together, and drink to better luck hereafter."

I filled up whilst talking, and was secretly agitated lest he would refuse ; for if my *ruse* miscarried he was destined to perish. With almost an air of authority I handed him the glass, and taking up mine I said :—

"Here's to the lass we love best," and I waited till he drank first.

With a faint smile he put the wine to his lips and swallowed it.

"Bravo," said the Commandante, patting him on the back and nodding his head exultingly at me, "Bravo ! but you must drink a glass with me now."

"Of course," I said, "he will be proud to drink with the Commandante."

I filled up, and he drank again.

At this moment the broth I had ordered was opportunely brought in. I pushed it carelessly before him, and said :—

"Go on eating ; I can talk just as well. That broth looks inviting. Let me have your opinion of it," and I handed him the spoon.

So complete an ascendancy had I gained over him, that he obeyed me mechanically. He began to eat. After two or

three mouthfuls, raising his head, whilst an expression of intense animal delight overspread his face, he cried :—

"Oh, my God! it is *so* good—it is so good."

Some wine was poured into the broth by one of the hospital attendants, who suggested, after he had eaten it, that he should lie down. I rose, and saying if he were not well enough to come and see me for a day or two, I should not fail to visit him, and have a chat. I offered him my hand, which he seized, and passionately kissed before I could withdraw it. He spoke with great effort, but uttered some touching expressions of his gratitude, for he seemed to understand my motive. I called to see him several times afterwards, till I was sure he had abandoned his mad intention, and he always expressed his unbounded thankfulness. He was aware of the difference in our conditions, and that I did not really seek his companionship. This singular incident reconciled me more to my imprisonment than before, for much as I had suffered, I felt consoled to think I had been instrumental in saving the life of this foolish youth.

During the slow progress of my probation, the Marquis de Cavour, from a goodness of heart that beggars all acknowledgment on my part, continued to write to me, and to sustain my fortitude by the flattering expression of his sympathy, whilst his lucid and comprehensive disquisitions on abstruse subjects instructed as much as they interested me. It often busied my mind for a week or two, which was, doubtless, his benevolent purpose, to prepare a reply to him. I wish I had space for all of his remarkable letters—literature would gain by it ; but I must limit myself to giving only one more that I received about this time. I must repeat that the vigor of the original is necessarily impaired by translation.

"*Turin, Sept.* 1852.

"DEAR SIR—I have already been three times to our Chamber of Deputies, taking with me the paper you sent, which I wished to put into the

hands of the new Minister, the Chevalier Boncompagni; but he has not appeared at the Chamber for several days past, being detained by pressing business. Nevertheless, in one way or another, I shall manage to see him shortly, when I will speak to him of your matter with all the interest with which it inspires me. On this point I can only refer you to my preceding letters, assuring you that I should esteem myself happy if I could shorten the term of your painful probation by what little influence I may possess.

"I thank you for what you write respecting my brother. I could not but approve his resolution to leave the Ministry the moment his colleagues threw obstacles in the path that he had purposed following, and which to him seemed the best adapted to the interests of our country.

"It is permitted to seek political power as a means of serving the cause of justice and humanity; this is honorable and legitimate. But those who aim at political power as an absolute end, are egregiously deceived as to the destiny of man on this earth, and prepare for themselves bitter disappointments.

"You demand in your last letter whether I think that politics can ever be reduced to a science; you touch also upon another question still more important, relative to the connection that may exist between religion, morality, and politics.

"These are subjects upon which I often reflect. On some points I have settled convictions, on others I do not yet see clear.

"Being at this time much occupied, I cannot write to you at length; I will, however, jot down at the end of this letter some of my ideas. As the subject interests you, you can, after the close of the session, put me such questions in regard to it as you may think proper, and I will endeavor to reply to them in detail.

"Meanwhile, accept, I pray you, sir, the expression of my distinguished sentiments, and my hearty sympathy.

"G. DE CAVOUR."

"THOUGHTS ON POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"I. Man receives the first elements of his knowledge from experience. Experience itself results from the observation of certain facts that we witness, and which are comprehended in the term phenomena. But the human mind looks eagerly beyond these phenomena for that which it calls

the laws of phenomena; that is to say, certain constant and invariable rules by which the phenomena are accomplished.

"II. The human mind is so constituted that it ever seeks to find these fixed laws forming the basis of all phenomena; and the great facts of natural order appear to it mysterious and inexplicable, until they are traced to these laws.

"III. Among English writers Reid and Dugald Stewart have the most clearly expressed the important and characteristic fact that man possesses a natural and instinctive belief in the stability of the primordial laws of nature. They have also proved that this belief could not be derived from experience; but, on the contrary, that experience is possible only because man believes instinctively in the stability of nature's laws, and consequently reasons from the past to the future.

"IV. The knowledge of the laws of nature, constant and permanent, is the proposed object of science. Phenomena, simply observed but not yet determined by immutable laws, are objects of interest and curiosity, though not of science.

"V. In natural and physical sciences, the greatest of all discoveries according to general opinion, was that of Newton discovering the law of universal attraction. This sublime discovery has given to astronomy the character of a positive science.

"VI. The phenomena of social and political order are more complex than those of nature; and it appears difficult to discover among them those permanent laws which are the elements of a science. Nevertheless, the human mind instinctively searches for such laws, and no one has the right to say that its efforts in that direction will always of necessity remain unrewarded.

"VII. For more than a century profound thinkers have clearly explained and brought to light certain laws which their intelligence discovered in the social phenomena, and particularly in economy. Thus Adam Smith has established with sufficient precision for science, that the regulating principle of commercial values is a tendency to equilibrium between want and supply; and this is a truth added to science. In like manner several English writers, of whom Ricardo is the most celebrated, have constructed with scientific precision that which is called the theory of the rent; and here again science is benefited by fresh truths. Finally, Malthus, in his celebrated work on population, has, in the midst, of some paradoxes, proclaimed a scientific theory which at the present day is not contested. In consequence of these different works, political economy in

some of its facts has acquired the character of a science; and in the late treatises on this subject, as those of Mr. Senior and Mr. Mill, the younger, this character is manifest and incontestible.

"VIII. We are more in arrears in politics, properly so called, or in the science of good government. Still, in this also, we may hope to make useful progress. The essays you have published on this subject suggest reflections that may lead to positive results.

"The continuation on another occasion.

"G. DE C."

It will be observed that the Marquis still talks of my pardon, not that, in reality, he supposed it probable; but that he humanely sought to foster my hopes in order to diminish my anxiety. He alludes, also, to his brother, the Count de Cavour, leaving the Cabinet; but it was soon found that his place could not be supplied, and he was recalled, and put at the head of the Ministry, where he has since rendered great services to his country and to Italy.

A piece of good fortune befell me in October, by the *entrée* into St. Andrea of one of the gayest and most amusing persons I ever met. He was a merchant of Genoa, and accused of some offence against a rival in trade. He was a Piedmontese; but having been born on the French frontier, he had all the vivacity and wit of that charming nation whose language he spoke like a native. He begged hard to be admitted to my room, and I was sorry to refuse; but I had allowed the courier to resume his old corner after the wholesome discipline of a couple of months up stairs, and his services were really necessary to my comfort. He kept my den in admirable order, and carried on a deadly warfare with the swarming vermin that would otherwise have eaten me up. Poor M. R—— was, therefore, obliged to cast his tent amongst the "outsiders" in the menagerie I have before alluded to; but he passed no small portion of his time *chez moi*, where he was always welcome. He was more entertaining than

Bini, though less interesting than M. J——e. Not so boisterous as the first, and not at all *distingué* like the latter, but he had merits of his own. He sung well, and though not scientific, he had a correct ear and retentive memory. There was not a favorite air of any opera that he didn't know by heart. He abounded in anecdote, more remarkable, perhaps, for point than propriety. In fine, nothing escaped him from which he could extract the least diversion; and, wiser than Midas, he turned everything he touched into fun. He was the very antipodes to sentimentality of any kind, and had he been boiled to a jelly, and strained afterwards, I don't think that a particle of seriousness would have been found in his composition. He made up for all deficiencies, however, by an overflowing good-nature. He was always ready with a civility or a jest. Though fifty-eight years of age, he had the activity of mind and body of a youth of twenty. He had travelled a good deal, and picked up not a few racy adventures by the way. The advent of another Yorick like this, with his "gibes and flashes of merriment," it may be supposed, descended upon me, after eleven months' imprisonment, with the reviving effects of "manna in the wilderness." Though I had little in common with his character, and was occasionally disconcerted at his boundless levity, still my spirits were refreshed and my mind newly strung by living in daily contact with this incarnation of mirth, whose *bon-mots* and playful conceits were constantly popping and effervescing like a whole battery of unmanageable soda-bottles. No sooner was my breakfast over, than, pushing my door open, he would be seen standing in its frame in some comical attitude, not unfrequently with one leg and his arms in the air, like an opera-dancer. His face full of humor, and his keen little eyes sparkling with animation, he would break out into one of his favorite ditties:—

"Ce n'est pas ma faute,
Si je suis aimable,
C'est la nature,
Qu'est coupable."

Joining heartily in the merriment this droll apparition would naturally provoke, he would then come forward and pass the salutations of the morning. I owe many a pleasant moment to this sportive soul, who contributed greatly to sooth and relieve the final months of my imprisonment.

During the same month another prisoner came in, of great respectability. He had been for thirty odd years an officer of the army, and was now engaged in journalism. He was condemned to six months' incarceration for making too free in his comments on the "Powers that be." He was sixty-eight years of age, and in delicate health, and had, therefore, the favor allowed him of living alone in a cell considerably worse than mine. This state of things is not very creditable to the Constitutional Government of Sardinia.

It was impossible to conceive a contrast more striking than between the grave and somewhat severe character of this old officer, and the rollicking, farcical disposition of M. R——. The first held a joke in abomination, and the other worshipped it as the essence of wisdom. They naturally recoiled from each other at the first glance, whereas I found matter in both for interest and amusement.

It soon turned out that the old *militaire* was fond of a game of chess; so, after dinner, when M. R—— had sung all his snatches, and exhausted his puns, he would give way to his dignified opponent, whom he profanely dubbed "Old Cattolicó," and I consumed two or three hours agreeably enough at chess.

I had a great loss this month in the departure of my Consul

on a tour to the East. Up to the last moment he had continued his attentions, and neglected no means to alleviate my condition. The day before he left he paid me a long visit, and displayed the most affectionate anxiety for my well-being during his proposed absence. He was, as I have said, in communication with a correspondent of Miss Gamble's at Genoa, and gave me some late tidings of her.

"Miss Gamble has returned to Italy," he said, "from her trip to Germany, and is on her way to Rome for a month or so, and goes thence to Naples."

"She is a woman of system, I see," was my reply; "and carries out her projects of travel without giving herself the least concern for the luckless mortal she has consigned to limbo. There is no reason, however, she should not amuse herself, and I am glad to learn she is doing so."

"I have heard also," remarked the Consul, "that she talks of returning to Genoa by the time you are set free."

"What can be her object?" I asked in surprise. "If she expects me to 'abduct' her again," I added, smiling, "she will find herself mistaken. I should run, I verily believe, from the sight of her."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Consul, laughing; "why, I hear she is as much afraid of you, and would like, of all things, to come to some friendly understanding. She has behaved badly enough, it is true, but you must learn, in the Christian spirit, to forget and forgive."

"Miss Gamble, surely, can have no fears," I observed, "that I should molest her in any improper way, else she underrates my self-respect as well as my deference for her sex. It costs me no effort to forget and forgive, as you suggest, my Consul; and, in defending myself hereafter against the slanderous attacks that have been made on me, I shall exercise the utmost forbearance towards her. What more can she demand?"

"Nothing, truly, in reason," declared the Consul; "but I know what she would like."

"If *in reason*, I will try to oblige her."

"She would like you, then, to make no statement at all," continued the Consul; "and to let the matter drop. She will agree to make you a pecuniary compensation for what you have suffered. The fact is, she will give you a *considerable* sum, as I am informed."

"If that proposition comes from Miss Gamble," I returned, not a little stung by the insult, "it only lowers her in my esteem. It proves she mistakes my character, or overrates the attractions of her purse. No! if she thinks that I have been wronged, let her make a fair acknowledgment in words—not pounds. If she has any favor to ask, let it be in the name of her family, whom I loved, and even in memory of her broken vows. I am vulnerable to sentiment, but not to silver, Consul, even in 'considerable sums.'"

"I shall so report," returned the Consul, satisfied at my decision, "and I must applaud your language. However, let us hope all will yet end pleasantly. When you see Miss Gamble again, I dare say she will obtain as much as you ought to yield."

"I will never yield the right to vindicate myself."

"Well, I must say good-by," declared my friend, as he rose, and extended his hand. "You have only four months more, and if the embargo is not taken off, you must try to struggle through it."

"Never fear, my dear Consul," I exclaimed, "I have 'supped full of horrors,' it is true, but I shall not despair now that the worst is over. I grieve at your loss; but I am almost glad not to add further to the vast obligations I owe you."

"I am sorry to leave you in this shocking place," he replied, hurrying away, "but be consoled, for the end is not far off."

It will be seen from the above conversation that Miss Gamble was anxious to stave off the public explanation, she knew I con-

templated, by an offer of money. I may say this was not the first intimation of the sort, nor the last. I was told previously to this, on good authority, that if I would bind myself to leave Europe for some years, and make no publication whatever, that I might obtain my pardon, and a large sum of money.

My reply was simply this, "If I had committed an act that compromised my honor, I would, perhaps, accept such propositions; but an indiscretion like mine will be overlooked when once explained. I decline, therefore, both pardon and money on the terms proposed."

From this renewal of the money-offer through my Consul, as just shown, it is evident that Miss Gamble put great faith in the efficacy of a golden remedy, even for so sore a case as mine. Her notions of honor seemed of that practical kind that the valiant Falstaff entertained "What is honor?—a word. What is in that word?—honor?"

To be sure, in this material age of ours, a sentimental view of things is apt to savor of the ridiculous, and the current coin is often found to be a sovereign panacea for wounds and bruises to mind and body. But every one has a weakness of his own; and, without meaning any disrespect to Miss Gamble or her check, I preferred a thousand times to forego them both than to forfeit the fair report of the world. This was my view from first to last, as my Consul is my witness.

The departure of this estimable man from Genoa was a great deprivation, for his visits and sympathy were always cheering and consoling. My mishap cost him in all a deal of trouble; but his kindness never relaxed or tired in its current. To have done far less would have far exceeded the largest notions of duty, and I can attribute, therefore, the vast surplus only to the inspirations of an inexhaustible humanity. I would be the most ungrateful of men not to make this public avowal of my gratitude, since no other acknowledgment is possible.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ST. ANDREA.

Time rolled on, and I ventured to count, by weeks, the interval that still separated me from the bustling world without. How I longed to revisit it again, and every day's experience of my horrible abode only kindled more fiercely my aspirations to mingle with my fellows, and to escape from the contamination that surrounded me. I have all along avoided giving any offensive views of the world of crime I lived in, but which painted in the sombre colors of reality could not fail to be repulsive. I have rather sought to beguile my reader with here and there a passing glimpse of such phases of life in a common Italian jail, as honest people might look on, and not be appalled.

Were it not foreign to my purpose, I could many a tale unfold, that if it did not freeze the young blood, or harrow up the soul, would at all events cast Madame Tassaud's "Chamber of Horrors" into the shade.

To describe such things would be an offensive task, and even less painful for others to peruse than for me to recall. I would not have it thought that I am trifling with the sympathies of any one, or seeking to give a darker tint to my condition than it really wore. It were easy to defend myself from such a suspicion; and I will go so far as to relate one out of many scenes that may appear tame enough in description, but that an eye-witness is not likely to forget.

One of the most intolerable sensations I experienced at St. Andrea arose from the fact, that I was living under the same

roof with several assassins condemned to death. I did yearn most earnestly to get out of the place before the preparations for their execution began, but it turned out otherwise.

In the month of November, I think, an order came for the hanging of a wretch by name of Abo. He had killed a woman he cohabited with, under circumstances of great atrocity. He went one night to the house where she lived as a servant, and, after supping with her gaily, they went to bed together ; during the night he murdered her, and robbed the house. He was twice tried for the crime, and twice condemned. He had been lying at St. Andrea for some months awaiting his death-warrant, and at last it came.

It is the custom in Genoa, and in Italy, generally, to give twenty-four hours' notice to a condemned criminal of his intended execution, and he is required to pass this interval in the chapel of the prison, when he is exhorted to confession. At St. Andrea there was a large room on the ground-floor employed for this purpose, though usually occupied by prisoners : at day-break, on the occasion in question, they were huddled elsewhere, and the necessary arrangements made for the gloomy ceremony to ensue.

An altar-piece of some pretension was erected at one end of the room ; two high windows on either side were hung with curtains ; table and chairs were brought in ; and a bed for the criminal, if he had the nerve to sleep, was placed in one corner.

When all was ready, Colombo and assistants went to the cell of Abo, to read the order for his execution the ensuing morning at six o'clock, and this done, he was bid to come down to the chapel. Roquino, of course, was in the group that attended Colombo, and he told me, that on entering his cell, Abo was deep in sleep. He awoke to hear his death-knell. For a few moments he was much moved, and wept, but then got up

quietly, and followed to the chapel. Several priests were in waiting to receive him, and the business of the day, so to speak, commenced ; for up to this time the assassin had constantly persisted in his innocence.

It is a vital point with the priests, on occasions like these, to obtain a confession, not with a view merely to justify the law, but that no Catholic may seem to set the Church at defiance.

I remarked on the morning in question that no work was going on in the shops in my corridor, and that an unusual silence pervaded the prison, and, on demanding the reason, Roquino informed me that Abo was in the chapel, and gave me the details I have related.

On a day like this no one was allowed to leave his cell, and no visitor was permitted to enter the prison. The most perfect order and silence was preserved, that the mind of the condemned might not be disturbed in his holy meditations. As I was treated as a sort of privileged person, Roquino said, if I wished it, I would be allowed to see what was going on, and he offered to post me in Colombo's bed-room, whence a complete view of the chapel was had through a small window in the wall. It was, certainly, a spectacle that had no charms for me. To contemplate a murderer, under ordinary circumstances, would have filled me with a keen repugnance ; but to look upon him at the moment when the glave of the law was ready to descend upon him ; to see him standing with one foot in the grave that yawned wider and wider with every succeeding hour ; this was an exhibition that many an amateur would have paid liberally to enjoy, but which, I confess, I felt strongly disposed to recoil from. Still, I determined to accept Roquino's proposition ; for, though I should have blamed myself to have gone in search of such a show, from that morbid curiosity so commonly indulged, yet as it was my fate to be brought into immediate contact with such a scene, it seemed something like shrinking from the ordeal

I was called to undergo, to refuse to witness it. About noon, therefore, I accompanied Roquino to the position offered me, and it was admirably adapted to the purpose.

Seated at a small window, a foot square, I had a commanding view of the large room already described. Behind a table, and directly opposite the altar, upon which numerous candles were burning, sat the miserable wretch who was so soon to expiate his crime. On either side of him were seated several priests, who conversed with him from time to time in an under tone, urging him to confess and repent. On the table lay an engraving of the crucifixion, and a small bronze sculpture of the same subject. Ever and anon one of the priests would offer one or the other of these sacred objects to the criminal to kiss, which he would apply calmly to his lips, and lay it down again. He appeared about forty years of age, of short stature, and ordinary make. His features were regular ; his eyes dark and of singular expression. Nothing could be more placid than his face, and resignation seemed to wrap him round like a mantle. Still, there was a restlessness in his keen eye that made me doubt this outward seeming. A close observer might detect, also, in his physiognomy the subtlety of his character and the treachery of his disposition. I was convinced that his mild and almost devotional demeanor was merely assumed to conciliate the reverend Fathers around him, and to enhance the value of his continued assertions of innocence. So deep in some natures is the love of hypocrisy, that the terrors of death cannot expel it from their breasts. This unhappy wretch might have known that his fate was sealed, still he hoped to cheat it by wanton deceit and useless falsehood. It became, at length, a subject of painful curiosity to see how long he would keep up the game he was playing. The experienced Roquino had informed me that it was common enough for all the condemned, when in the chapel, to begin the day by declaring their innocence ; but as hours sped

on, they invariably lost resolution, and gave way to tears, remorse, and penitence.

"*Il résiste bien*," he remarked, as he came in now and then to take a glance at Abo, "he holds up well, but that will not last much longer."

Besides the priests, who went in and out in great numbers, and who seemed, if I might say so, like so many spiritual birds of prey hovering round the condemned, ready to pounce upon his soul, if he could be brought to give it up ; besides these I repeat, several members of the *Misericordia* dropped in during the day to see if the wants of the criminal were properly supplied. (A charitable association under this title exists throughout Italy, and addresses itself entirely to the relief of the *bas peuple*, or lowest class. In Sardinia they share with the State the management of the prisons, and by personal superintendence see that the prisoners are properly treated and duly nourished. This society consists in every case of the nobility ; and their benevolent solicitude for the poor, and even the criminal, has naturally a conciliating and beneficial effect on their inferiors.) It is the custom to allow the condemned, when in the chapel, whatever luxury in the way of food and drink he may prefer, and even the satisfaction of any friend he has amongst the prisoners to dine with him. Abo ordered his last dinner with the utmost tranquillity, and indicated some prisoner to share it with him. About three o'clock his dinner was served ; and I remarked that it was carved by the jailers, as it is considered imprudent to put a knife or fork in the hands of a felon about to die, lest an attempt at suicide might be made. After dinner the guest of Abo withdrew, and he bid him affectionately farewell. He walked up and down occasionally afterwards, with a priest at his side, as well as his chains allowed ; his arms were free, but a steel girdle encircled his waist, from which hung chains that were fastened crosswise to his ankles. The noise of

his fetters, as he paced the room, added to the gloomy effect of the scene. There was a horrible novelty about this event that seized upon my imagination, and kept me rooted to the spot for several hours. It was a relief to see the miserable man bear his awful situation with so much strange composure ; but it was impossible for a spectator to behold his life sinking away, grain by grain as in an hour-glass, without the breath growing thicker, and the nerves crisping with horror.

I went back to my room about six o'clock to dine, though I had little relish for my food. My intention was to go down again before I went to bed, to see if any change had taken place in the manner or appearance of Abo. It astonished Roquino to see him maintain his firmness so long. It was near ten o'clock before I returned to the place I had previously occupied, and I found myself more painfully impressed than in the morning. Abo was seated as before, behind the table and opposite the altar ; he was still perfectly calm, and replied with the utmost meekness to the earnest exhortations that were occasionally addressed to him. There was something, though, in the tone of his voice, a sound of distress, that was affecting. The silence, only broken at intervals by the priests, was intense. The altar was brilliantly illuminated, and some of the Fathers were praying on their knees before it. A group of jailers were sitting in a corner, on guard, but mute and solemn. If, by chance, any one entered the chapel, it was on tiptoe ; and all was uttered in a whisper. Everything announced the approach of some appalling event ; yea, the coming of death ; but it was impossible to conceive that the blow was to fall on the man I saw before me in perfect health, erect, and unmoved—as though he waited a summons to bed, and not to the dark grave. As the deep-toned clock of the adjoining church struck the quarters, I started at the sound ; but he, the assassin, who felt his foot still nearer the abyss, heard it, but shrunk not—his arms folded, his color undisturbed, and his

voice unbroken. It was not a waxen figure that I looked upon; it was a living man—a sentient, reflective being, in full possession of every faculty, and awake to every passion of the soul. Midnight was upon him, and at six in the morning he was to perish; he knew it, and yet, how incomprehensible! there he sat—blood on his hands, murder on his conscience, hell yawning before him—an image of peace. A martyr awaiting the glories of heaven, could hardly have worn an attitude of more perfect serenity. Wasted by sickness on a bed of agony, death may be a relief; amid the roar and carnage of battle, death may be glorious; but in the hey-day of life, amid silence and gloom, to contemplate, as that felon did, for twenty-four mortal hours, the slow approach of the King of Terrors—to feel, as he did, that every pulsation of his heart was one the less—to know that every passing thought was numbered—to hear the hum of the multitude without, curious to witness his last pangs—this was an ordeal, I conceive, the most terrible a human being could be called to meet; and yet the wretch blenched not. Was it courage, resignation, or hypocrisy? I knew not; but to me it was the most mysterious and awful problem I ever had to solve, and it absorbed my entire being. But lo! he moves—he rises! Does he repent—has fear seized him? Listen! He gapes and desires to sleep.

I went away to my room near one o'clock in the morning; fatigued and feverish, little inclined for bed, but determined to take some repose. I bid Roquino to wake me at three o'clock; for, in spite of me, a horrible fascination seemed to draw me back to this ghastly spectacle. I laid down without undressing, and slumbered; but fearful dreams pursued me. I awoke in agitation, and found Roquino at my bed-side, with a lantern in his hand.

"It is three o'clock, sir," he said.

"And Abo?" I demanded, with a cold shiver as I uttered his name.

"They have just awoke him."

"What!" I said, "has he slept?"

"Very soundly," returned Roquino. "I sat near him on guard, and he breathed as calmly as a child."

"Has he confessed?" I inquired.

"No; the priests are imploring him to repent, but he declares he is not guilty."

"Can there be any doubt?" I asked, perplexed.

"No more," he replied, "than that the sun will rise this morning."

Whilst talking I hastily made my toilet, and then turned to follow Roquino. The obscurity and stilness of the prison at this hour was something oppressive, and the ringing echo of the bolts and chains, as he fastened the portal of my corridor, made me shudder with disgust. We descended the staircase quickly, and I was conducted to the same spot as before, when Roquino left me to attend to his duties. In a second I was at the window which looked in upon the chapel, and every sense was absorbed in that of sight. There he sat just as I left him—no paleness, no trembling, no fear. A priest knelt at his side, holding his hand, and imploring him, in tones that pierced the soul, to confess and be absolved. Another held the crucifix before him, which he often kissed. The bleatings of a lamb were not more gentle than his replies:—

"*Mio Padre io sono innocente.* I am innocent, my Father," he repeated constantly, to the earnest invocations of the poor priest, who seemed in despair.

Four o'clock struck, and he was to leave the prison at five for the place of execution. A bowl of soup was brought in to him, and putting it to his mouth he drained it to the bottom.

"Before it is digested," I muttered to myself, "he will be dead."

The priests again urged and entreated—again knelt and

prayed to him, but in vain. He resisted, reiterating his innocence ; but without excitement, without anger or defiance. At half-past four, a jailer approached him and took off his chains. This was a token that his hour approached. He asked for some wine. A bottle was set before him with some biscuits. He filled the glass, and steeping the cakes, he quietly ate them as though he had been sitting in a *café*, and gazing out of the window. He was presently told the executioner had arrived, and would come to him in a few moments. He bowed his head, drunk another glass of wine, and rising, approached the altar, where a priest was officiating. He knelt, clasped his hands, bent downwards, but spoke not. At last I saw he was weeping and the tears streamed copiously down his face. It was impossible, murderer as he was, not to feel for him. He rose in a few minutes. He was calm again. It was only a momentary triumph of nature, for it was gone.

"I am ready," he said, in a low voice, turning to the jailers.

In a moment the hangman entered with two assistants, and approaching the criminal, prepared to bind him. Cords were passed tightly round the upper part of the arms, fastening them to the body. His hands were then raised in an attitude of prayer, and corded so as to be immovable. A small crucifix was placed in his grasp.

"Pray, give me as little pain as possible, *Padrone*," said the unhappy wretch, whilst they were binding him.

"Never fear," returned the hangman, in a friendly voice, "I will take care you suffer very little."

Whilst this was going on, the chapel suddenly filled with men enveloped in black dresses, which covered them from head to foot. Their eyes alone were visible through the masks which hid their faces. These were the noble members of the *Misericordia*, who always accompany the criminal to execution, and take charge of his body for burial the moment the law has done

its office. Anything more fearful than the scene I now gazed upon had never presented itself, even to my imagination, and it seemed to me that nobody else was unmoved save Abo, the assassin, and the hangman who stood beside him. The funeral procession began to form, and hardly knowing what I did, I hurried down to the door of the chapel to get a closer view of this man of marble as he passed me to the tomb. The members of the *Misericordia*, with their banner shrouded in crape, advanced first, in couples, and moved slowly towards the great door of the prison. Numerous priests followed, chanting the *De profundis*. The criminal then came, with the executioner and assistants close behind him. As he drew near, he regarded me with interest and benignity, for he had remarked my constant presence, and had frequently gazed up at the window where I sat. As he passed me he bowed low and mournfully. I returned his bow, with my eye fixed on his. There was sadness in its depths, but no dread. I turned away, almost staggering with emotion, and it required a strong effort to recover my composure.

Later in the day, I felt an ungovernable curiosity to know how the tragedy terminated, and I sent for Roquino to give me the information. He replied that he had managed to avoid the execution.

"It always makes me sick as a dog for a day or two to see anything of the sort," declared Roquino, "and I never go, if I can help it."

"Why, that sounds strange enough," was my remark, "since your father was a jailer, and you have been bred up to the business. It can't be want of nerve; so it must be humanity. Who'd have thought it?"

"I don't know what it is," he observed; "but I can't stand it, and very few of us can. But, if sir, you want to hear any more about Abo," he continued, smiling, "there is a person in the prison to-day, who can give you the fullest information."

"Very well," I said, taking up my cap; "come along; but who is it?"

"The hangman!" he replied, laughing aloud to see me fall back panic-struck.

"Why, what is he doing here?" I asked, getting my breath again.

"He is waiting till night comes on, when he will return to Turin, where he lives."

"Why does he not set off at once?"

"Because," said Roquino, "he would be torn to pieces by the mob, if they recognized him. This morning it was as much as a detachment of soldiers could do to save him."

"How absurd," I returned; for the poor devil is merely an officer of the law. However, a mob never stops to reason when it feels strongly. Does he travel by public conveyance?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir; he travels only by night, in a conveyance of his own."

Whilst talking, I was deliberating what I should do. It seemed childish to yield to my repugnance to talk with a hangman. I was pretty sure, besides, that this was the only opportunity of the sort I should ever have, and, to tell the truth, I felt curious to see what kind of man a hangman really was. After all, he was a human being like the rest, and on the *nihil humani a me alienum* principle, why should I shrink?

"Go on," I said to Roquino, at length. "Take me to see the hangman; but I hope he has got none of his ropes about, lest he might be tempted to try his skill on me."

"Oh, he is very particular about his *necklaces*," said Roquino, "and he never travels without a good supply."

Roquino led me to a part of the prison I had never seen before, and coming near to a door which he pointed at, he whispered—

"There—you will find him there."

"*C'est bien*," I replied; "but knock, and say I wish to see him."

"No; I can't do that. He would think I was making a show of him, and would be angry. You must go in alone, sir," and with that the scamp disappeared.

I was not prepared for this, and I had half a notion to bolt after him. But it is one of my traits not to abandon easily what I once undertake, else I should not have carried my courtship so far. I confess, I stood staring at the door Roquino indicated full five minutes before I could muster resolution to knock, and my heart beat audibly when I did so.

"Enter," said a gruff voice, and I did enter forthwith.

There were two men lying on beds at one end of the room, asleep. Another was seated at the table, writing. Addressing this one, I said—

"Do you speak French?"

"Perfectly," he said.

"Ah!" I continued, "then I have come to see the—the"——

I did not know whether to say "the hangman," which might have been offensive; or, "the *gentleman* that hung Abo this morning." Seeing my hesitation, the man smiled and said—

"I understand; you wish to see *me*. Pray, sit down," and he offered me a chair.

"What!" I said, astonished at his very genteel appearance and manners, "am I addressing the"——

"Yes, sir—the hangman; that's my business. *Ne vous genez pas*. Don't embarrass yourself."

"Very well," I continued, sitting down, "I shall lay aside ceremony, then. You hung Abo this morning?"

"I did, sir."

"How did he die?"

"Very quietly. Indeed, I may say it was a pleasure to hang him."

"Did he give way when he reached the scaffold?"

"Not at all, sir. He was perfectly firm and calm; that's why he died so *comfortably*."

While conversing, I examined the extraordinary individual before me. He was a tall, stout man of some fifty years of age. The expression of his face was rather pleasant, and nothing sinister in the glance of his eye. His language was not vulgar, and his manners were really good. He was dressed in black, and wore a white cravat. I could not believe I was addressing that mythical personage, familiar to an English or American mind as *Jack Ketch*. I went on to describe the wonderful self-possession of Abo during his stay in the chapel.

"Yes," he replied, "that happens now and then, but very rarely. There are few, indeed, who do not give way at the sight of *me;* and sometimes they are very troublesome."

"What is your mode of hanging in this country?" I inquired.

"When the cord is tied to the scaffold," he explained, "we push them off a ladder, and then jump on the head so as to break the neck, and put them out of pain at once."

"That's horribly brutal," I cried, almost turning sick.

"Why, how is it done in your country, sir?"

Recovering myself a little, I described the scaffold in the United States and England, as well as the guillotine in France.

"I should like either much better than what is the fashion here for centuries past," he returned, "for my feet slip off the head frequently, and I have sometimes great difficulty in getting through with the job."

"I don't wonder," I said, "that the feelings of the mob are revolted, though it is no fault of yours. It seems to me, however, that your Government is enlightened enough to adopt the

mode of execution of civilized States, where it is not considered necessary to invest the death of a criminal with any additional horror."

The hangman quite agreed with me, and hoped some improvement would soon be introduced.

"So you are off to-night," I observed rising, "and under escort, I suppose ?"

"Yes, sir," he replied ; "and the State takes very good care of me, as you may see by looking at these documents."

He took out his pocket-book, and gave me several letters that were in the hand-writing of the different Ministers of State, commanding aid and protection for him from all the military and civil authorities.

"How many do you hang per year ?"

"That differs—sometimes more, and then less. They hardly average a dozen."

"Are you paid by the job ?"

"No, sir, by the year ; and my salary is small."

I think he said it was about $1,000, but then there were perquisites attached.

"And who are these worthy persons here ?" I asked, pointing to the sleepers aforementioned.

"They are my assistants ; and one of them—that one—is destined to succeed me."

"The appointment lies with the Government, I suppose ; but your recommendation," I added, smiling, "goes a great way, no doubt."

"Just so, sir. I did intend to bestow the office on that brute there," and he pointed to one of them ; "but in spite of all my care, he is so clumsy that I have chosen another who is more capable."

"Well, I am obliged to you," I said, "for receiving me so politely ; and if ever I should happen to fall into your hands,

I hope you will deal with me gently for old acquaintance sake."

Jack Ketch laughed quite heartily, and replied, in the most complimentary way—

"If I hanged no one till I exercised my functions on you, I should have an easy life of it."

He followed me to the door, bowing me out in the most courteous and French-like manner; and it was evident from his last speech that I had made a favorable impression. After all, he was not so sour-looking a fellow as a certain Judge I could name; and if I were to be tried again for abducting Miss Gamble, or anybody else, I would rather trust my fate to the Jack Ketch of Sardinia, than to the other—for his physiognomy was far less repulsive than his business.

I dare say there are some of my readers who may think I had enough of novelty and variety at St. Andrea to satisfy any man; but the more I had of either—and it may not seem strange to quiet people—the more I longed to be out of it. When I found myself, at length, in the last month of my imprisonment, I thanked God from the bottom of my heart. To attempt any description of the buoyant state of my mind at this period would be idle. I fell at times into that dreamy condition which accompanies absolute content, and it was as much as I could do at other moments to suppress some puerile explosion of my joy, and not fall to shouting and dancing like a madman. It never cost me such a tremendous effort to preserve my dignity, and to talk reasonably about anything, as it did on this occasion. It had been my habit for the last few months, when I caught sight of the new moon for the first time, to cry out involuntarily, "Only five moons more;" or, "Only four moons more;" and when, therefore, the pale satellite rose on my enchanted vision on the 12th of January, in that latitude, as I was taking my evening walk, with the old officer at my side, I shouted out sponta-

neously, "No more moons," and came very near giving a wild hurrah. My sedate companion looked so astonished, that I had to explain.

As to what happened this month, I have no very exact recollection. Like Cassio, "I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly." Miss Gamble's name was frequently mentioned. She was at Naples, and the story was that she had signified her intention to be at Genoa by the time I was free again, in order, as I supposed, "to take the bull by the horns" at once. In the ethereal mood I was then in, I did not care where she was, or what she intended to do. Not an impulse of anger against her, or any one, ruffled the deep serenity of my mind, or disturbed for an instant the beatitude that overflowed my heart. The courier, who had weathered the storm with less concern than myself, seemed also less transported at the prospect of liberty. Blessed with a thick hide, he had set all creeping things at defiance, and slept through their vain assaults. The wine of the country, too, was quite to his taste, and his only anxiety was to get enough of it. "It makes me," he declared in a sentimental tone, "forget for a moment my dear wife and child."

"And your manners, too, sometimes," I answered.

Besides, as the courier was not particular about trifles, he spent the evening gaily upstairs with his boon companions, where he was just as comfortable as in a *cabaret* in Paris. He was glad at the prospect of getting the use of his legs again, but he was not overjoyed.

My sympathies were occasionally aroused by the melancholy that began to seize on Roquino. The near approach of my departure affected him visibly, and with the impenetrability of his character he refused to explain or declare himself. He would never tell his grief,

> "but let concealment,
> Like a worm in the bud,
> Prey on his damask cheek."

I did my best to console him by saying, that if it were ever in my power hereafter to give him a lift, I should not fail. Nor will I, for *malgré* his ignorance of the days in June, and his propensity "to covet his neighbor's" crockery, still, there are greater rogues undiscovered than Roquino in the world, I dare say. Such a windfall as a patent-leather abductor coming into his hands he was not prepared for, and if he yielded to the temptation, it ought fairly be set down to the account current that human nature keeps with opportunity, and ought not to be, as the play says, "strained to grosser issue."

I received at this time letters from several old friends, congratulating me on my coming emancipation, and amongst them one that afforded me peculiar satisfaction. I must explain here, that along with the rest of my ill-luck, I had the misfortune to quarrel with Mrs. Grote. I was told on good authority that previous to my trial she had lent a hand to the silly people who were making war upon me. In the nervous state I then was, I sat down and wrote to her expansively, to which she replied indignantly, and a breach ensued between us. I then heard many other things it is not worth while to repeat; but towards the close of my imprisonment I felt somewhat anxious to know if they were true. I therefore wrote to Mr. J. J. R., already mentioned, requesting him to address Mrs. Grote, whom he knew, and to let me have her precise reply. All of which was done, and the following is a letter I received from him on this subject:—

"*Launceston, Cornwall,*
December 6, 1852.

"My Dear Mr. Wikoff,

"Having now closed my correspondence with Mrs. Grote on the subject of the request which you made me in your two last letters, I lose no time in communicating to you the result. It is unnecessary for me to relate the whole of this correspondence. It will be sufficient to extract that portion of Mrs. Grote's last letter, which immediately bears on the point in question.

"'In reply,' she says, 'to your allusion to his supposed impression concerning *my* interference in his affairs,—that I have in any way moved or caused others to move in them, either before or since the event which occurred in Genoa last year,—*you may take my solemn word for it*, that I have never done so. My knowledge of the transaction at Genoa was chiefly obtained from the published narrative, and as to my having persecuted Mr. W——, or sought to enhance or prolong his imprisonment, I assure you my thoughts have scarcely dwelt on the matter since. I do not know the English Consul at Genoa, or any one likely to influence him. I happened to know his name was Brown after reading the trial, and inclosed a letter or two to his care to be given to Mr. W——, then in prison. This is all I have to tell you relative to my concern with the circumstances you mention.'

"After *this full and complete* denial of the part which has been attributed to Mrs. Grote, what remains to be said? You must feel with me, and be glad to think so, that you have been entirely mistaken in the matter. I need hardly tell you how much grieved I felt at the details given me respecting your sufferings in prison. A term, however, is fast approaching to them. I shall be in London in the course of ten days, and hope to see you there soon. For God's sake, keep quiet till we meet, and avoid rushing into print, for the sake of all parties, until you have well considered the matter.

"Believe me ever sincerely yours,

"J. J. R."

This was in the highest degree satisfactory to me, for the high standing of Mrs. George Grote in the social world of London gave to the pledge of her "solemn word" that she had never conspired against me, an authority that no assertions from other parties could in the least shake or undermine.

But the 6th of February, '53, had arrived, and this was the courier's day of release. He had been imprisoned twenty-four hours before me, and as our condemnation was for the same period, he was consequently entitled to precedence in going out. His term was not up till the 7th, but as soon as midnight of the 6th sounded, he was, according to the custom of the prison, free to go. I tried to see if I could induce him to stay over the night,

in order to superintend, as usual, my last breakfast on the morning of the 7th ; but persuasion was thrown away on him. Now that the moment of escape had come, he was wild at the thought of being once more a free agent, and he panted like an impetuous steed for twelve o'clock to come. He vanished at the stroke, and left me alone in my glory. To do him justice, however, he returned the following morning to look after my breakfast. Whether from the intoxicating effects of his liberty, or from stimulus of a more material kind, I remarked he was in a singular state of aberration. He allowed the milk to boil over, and upset the coffee-pot ; but I was in a humor to forgive anything. It would be committing an untruth, to say that in all my long drawn agony of fifteen months (!) I never knew a moment of *supremo contento*, as the Italians say, for this last day of all was nothing else than a day of perfect bliss.

After all, happiness is a relative term ; and I beg leave to doubt whether the throb that swelled the proud heart of Napoleon, as he placed the imperial diadem on his brow at *Nôtre Dame*, was more joyous than the thrill of delight that shot through my bosom when I deposited my long-neglected hat on its former perch, at St. Andrea, on the 7th of February, at half-past eleven at night.

I felt great regret at bidding adieu to my late companions, poor R——, and the old officer, not that I was at all disposed to stay longer with them, but that it pained me to leave them behind in such a pit of darkness. I accompanied Roquino, whose delicate attentions knew no bounds, at the hour just named, down to the main door of the prison, where several jailers were sitting round a brazier, on guard.

As they were all old acquaintances of mine, I joined the group without ceremony, saying that as it was uncertain when they would have another chance, they had better go to work now, and fill as many bumpers to my health as they could swal-

low. This was strictly against regulations ; but as none refused, there was no apprehension of their *peaching* on each other.

I really began to think at last that all the clocks of the town had conspired against me, and would never strike midnight. It was the longest half hour of my life. "*Viva*," cried the jailers, waving their caps, when the peal at length broke out that snapped my bonds in twain. My sensations were disturbed for a moment by Roquino, announcing that the porter of the outer gate had gone to bed, and that the sentinel posted there would not allow it to be opened in his absence.

"What's to be done, then?" I demanded, chafing at an obstacle.

"Why, you had better wait till morning," was the reply.

"No, I shall climb over the walls first," I declared impetuously.

"There's another gate," said Colombo ; "and by chance I have got the key. Here, Roquino," he added, handing it to him, "you can conduct *il Signor* out that way."

In five minutes more I was in the street, where I found the courier waiting for me, and a friend, whose hospitality I had agreed to accept for the short time I remained at Genoa. I walked along the deserted streets in a frame of mind that can hardly be imagined. My joy was not expansive, for I could not speak a word. I was quiet, but it was the quiet of gunpowder, ready to explode at any moment. An Irishman once boasted that his mare, after a bowl of punch, could jump over a church. I felt I could jump over the highest in Genoa without one. What a pity at such a moment of good-will to all mankind (the ladies included), I had not met Miss Gamble. I should have forgiven her on the spot, and been spared, perhaps, the trouble of writing this book.

A good supper was laid out for me by my considerate friend, but I was not more disposed to eat than to talk. My mind was

quite absorbed at the prospect of a sound night's sleep, without being bit at, and crawled over. No longer able to resist such a treat, I gave the signal for bed. I laid awake for a long time, regarding with ineffable satisfaction those familiar articles of furniture, whose existence I had nearly forgotten. A mirror—a sofa—a carpet—each gave me a separate and keen glow of delight. I stared at them not with the rank curiosity of a savage, but as one who remembered "that such things were," as Macduff says, "and were most dear to me." I trembled, from long habit, lest my felicity might be disturbed by a nip; but no; I was left at peace, and gradually sinking into that sweet exhaustion which follows excess of joy, I went to sleep, mumbling something about

> "If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy."

END OF SECOND PART.

PART III.

CONCLUSION.

"La donna e mobile."

"Woman is fickle."

CHAPTER XXV.

PARIS—LONDON—GENOA.

When I did get up next day (I shall say nothing about the hour), I went immediately to pay my respects to my thrice-worthy Consul and his lady, who had got back from their Eastern trip only the day before. How they welcomed me back to society again, and how I thanked them for their untiring goodness, I will leave to the fancy of my reader.

"Well," said the Consul, at length, who was in high spirits, "have you heard that Miss Gamble has bolted from Naples to London, where she intends to entrench herself behind the ramparts of Portland Place, and await the onset of the foe?"

"It is 'a lost fear,' as Othello says," I replied, "for I am thinking of myself just now a good deal more than of Miss Gamble, and whether she be in Portland Place or elsewhere, I am ungallant enough to say, is a matter of some indifference to me."

"What, then, are you going to do?" queried the Consul, as if anxious to know my plans.

"Just what I always told you," was my answer. "The suffering so wantonly inflicted on me, I forgive; but the calumnies and abuse heaped upon my name, I shall meet with a plain statements of facts; and I put entire confidence in the discernment and benevolence of the public."

"I don't think Miss Gamble," said the Consul, smiling, "will like the whole thing brought up again."

"I don't like it myself," I returned.

"Will no sum of money," he demanded, "in the way of compensation, induce you to give up the book contemplated?"

"Not the whole fortune of Miss Gamble, multiplied indefinitely, if I know my own mind."

"Well," exclaimed the Consul, slapping his hand on his thigh, "I should not wonder if it ended in a match yet."

"Well, I should, Consul," I answered, smiling; "for I should always be afraid of Miss Gamble making a Delilah of herself, and betraying me again into the hands of the Philistines. By-the-by how is my old friend Brown?"

"I saw him sailing down the street, yesterday," replied the Consul, laughing, "under his white topsail, as usual; don't you intend to call on him?"

"No," I said, joining in the merriment; "for if he should invite me to dine (!) I would not like to refuse; and I mean to leave immediately."

During my short stay I called upon all the estimable persons to whose good feeling I was greatly indebted; and need I say that my first and last visit was to the Baron de R——. He received me with great warmth, and gave me a hearty God-speed on bidding him adieu.

As I passed through Turin, I stopped a few hours to make my grateful acknowledgments to the right noble Marquis de Cavour. Nothing could be more gratifying than my reception.

"I am truly glad," he said, "to see you in Turin again, and I regret deeply your long detention in Genoa. But"—— he stopped, smiled, shrugged his shoulders.

"I *understand*, M. le Marquis," I replied; "but it is not to ask you any troublesome questions that I intrude myself upon you, but only to thank you with all my heart for your condescending kindness to me."

"Nay," remarked the Marquis, with the friendly smile pecu-

liar to him, "your letters interested me greatly, and I had much pleasure in replying to them."

A short conversation ensued on politics, when the Marquis asked, "if I would like to pay a visit to the Chamber of Deputies, then in session?"

"I must limit myself to a bare glimpse, then, M. le Marquis, for I leave Turin in a couple of hours."

"I am sorry you are going so soon," he returned, "but if you will meet me at the Chamber in half an hour I shall have great pleasure in seeing you well placed. I regret, also, the severe illness of my brother, who would have had much satisfaction in meeting you again."

Expressing my sincere condolence for the illness of the Prime Minister, which at one time had occasioned much public anxiety, I took my leave. At the hour named, I indulged myself with a hasty glance at the Sardinian Lower House, which presented a very grave and orderly appearance, but I had no time to listen to the debates.

At midnight, on the 12th of February, I was awoke by the courier, who told me we had reached the top of Mont Cenis (on my way to Lyons), and I found my fellow-passengers all getting out of the sledge to warm themselves. They complained piteously of the cold, and declared they never saw the Alps so covered with snow. I wondered to hear them grumble, for I felt so comfortable and happy.

"Ah, poor devils," I muttered, "they don't know the delight of getting out of St. Andrea, after fifteen months' seclusion, else they would take a more poetical view of things, and see smiling landscapes in seas of ice, and mistake the fierce blast of winter for the balmy breath of June."

At four in the morning of the 15th, I entered Paris. I never return to this delightful capital—my first love in Europe—without a quickening throb; but to reach it again, and to feel I was

far away from Italy, *la terre classique de la puce* (the classic land of the flea), was inexpressibly pleasant. My old apartment in the Boulevards des Capucines was long since in other hands, so I took up my quarters in a charming *logement*, secured by a friend, and all newly furnished. How dazzling everything looked to my new vision. If I lived twice the age of Methuselah I should never forget the delight of my short stay at Paris. The theme is too vast for my descriptive powers. None, but the pen of Thucydides himself could possibly analyze or delineate the singular process I underwent of being born over again to all the sybarite sensations that the civilization of our epoch has brought to a pitch of such refinement. For a week, at least, I abandoned myself to the *dolce far niente* that stole upon me, and allowed my weary mind to rest. I yielded to the soft inspirations of the French *cuisine*, to the attractions of the French *vaudeville*, and last, not least, to the exquisite repose of a French bed.

With no better luck than Sisyphus of old, I woke only to renew my old task of rolling the stone up hill again. I was out of prison, it is true; I had done courting, still better; but my position in society, the esteem of my friends, the good report of the world, these, lost without deserving, were still to be recovered. It was a formidable job truly, and how to compass it was a puzzle. I surveyed my position leisurely, and came to these conclusions. That I could make no explanations, private or public, without compromising Miss Gamble, Mr. Brown, *cum multis aliis*. That to annoy them was not my object. That my vindication was possible without, if they would lay aside hostility, and aid me to effect it. That after all I had suffered, their refusal would be so indefensible that all the world would approve of my bringing the matter, finally, before them. The first thing, then, to ascertain, was, if Miss Gamble would listen to reason, to say nothing of justice.

I started the 1st of March for London, but was bothered

when I got there to learn the sentiments of the lady in Portland Place. Shall I write, or send to her? I hesitated to do either. An old acquaintance, Mrs. S——, of Half-Moon street, volunteered, in my dilemna, to go, reconnoitre, and report. I accepted; but the experiment failed, for the nervous old lady shrunk from the topic, and there her intervention dropped. I feared to call on Miss Gamble's old friends, though I knew them nearly all, for I supposed they regarded me as a discomfited abductor, and would refuse to receive me. I spent the whole of March in seeking to know the new tactics of my old friend, and discovered, at last, that she had been advised after this fashion. That it was unlikely I could ever reinstate myself in public opinion. That to have anything to do with me would be to compromise herself, and give me an advantage. That it was better to affect to defy me, which would, no doubt, drive me to abandon the matter in despair. This advice was unfeeling and shallow, but Miss Gamble took it, and, therefore, I turned to look after Mr. Brown. But, first, I thought it judicious to learn if his Government were inclined to endorse his late conduct, and consequently I addressed a letter to that effect to Mr. Addington, Under-Secretary of State. He replied as follows:—

"*Foreign Office, March*, 1853.

"Sir,—I have duly received your letter of the 26th inst., in which you mention certain grounds of complaint which you conceive yourself to have against her Majesty's Consul at Genoa, for his conduct in a matter in which you were personally concerned some time since.

"I beg leave to request that if you feel yourself aggrieved by the proceedings of Mr. Consul Brown in a sufficient degree to justify an official representation, you will address such representation to her Majesty's Secretary of State.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"H. U. Addington.

"Henry Wikoff, Esq., &c., &c."

This was perfectly satisfactory. I had occasion, however, to call on Mr. Addington, on other business, a day or so after this, and took the opportunity to allude again to Mr. Brown's hostility to me at Genoa. His reply was, "I have heard of it —don't go into details. Make out your case; you shall have *justice*, depend upon it." I bore no grudge against Mr. Brown; for I am not, as Dr. Johnson says, "a good hater;" and therefore, before appealing to the Foreign Office against him, I thought it only fair to see if he were disposed to do me justice without it. If he will act like a man of good breeding, and express regret for errors when pointed out to him, I will be satisfied and make no complaint to his Government.

I left London on April 3d for Genoa, and followed my portmanteau into the famous hotel of the Croix de Malte, for the second time, on the 10th of the same month. The next morning I wended my way to the office of her Britannic Majesty's Consul, whom I had not seen (for sundry reasons) since the eventful morning he had attacked my "moral character," in the presence of his Worship the President Malaspina. I felt a little apprehension as to the reception I might meet, and I took care not to carry a tooth-pick about me, lest Mr. Brown might give way to his imagination and send me to St. Andrea for an attempt on his life. I entered unannounced lest he might refuse me. There he sat behind a table, with his blue coat buttoned up to the collar as usual, and the identical white hat crowning the official edifice as of yore. For stiffness he resembled an Egyptian idol, and he showed no more emotion than one at my sudden *entrée*, whatever he might have felt.

"Pray excuse my abrupt visit, Mr. Brown," I said, "but I will explain my business in a word. I have been invited by the Foreign Office to lay my case before them, and before I make any complaint against you, sir, I have come to Genoa expressly to see if you are disposed to do me an act of com-

mon justice. You declared before the Tribunal last year that I was not in the employ of the British Government. I have my pockets full of documents to prove the contrary. Will you examine them, and if convinced of your error, will you admit it frankly and fairly? In this case I shall let drop my complaint against you."

To which Mr. Brown replied as follows—

"I don't care what documents you have; I shall not look at them. All I know is, that you were tried and condemned. That's enough for me. If you can get over that, why, do it."

"I shall try sir," I continued, "since you force me to it. If I can satisfy the public of England and my own country that I was the victim of injustice and foul play, I have no fear but I shall get over the condemnation upon which you take your stand." Whereupon, I bid him respectfully good morning.

The white hat inclined slightly forward, but its owner spoke not.

It was evident from this, that at London and Genoa a common understanding had been arranged. *Stand by the condemnation; he never can get over it. Let him sink, and we escape.* This was clearly the settled policy of Brown and Co. My readers may suppose that after the vicissitudes of my courtship, and the agonies of my long imprisonment, that the enterprise which now rose before me was disheartening to the last degree. I had to choose between the stigma which rested on my name, or the miserable bribes that had been offered. To remove the one, with God's help, and to spurn the other, did not cost me a moment's hesitation. I set to work on the spot. I passed a month at Genoa, and I soon concluded that it was a good inspiration that brought me there. I made some strange discoveries, little suspected; but only one of which I will reveal at this time. I met, one day, a person I shall not name at present, and he

declared to me, in the presence of several other persons, that before he was examined by the Judge of Instruction, he received repeated visits from M. Graziani, the solicitor of Miss Gamble at Genoa, who endeavored, by offers of money and the liberal patronage of the British Consul, to induce him to represent the demeanor of Miss Gamble on the night she slept at the "Iron Crown" Hotel, under my protection, as different from what it really was.

"The solicitor," this person declared, "wished me to say before the Judge that Miss Gamble had the air of a woman acting under constraint, and as if in fear of you."

"Well," I asked, in surprise, "what reply did you make?"

"I replied," said this person, "that it would be a gross falsehood to say so, for the conduct of Miss Gamble on that occasion showed that her confidence in you was unbounded. I declined, therefore, to falsify, however much it might be to my advantage."

By the laws of Sardinia, the subornation of a witness is a galley offence, and I had only to summon this person to depose before a magistrate, under oath, against the solicitor of Miss Gamble, to send him, first to St. Andrea, and next to the galleys. It would have been an act of just retribution, for it was this same rogue who worked so hard to send me to the galleys. However, I am not vindictive, and I preferred to raise the window, like Uncle Toby, and let the fly escape. As this fact is important, it may be well to adduce additional testimony I called a few days later on the party alluded to, in company with Dr. Pesce, already named in this volume. He was not at home; but his son, a young man of twenty-five years of age, and engaged in mercantile pursuits at Genoa, received us. As he was familiar with the circumstances stated, he repeated them to Dr. Pesce, who afterwards made an affidavit before the American Consul to the following effect—

"*Genoa, May 6th*, 1853.

"In presence of the United States Consul, and under oath, I, the undersigned, declare—

"That on Thursday, April 23d, 1853, in a conversation with ——, son of ——, I heard him state that his father, previous to his examination by the Judge of Instruction, was tempted by M. Graziani, the solicitor of Miss Gamble at Genoa, to dissimulate or change the circumstances which accompanied the lodging of Miss Gamble and Mr. Wikoff at the 'Iron Crown' hotel, Genoa, on the night of November 15th, 1851, to the advantage of the former; but that his father resisted the offers made to him, and declared his intention when called upon to tell the truth pure and simple.

"ALEXANDER PESCE, DR."

[This is signed and sealed by the United States Consul in the usual form.]

I suppress the names of the parties alluded to for this reason. Should this revelation reach Genoa, the indignant Graziani would possibly threaten a prosecution, and the respectable persons in question, to escape trouble and expense in a quarrel not their own, might agree to withdraw the above statements made, I repeat, in presence of several witnesses. This would enable the unscrupulous Graziani and *others* to attack my credibility. If the crafty solicitor in question considers himself aggrieved, let him make known to the American Consul at Genoa his desire to prosecute *me* for a libel, and I bind myself to come and meet it, when I can avail myself of the testimony of the persons whose names I withhold, without expense or annoyance to them. I bind myself, also, to bring forward other facts on that occasion equally disgraceful to M. Graziani, the aforesaid solicitor of Miss Gamble, at Genoa.

During my stay I saw very frequently my old friend the United States Consul, and I made known to him all the curious disclosures that reached me on every side. He was astonished

and shocked ; but he refused to believe that Miss Gamble was a party to anything of the kind. I joined him most heartily in his disbelief, and I feel quite sure that she could have had no knowledge of the knavery going on. The night before I left Genoa for the last time (May 12th, 1853), the Consul, who was in communication, evidently, with Miss Gamble, said to me—

"Miss Gamble deeply regrets all that has occurred. She thinks you have been greatly injured, and are fully entitled to compensation for all your losses and sufferings. Will you, therefore, let me know what sum you will accept for the copyright of the book you intend to publish?"

"My dear Consul," I replied, "say to Miss Gamble, that the offer to buy my copyright is a more delicate kind of bribery than a direct offer of money, but that her purse is not my object. It is not the damage my pocket has sustained, nor yet the wounds inflicted on my heart, that cry for redress. Please to inform her that, having been accused and cruelly punished for discreditable acts I never committed, my purpose is to make my innocence known. And say, besides, that the esteem of the humblest of my friends is of more value to me than her whole fortune."

"But you may change your mind," said the Consul, as we parted.

"Sooner expect, my dear Consul, the leopard to change his spots ;" and I bid him a final and affectionate adieu.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONDON.

I RETURNED forthwith to London, and began the history of 'MY COURTSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES." I felt the deepest aversion, for Miss Gamble's sake, to bring these delicate details before the public, and I thought it my duty to leave no means untried that might prevent such a result. I never doubted that if any third party would undertake it, that it would be easy to show Miss Gamble how much it was her interest to endorse some statement that, whilst vindicating me, would spare her from annoyance. I wrote to Mrs. Grote, hoping, as she was so well acquainted with the case, she might attempt it. She expressed, in reply, however, her repugnance at doing so. After giving various reasons, she continued—

"In addition to the motives for this determination, founded on considerations personal to myself, I also feel averse to meddling further with the concerns of other persons, especially those of another woman. Your justification will turn upon the *indiscretion and indecision of character* of Miss Gamble, as set forth in recent communications; and if I were to enter into these details, it would place me in the unpleasant position of 'referee' as it were, which it would give me real uneasiness to assume. You need not be anxious, however, about your position, since your numerous friends offer you their cordial sympathy, and the estimable Mr. Ingersoll (the United States Minister at London) writes to you in so kindly a strain.

"Very truly yours,

"HENRIETTA GROTE.

"12, Savile Row,
"*June 26th*, 1858."

In despair at finding any one inclined to reason with Miss Gamble, I continued to write on. During July, I remarked that the old lady already mentioned as having called in Portland Place, Mrs. S——, of Half Moon street, and in whose house I resided, manifested great anxiety that I should write to Miss Gamble, saying she was sure it would be followed by some satisfactory event. I did so, and in the most friendly terms ; but, as usual, got no reply. It occurred to me, in August, to draw up a brief preface to my book and print it, in order that Miss Gamble and her friends might see that my motives were justifiable, and not vindictive in taking the step proposed. I hoped, also, that Miss Gamble, on seeing her name again in print, would reflect seriously before driving me to extremities. She took no notice of it whatever. I sent a copy to Mrs. Grote, and she replied as follows :—

"12 *Savile Row.*

"The *proof* announces a temperate exposition of your case, and I trust the sequel may serve to place your conduct in a fairer light before both the American and English public. It is always far more pleasing to me to see you clear yourself from unfavorable construction than to see your character suffer. My own long intercourse with you naturally leaves a disposition to wish you may succeed in putting yourself right before the world ; and I should be sorry to throw any obstacle in the way of such an endeavor * * * * * *

"I have not seen Mr. —— during many months, nor have I seen Miss Gamble once. I have already told you that my acquaintance with that lady began and ended in 1851. I do not know if she is London, or even in England.

"Wishing that you may render a fair version of your case acceptable to those who have blamed your part in the affair,

"I remain, very truly yours,

"Henrietta Grote.

"*August* 18*th*, 1858."

At the end of September I had finished my statement, but

I was continually surprised at the extreme interest displayed by the aforesaid Mrs. S——, who often begged me to read to her portions of my MSS. The mystery was at length solved, for she confessed to me one day that she had been in the habit, during the summer, of visiting Miss Gamble, and advising her to comply with the reasonable proposition I had made.

"What!" I cried, in astonishment, "has Miss Gamble been receiving you at her house, knowing that I was living at yours?"

"She has received me for that reason," replied Mrs. S——, "and I have given her constant information about you."

"So you have been a sort of spy of Miss Gamble's," I remarked.

"But only for a good purpose," declared Mrs. S——. "We have talked it all over and over again. She admits that if she had not loved you she would never have gone so far; and that you might have married her a hundred times. She confesses she is very culpable, and has often shed tears at what you have suffered."

"This is very extraordinary," I observed; "but why have you not told me this before?"

"It is time enough now," answered Mrs. S——. "I would advise you to go up and see her. All may then be settled as you wish."

"There is no doubt of it," I exclaimed; "but until I have her permission to call, I will not venture near Portland Place."

I should add that these statements were repeated by Mrs. S—— to several persons.

It was, indeed, an agreeable surprise to learn that Miss Gamble's dispositions were so friendly that she had received on several occasions the landlady of my lodgings, manifesting, at the same time, her sense of all the wrongs I had endured. Knowing her variable disposition, I thought it indiscreet to call on her without

her open consent. Under these circumstances, it was suggested to me that Mr. Bates was a very proper person to take the matter in hand, and I wrote to him in October to that effect. I premised by reminding him how much injustice I had undergone, but that I did not seek either retribution or compensation; that vindication, in short, was my only object. To prove that I held materials in my hands to sustain me, I inclosed him several important papers. He replied as follows—

"8 *Bishopsgate street*,
"15*th November*, 1853.

"SIR,—On my return to town, after a week's absence, I found your letter, and which I will answer in the course of the week. I return the papers you inclosed, no one having read them but myself.

"I am, sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"JOSHUA BATES.

"HENRY WIKOFF, Esq."

It afforded me extreme gratification to receive this letter from Mr. Bates. I had naturally feared his mind was prejudiced against me by the scandalous publications already mentioned, and that perhaps he would not reply to me at all. His letter removed all doubt on this point. It was important in other respects, for as Mr. Bates, from having been the Trustee of Miss Gamble, was fully acquainted with all that had occurred, it was evident from his renewing correspondence with me that he thought me unfairly treated. If he had supposed me guilty of acts to merit the shameful imprisonment a Genoese Judge had imposed on me, it is certain that a man of Mr. Bates' respectability would have left my appeal unanswered. A few days later I received the letter promised, which was conceived in the kindest spirit, and informing me that he had complied with my request to ascertain the intentions of Miss Gamble. After expressing his friendly dispositions towards me, he added—

"The lady you mention has, as she informs me, come to the determination of not seeing you. You must, therefore, excuse my further interference in relation to her. I sincerely hope the time may come when circumstances shall be changed.

"I remain, sir,

"Your very obedient servant.

"JOSHUA BATES."

Experience and trouble seemed to have no virtue for Miss Gamble; for after all the suffering entailed on herself and others by her instability of conduct, here she was renewing the old game just as if she were disposed to enter anew on a fresh campaign. It was painfully evident that the entire history of my unfortunate relations with her must be given to the public without reserve.

Before stating positively what part Mr. Bates had taken, as regards his alleged interference with my intended marriage in 1851, I thought it proper to investigate this matter anew. I wrote, therefore, to him in the most amiable tone, to ask him to receive the visit of a friend of mine, whom I named, and a person, as Mr. Bates knew, holding a very influential position in London. He replied immediately—

"8 *Bishopsgate street,*

"*December* 1*st*, 1858.

"SIR—I have received your kind note of the 29th inst., and in reply have to inform you that I am quite willing to see your friend, Mr. ——, here on any day, between eleven and four o'clock. If I am out, it will only be for a few moments.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOSHUA BATES.

"HENRY WIKOFF, ESQ."

Nothing could be more distinct and positive than the reply of Mr. Bates to my friend, whom he assured that *he had never in*

any manner interfered with or opposed my marriage to Miss Gamble. The assertion, then, of Judge Malaspina in his sentence, as shown, is thus directly falsified by the emphatic declaration of Mr. Bates in December last.

As it was essentially necessary to my story that I should make use of the name of Mrs. Grote, I wrote to ascertain her wishes thereon. She made no objection, as may be seen in her reply—

"12, *Savile Row*,
"*January 5th*, 1854.

"I have not replied earlier to your last letter, because I have had more to do and more to think of than it was possible for me to get through with. Moreover, in such weather my powers of head-work or writing are at their minimum. * * * * * * * * * * *

"I concluded you were in the United States ere this, not having heard from you, or a whisper as to the result of your *tentative*, since the day I saw you at my villa, some seven or eight weeks back, I think.

"I hope, if you do bring my name in, it will not be in a way to be injurious or offensive to me. I do not like the idea of any of my letters being quoted. However, I shall await your apologetic publication before I complain of breach of confidence. I am glad to hear it will be composed without doing harm to any one; and if you can get absolved by the public, it will be a proud day for you!

I read your article in——, but it seems to me too eulogistic of Lord ——. I do not believe that ——, or any such person, is likely to imperil the good understanding which reigns between England and the United States, but you will do well to counter-work the possible harm which the homage paid to such people is calculated to engender.

"Very truly yours,
"HENRIETTA GROTE."

Before I could bring myself to take the decisive step of putting my MSS. in the hands of the printer, to which I felt the most invincible dislike, I forced myself to make another desperate appeal to Miss Gamble. I wrote to her two or three times in succession, using the mildest language, and making the most

earnest and affectionate representations. I offered to take all the blame of past events on myself, and to admit that it was my folly or precipitation which had involved me in so much misery. I expressed the most profound contrition for any pain or vexation I might have caused her, and said if she would give me a chance to redeem my future and spare her further publicity, that I would make any sacrifice she chose to demand. It was in vain that I cried—

"Me, me adsum qui feci, in me
convertite ferrum."

I received, as previously, neither reply nor message. A stony silence was the sole response to all my pleadings and prayers. More in sorrow than in anger, I committed my eventful story to print; but when half completed, I sent it to Miss Gamble, lest she might unhappily think I had been uttering an idle threat. Further then this, I called upon a relative of hers, and one of her chief advisers. I repeated to him, that a statement signed by Miss Gamble and myself would be received by the public as conclusive, and surely she would not hold back if one could be drawn up that, without compromising her, would exonerate me. This person demanded if *I would be content with such a document without publishing it.*

"What would that avail me?" I asked. "Have I not been publicly assailed and traduced, and if my vindication is not made known, I shall live always exposed to the attacks of malice and the stings of calumny?"

My task is done. I commit my fate into the hands of the public. I point to the follies of none. I seek not to disguise my own errors. I invoke not the dread censure of the public voice upon any whose acts I have recorded. I pray pardon for myself, if, in carelessness or excitement, I may have overstepped

the bounds of propriety, good taste, or correct feeling. Not seeking, then, the injury or annoyance of any one, I trust that, in the statement I have made, the public will see sufficient to award me exemption from the heavy pains and penalties that pursue the unhappy man whose position, by any chance, has become a false one.

ADDENDA

ADDENDA.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK.

It was about the middle of June last that my book was printed, and I sent copies at once to Miss Gamble, and her immediate advisers. I earnestly hoped that when they saw my case so clearly elucidated, and my claims to justice so fully established, that a fair and generous offer would be promptly made of the simple reparation I had demanded. All I wanted was a statement, signed by Miss Gamble, that I was not guilty of any violent or indelicate conduct towards her whilst in my apartment, at Genoa, November 15, 1851, and, consequently, that the wide-spread allegations, that I had menaced her with pistols and chloroform, were utterly false and calumnious. To my astonishment, a month elapsed without any notice being taken of my warning. I was now forced to believe what many of my friends had declared, that I would be driven, at last, to take up arms against the band of conspirators, who from the start had made use of Miss Gamble to prostrate me. To save herself from publicity she would, no doubt, have gladly given me the certificate of innocence I requested, but this would have unmasked the individuals who, for their own purposes, had urged her on; and, above all,

it would have exposed the game of the officials of the English Government at Genoa and Turin, Timothy Brown and James Hudson, and left them at my mercy. To prevent this, every effort was strained, and Miss Gamble was kept silent. The alternative was indeed a painful one, but I had no choice. Up to this hour, I had never offered any explanation to my friends, American or English, of what had transpired at Genoa, because I desired to spare Miss Gamble, in doing so, if she could be induced to act fairly towards me. After wasting eighteen months in London, a prey to all the calumnies so long current, I saw it was impossible to detach her from the sinister clique that hedged her around; so I stooped, at length, to pick up their gauntlet, and girded myself for the struggle. I began my vindication in earnest, by distributing copies of my book, in July last, amongst my American friends in London, and waited for the result with feverish anxiety. The effect was beyond my expectations, for not one read it whose previous impressions were not changed on the spot. American feeling was vehemently stirred, not more at the foul play of the Genoese Tribunal than by the undignified and unjustifiable interference of the agents of the English Government in Sardinia. At this critical juncture for me, there was an American, accidentally in London, who, after reading my case, did not scruple in all places to declare his opinion clearly and strongly in my favor, and which was all the more important from his known ability and high social position. At a dinner, given to him by the American Minister in London, he took occasion to enliven the company by his racy comments on the novel details of my book, but went further, and declared me to be the victim of a conspiracy, whose motives he was at a loss to comprehend. What he had the frankness to say on American ground he had the tact to insinuate in a more dainty quarter; for at a banquet at Lord Palmerston's, soon afterwards, on hearing my adventure

discussed, he expressed similar views, which lost none of their effect from that easy self-possession and finished phrase, which none better than he can wield, when fitting to his purpose. I trust that Mr. John Van Buren will excuse the mention of his name, for I cannot, to my own satisfaction, forego this first opportunity of making him my hearty acknowledgments.

Finding that the statement of my case had met the approval of my friends, I determined to submit it forthwith to the English and American public, who had been led into false conclusions by such artful misrepresentations. As the final judgment of my own countrymen was to me a matter of far more importance, I resolved to publish, first, in New York, and made preparations for my departure. This was no sooner known, than, to my surprise, I was asked by a person of distinction, who took a lively interest in the matter, if I were still disposed to accept the retractation of Miss Gamble, that I had so repeatedly called for.

"Your only object," he remarked, "is to be reinstated in the opinion of your friends and the public. Will a pointed refutation, then, on the part of Miss Gamble, of all the discreditable acts attributed to you, meet your wishes, and induce you to suppress the publication you contemplate?"

"Yes," I promptly replied, "it is all I have ever asked."

"Then write me a letter to that effect, and I will lay it immediately before Sir W. Gore Ouseley."

"Sir W. Gore Ouseley," I repeated, in a tone of suspicion "Why is Miss Gamble not left to act for herself. Who is more competent than she to decide in such a matter?"

No answer was returned, and I hesitated what course to take, for I knew the wily old diplomatist, Sir W. Gore Ouseley, was on intimate terms with certain leading members of the Government, and I could not conceive why he was set up as the supervisor of a friendly compromise between Miss Gamble and myself.

There seemed to exist a lively apprehension at my renewing friendly relations with Miss Gamble, lest *I should obtain such information from her as would compromise the wire-pullers behind her.* I agreed, however, to write the letter so formally solicited, but was informed in a few days afterwards, that Sir W. Gore Ouseley had left town. Here was more mystery, but I was no longer to be the dupe of diplomatic manœuvres, and so I took my passage, at once, in one of the Southampton steamers for New York.

The day previous to leaving London, I received the visit of a member of the United States Legation, an old acquaintance, who had, with his characteristic good nature, undertaken to see Mr. Bates once more on my part. For the satisfaction of my mind, I wished to ascertain whether Mr. Bates was likely to be displeased at the use of his name in my book, and, more important still, what view Miss Gamble took of the publication, now so near.

"You have seen Mr. Bates?" I said to my friend, as he seated himself in my room, on the morning in question.

"Yes," he replied, "I dined with him at Sheen,* yesterday."

"Did you sound him on the point of introducing him into my my book?"

"I did."

"Does he object?"

"He avoided giving me any direct reply."

"From which you infer?" I queried.

"That he cares nothing about the matter," was the answer of my friend.

"I am glad of it; but now for the main point. What says he of Miss Gamble's feelings, regarding the book?"

"He thinks that Miss Gamble has quite made up her mind

* The splendid country residence of Mr. Bates, some five miles from London.

to it, and looks forward to its publication with indifference. She has remarked that 'it will soon blow over,' and seems to care nothing as to what people may say or think on the subject."

"I rejoice at this beyond measure," I said with animation. "It is just what I expected, for I have been told that notoriety is not offensive to her. The assurance you give me, however, from Mr. Bates, that she is quite unconcerned, calms my mind completely, for in spite of the necessity, I shrunk from the thought of annoying her."

"Give me your address at New York," demanded my visitor, rising, "in case I should have anything to communicate."

"Here it is," I replied, "but I consider all negotiation at an end."

It was a bright and beautiful morning, the 11th of October last, when I jumped, at seven, A. M., into the railway train, for Southampton. My reflections on the road, however, were not in unison with the lovely weather, for they were sombre even to melancholy. "The struggle is ended," I repeated mechanically, "though not as I wished." But as Othello said, "who can control his fate?"

I rattled down at hot speed, on reaching Southampton, to the office of the United States Consul there, who had just put himself boldly at the head of a new and splendid steam enterprise, from that port to New York.

"Have you reserved a place for me, my Dear Croskey," I asked, on shaking him by the hand.

"The best in the ship," he answered; "I have put you in with the Baron de G——t, the Prussian Minister at Washington. So you will have the choicest company, as well as a good berth."

"I shall wear you in 'my heart of hearts,' my dear friend, for this, and numberless other marks of kindness."

I had just time to pay my respects to our worthy Consul's wife (a paragon of sweetness, *par parenthèse*), when I was obliged to hurry on board; and as the clock struck noon the engine creaked, and the "Washington" roused herself to her work.

I left Europe with little regret, for, certes, my last three years there were of a kind to inspire little satisfaction. It was the darkest and stormiest period of my life, strewn over with scattered prospects, broken hopes, and stranded fortunes. In that short period I had fallen from a splendid position, with everything within my reach to gild ambition, into the murky depths of a prison, where I lay wallowing for fifteen mortal months. It was a trying ordeal, indeed, and though the pressure was tremendous enough to crush my former levity of disposition into pieces, yet I was not inclined to sit down moodily, like Woolsey, in the play, and moralize over "the fate of man." That "unlimited pluck" which never utterly forsakes a Yankee, and which justifies other nations in supposing him to be a mixture of cork, India-rubber, and steel—such is the pliancy, buoyancy, and elasticity of his nature under every vicissitude of fortune—these genuine traits of my fatherland, I say, did not desert me now; and though, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, I was returning home "a sadder and a wiser man," still my energies were not impaired, nor the resolution wanting to begin the battle of life again. "All's lost save honor," cried Francis the First, after the fight of Pavia, but with such a weapon as that in the hand a man may easily win his way up again.

Whether it was a kind of repugnance at meeting old friends again, under the circumstances, or, really, that it was the pleasant company I found aboard the good ship Washington, whose worthy Commander, Capt. Lines, was one of my oldest friends, I know not, but it was the first time I never found a sea-voyage irksome. I had some most profitable conversations

on politics with the Baron de G——, whose charming affability, large instruction, and admirably balanced mind, made his conversation exceedingly attractive to all who fell under its fascination. The Baron gave some admirable reasons for Prussian neutrality, in spite of the interested arguments of the London *Times*. I discussed, occasionally, the chances of the War with a most amiable Russian gentleman, attached to the Legation at Washington, M. de B——. He seemed quite easy as to the final result, simply venturing to doubt whether the Allies would not be the first to cry "quits." I found a *rara avis* on board, in the shape of a New York lawyer, who, in spite of his parchments and musty folios, had preserved intact an ardent love of literature and the fine arts. One of his striking peculiarities was the most retentive memory for poetry I ever met, and I never heard any one recite it with better "emphasis and discretion." Mr. Scoles made a capital speech for us at our last dinner, and if he is as effective a speaker in Court as out, I should like nothing better than to be one of his audience. A somewhat laughable thing occurred to me a couple of days out. My desire was to preserve an *incognito* as far as possible, and I was glad to find no one I recognized amongst our numerous passengers. I begged the Captain, if he were asked about me, to reply in the words of the once popular ballad—

> "Oh, no, we never mention him,
> His name is never heard."

I was getting on most pleasantly, in the full enjoyment of my delightful obscurity, when one day at dinner, I was dreadfully startled by a worthy gentleman at my table saying, in a good, loud voice,—

"I believe I had the pleasure of seeing you at Genoa a couple of years since," and he fixed his eyes searchingly on me.

If a cold shower bath had suddenly been let down on me, I could not have had a more sudden shock. I was strongly tempted to deny my identity, and thought for a moment of setting up an *alibi*. It was necessary to say something, and so I ventured to remark—

"Yes, that is very likely. I have passed through there several times."

By way of turning the conversation, for I felt danger ahead, I begged my unknown to take wine with me. He assented readily, but continued his catechism.

"You were not passing through, when I saw you," he said smiling, "you were staying there, but not entirely as a matter of choice."

"Ah!" I returned, getting a little confused, for everybody was listening. "You feel, then, quite sure that I am the person you refer to?" I tried to look as little like myself as possible, but it was no use.

"Sure,—perfectly sure," he answered. "Your name is Wikoff."

The game was up.

"And yours?" I demanded, getting desperate.

"Alderman Maynard, of New York."

"I beg your pardon, Alderman," I said, recollecting only his good feeling for me at the time; "I remember distinctly your visit with Mr. Daniel D. Howard, and a party of Americans; but you can well believe that I am far more pleased to see you here than in the horrible den your sympathies induced you to enter."

"It was an awful place, to be sure," returned the kind-hearted Alderman, "and a greater outrage was never committed on any man. There was some dark motive at the bottom of it."

From that time it was all up with my *incognito*, for it flew from mouth to mouth that I was the identical hero of the

Gamble Abduction, at Genoa, and I was compelled to run the gauntlet of curious eyes. To my satisfaction, however, I found that the opinion was general that I had been most hardly dealt with, and that political intrigue, rather than legal fairness, had led to my imprisonment. As I was discovered, I thought the occasion a good one to try the effect of my book, of which I had a couple of copies by me. The Baron de G—— read it.

"What will the diplomatic world think of that, Baron?" I asked rather anxiously.

"The diplomatic world," he replied, "keep their thoughts to themselves, you know, but if they laugh as heartily as I have done over it, they will be exceedingly amused."

"I am glad of it," I added, "for I had no idea of making my eventful history a *pendant* to 'the sorrows of Werter.'"

"I predict a great success," continued the Baron, "*il fera fureur*. The ladies will devour it."

"But your opinion, Baron," I said, trying to force through his diplomatic reserve, "your opinion is?"——

"Opinion—— I have none, but here is my hand. I shall be delighted to see you when you come to Washington."

"Thanks, M. le Baron; I am deeply sensible of your kindness."

It was vastly gratifying, certainly, to think that the verdict of good society would be in my favor, for the Baron de G—— would have acted differently if he had found any serious grounds for censure in the perusal of my adventure. I next handed my book to my lawyer friend, Mr. S——, for the view of a man of the world is apt to be more tolerant than the reflecting and graver side of society.

"How do you like it?" I asked, when he returned it.

"It is deeply interesting," he replied.

I saw he was attracted by the romantic features of the story.

"But, plainly, what do you think of it?"

"Why, that I never read a case so powerfully supported by documentary evidence."

"Good!" I said, delighted. "You have expressed yourself quite professionally, but you could not have said anything more conclusive."

The "Washington" made a splendid run of it for the season of the year, for we reached New York in our thirteenth day.

I drove to my old quarters in Washington Place, but found that my quondam landlord, keeping pace with the development of this extraordinary country, had put himself at the head of a hotel, the St. Denis, treble the size of his old one, but I followed in pursuit of him, for M. Jullien is not only the most assiduous of landlords, but by no means a bad versifier when his Republican Muse gets her blood up. He was not more delighted to see me than I was glad to find an apartment in his well ordered house.

I made up my mind to call on none of my old friends till my vindication was in their hands; the greeting, however, of those I met by chance, showed me how deep was the impression that I had been unfairly handled. My former comrades of the press were right cordial in their printed salutations; and the news no sooner circulated that I was going to unfold the budget of my mishaps, than I found myself the sought-for of publishers. I thought, perchance, the ticklish nature of my book might compel me to take up with a second-class man; but such is the hot competition now-a-days to publish anything likely to sell, that I found no difficulty in making my choice. Whilst still undecided, my eye fell upon a book advertisement in one of the newspapers, that was so ingeniously done, that my mind was made up on the spot. J. C. Derby is the publisher for me, and I inquired after his character forthwith. He was all my fancy painted him, and liberal besides, for he made no difficulty about the terms,

and our bargain was made in a trice. He turned me over, at once, to his nimble-handed Printer, TINSON, who began to "set me up" at the rate of forty pages a day, in spite of all his other books on hand.

I am not entirely wanting in *sang-froid*, and, forsooth, a man who has gone through a trial for "abduction," and been consigned for fifteen months to an Italian prison, can afford to snap his fingers at Fate, and laugh her caprices to scorn. Still, in spite of my well-strung nerves, I began to wince and shiver as I drifted nearer and nearer to that roaring and surging abyss, so soon to gulp me down—the Public, I mean. I felt no concern, as the repentant Richard did, as to what "after ages would think of me," but I was keenly alive to the recriminations of the present one. The Press rose before my startled vision armed in all its terrors, and the *ultimatum* they were likely to pronounce upon the pecadilloes of an unintentional abductor, who never meant to "achieve greatness" in that line, was my thought by day and my dream by night. Shall I confess it? I was acutely uneasy as to what the "New York Herald" would say, though, peradventure, I am not the only author or sinner, that has had a qualm on a similar occasion. This is not the time or place to discuss anything so eccentric as my acquaintance with James Gordon Bennett, but I mean to do it some day. We were friends once; enemies since, and have now subsided into a middle state, where anger halts and reflection begins.

Our first meeting was rather comical. I was one of the seven audacious passengers that embarked on the ill-fated "Sirius" on her first voyage from New York. I was startled to hear that Bennett was on board; for at that time, May, 1838, he gave free scope to his slashing powers and satirical vein, and everybody trembled lest it might be his turn next. I looked anxiously round on the upper deck where I was standing, as we

steamed down the bay, and sidling up to a quiet and inoffensive looking man near me, said—

"Do you know the Editor of the Herald is aboard?"

"I believe he is," he answered.

"I only wish I knew him by sight."

"What for?" queried the gentlemanly sort of person I was talking to.

"Why, that I might keep out of his way. He will be sure to stick me in that confounded *Herald* of his."

"He doesn't confer that honor on everybody," said my facetious friend, laughing.

"Egad, I would not trust him. Have you ever seen him?" I asked.

"Very frequently," was the reply.

"That's lucky. Do point the ogre out to me if you see him near us?"

"I don't see him, but you may if you look at *me*. I am the Editor of the Herald."

What I felt and looked, on this trying occasion, I don't remember now, but suffice it to say, that I found him so agreeable and intelligent a companion that I made it a point to cultivate his acquaintance. In the course of the long and desultory warfare that some years afterwards broke out between us, I occasionally lost my temper, and said sundry harsh things which it would do me no discredit to extenuate; but he took his vengeance by frequently tossing me sky-high in his great blanket-sheet, more to the amusement of the public than to my own satisfaction. But in all this rough and tumble work I could never detect any great malice. It was more like the "didn't mean to hurt you" shaking, that a boisterous school-boy, in mirth, occasionally administers to his inferior in muscle. I could always imagine a smile playing over the stern physiognomy of the redoubted Editor, when he was spinning a para-

graph at the expense of his "Chevalier," rather than an expression of scorn, or hate. Perhaps, though, was my recent uncomfortable reflection, he has only been waiting with that wonderful self-control which characterizes him, till he gets a fair chance at me. Bennett never goes after his game; he takes his stand like a deer-stalker, till the prey runs by, when he fires quick and deadly. It is unnecessary for him to swing his gun round, for his sagacity in shooting "folly as it flies" enables him to bag paragraphs beyond his need. Dreading his sarcasm, and shrinking from his ridicule, I wrote my book with far more care than I would else have done. Still, with his penetration, that would go through a Chinese wall, much more a grind-stone, and a tact that it would be more difficult to circumvent than to make the Northwest passage, is it wonderful—I appeal to the whole tribe of abductors, in *esse*, or *posse*—that I felt anything but "calm as a summer's morn," on reflecting over what might befall me at the hands of the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," keeping a sharp look-out over the destinies of the "New York Herald." If influence could have effected anything, I would have tried my hand at it; but I knew my man better. Steering an iceberg with a straw, would be a more sane undertaking than to pilot J. G. Bennett by the nose, down any road you might like to have him travel. I could use many striking similes (but I will spare my reader), to illustrate the swift transition in my feelings, from moody perplexity to ineffable satisfaction, on the morning of November 18th, last, when, taking up the "Herald" at breakfast, I found, instead of a bomb scattering desolation around me, a magnificent display of Bennett's pyrotechnical wit, flashing, scintillating, brilliantly exploding, and casting a radiance over my book, myself, and my prospects, that dazzled my eyes and bewildered my senses. It was clear that the incomprehensible genius who wrote that original and piquant effusion, was disposed to give me "a fair

chance and *some* favor." I don't know if Mr. Horace Greeley, or the immortal Barnum, altogether liked their share of it, but for my part, it was the first time for many years that I was not forced (a very disagreeable thing, by-the-by) to join in a laugh at my own expense.

CHAPTER II.

THURLOW WEED.

Before my book was wholly out of the printer's hands, I felt a lively itching to get hold of Mr. Thurlow Weed, who had libelled me in so unconscionable a manner, as I have already stated. "Who is Blennerhasset?" demanded the eloquent Wirt, a long time ago; and he set to work to explain as nobody but himself really knew. But who Thurlow Weed is, it is quite unnecessary to say; for who don't know him, at least, in this glorious Empire State of ours? From the time of Morgan's disappearance (the recreant Mason), and his subsequent discovery, *without* whiskers, by this adroit, and some say, unscrupulous politician, more than twenty years ago, he has been hard at work manœuvering, paragraphing, and lobbying, in order to build up his own party, and pull the other down, till, at last, we behold him *Io Triomphe*, at the very top of the political dung-hill, flapping his wings and crowing with a lustiness that may be heard all the way to Washington. The moment was opportune to approach him; for success, like heat, opens the pores of the heart, and I thought I might be able to awaken his sympathy, if I failed to find his conscience. Mr. Weed did me incalculable injury by the insidious version he published, two years ago, of

my courtship and subsequent "abduction" of Miss Gamble. The matter was so exciting—the parties so well known, that everybody read it; and written by Mr. Weed on the spot, at the dictation of Miss Gamble, as he stated, everybody believed it. Whereas the story was an ingenious misrepresentation from beginning to end. Regarding Mr. Weed as the dupe of Miss Gamble's frolicksome fancies, and believing that he had merely recorded what she had related, I thought it only fair to give him a chance to retract. The job, however, was a delicate one. An Editor has a natural aversion to inform his readers that he has misled them. Besides, if Mr. Weed, as a chronicler, proved that he was not to be trusted, might not people hereafter put less faith in the politician? Worse than all, as Mr. Weed had taken Miss Gamble's side without due investigation, it was very awkward for him to turn round and take up an adverse position to his former *protégée*, and accuse her of having falsified. One thing or the other it was necessary for him to do. To confess that he had defamed me unintentionally, and be forgiven; or, to declare that he stood by his libel, and be convicted by an impartial jury. It was impossible to imagine a subtle politician in a worse predicament, and I was curious to see what means he would employ to get out of it. I was sure the public would enjoy the sport, for though our sympathies may be touched by the trembling gazelle, as it flies from the hunter, who cares for the fate of an old fox who has numberless tricks to answer for? I was told he was very adroit. I knew no one was a greater adept in the mysteries of *hocus pocus*, than himself. Feeling I was no match for a political juggler of such rare skill and large experience, I saw that if I were not very cautious, Mr. Weed would slip through my fingers, and leave me high and dry without retractation, or a case for a jury. Caution is a bump that Phrenologists tell me I totally lack, and so opposed is my nature to deliberation, that I always throw myself headlong at my

object, male or female, and leave the rest to inspiration. Audacity has done more for me than prudence, and I have often rushed in, as the proverb says, when angels would have stopped at the threshold. Without any warning, I meant to confront Mr. Weed suddenly, for the coolest men are often thrown on their haunches by surprise. I took the steamer, December 1, for Albany, and at eight next morning found myself in the neat office of the *Evening Journal*. I was informed Mr. Weed was at the Astor House, New York. This was vexatious, but if I had written to him, I might never have found him at all. I was shrewd enough not to give my name, but took the H. R. railway at eleven, A. M., back again. Without meaning it, Mr. Weed had given me a dodge at the outset. It looked as if he were under the influence that ruled Macbeth, when he said to his adversary, "Of all men else have I avoided thee."

"Is Mr. Weed in the hotel?" I asked at the office of the Astor House, which I reached by five the same afternoon.

"He is talking with some gentlemen in the rotunda," was the answer.

"Point him out to me?" I said to a waiter, for I had never seen him.

He did so, and I approached a very tall man, of middle age, who turned as I sounded his name.

"I would like an hour's conversation with you this evening," I said, addressing him, "on important business."

He peered curiously in my face, and looked as if he wondered who the deuce I could be.

I didn't mean to tell him, then.

"Let me see," he replied, gazing at me all the time, "I have not dined yet."

"Will you be at leisure by eight o'clock?" I inquired.

He meditated a moment, but curiosity predominated.

"Yes, you will find me at eight o'clock."

I smiled frequently, whilst eating my own dinner, at thinking what a dose awaited the unsuspecting Editor of the *Evening Journal*. I had to swallow mine when flat on my back in an Italian prison. He can bolt his with the best wine of the Astor House to wash it down, whilst drinking to the victory of his own candidate for Governor.

"I have come rather before my time," I said apologetically, as I entered Mr. Weed's parlor. I thought it best to come earlier than expected, lest he might be out of the way.

"Don't mention it," he said, pleasantly offering me a chair, "I am very glad to see you."

"You may be less so when you hear my name is Wikoff."

"Wikoff!" he ejaculated, and nearly dropped the poker he was approaching the fire with, "Indeed!" he continued, staring at me in astonishment.

"Yes, I have called on you, Mr. Weed, to ask why you did not do as much for me when you were in Genoa, and I was in prison, before publishing a defamatory statement."

Mr. Weed poked the fire unmercifully—hemmed—asked me if I wouldn't prefer sitting on the sofa—or if I liked a rocking-chair best, and he offered me his own.

I saw he was dreadfully put to it, and to give him time to recover, and get his wits to rights, I went on rattling about Genoa, Miss Gamble, myself, himself, and the wonderful account he had given of the whole matter. I was perfectly cool, courteous, and secretly amused. By this time Richard was himself again. He got down into a corner of the sofa near to me; his face was flushed, but his agitation was inward, for externally he was calm. I had been analyzing him whilst talking. His manner was soft and conciliatory. Subtle men are said to have this peculiarity. His face had an agreeable aspect, but his eye troubled me considerably. It was difficult to see it at all, for his eyebrow was heavy and bushy, and he

could let it down like a curtain, until the organ was nearly invisible.

I'll make him open his eyes before we part, I mentally resolved.

"I assure you," said Mr. Weed, in an expostulating tone, "I never dreamt the little story I wrote home about it would go beyond Albany."

"It might not, if it had been written with less skill."

Mr. Weed was not insensible to compliment, I saw, for he "grinned a ghastly smile" at the allusion to his ability.

He then began talking of Miss Gamble, and I soon penetrated his tactics. He was misled by my manner. Seeing I was not at all angry, he thought he could dandle me into a pliant mood, by repeating all the flattering things Miss Gamble had said. I affected to give way to his soothing treatment, for he would be less on his guard if he thought I had fallen into his trap.

"I assure you," he said in a purring way, "she showed the liveliest interest for you—almost talked of you with tears in her eyes—read over to me all your letters—which were admirably written."

I smiled, that he might think he was *doing* me.

"Yes," he went on, "she was dreadfully shocked at your being shut up in a prison."

"Well, I admit, Mr. Weed," I replied, in a gentle voice, "that I am deeply gratified at these details, which I cannot doubt, as *you* assert them. It appears, then, that Miss Gamble was really attached to me. Did she admit that she had pledged me her hand?"

"Yes, she did; but frequently expressed her doubts as to your affection for her. She wondered why you did not offer marriage in her best days, but waited till she had come in to a large fortune."

This was a sly hit, which he thought would dampen me somewhat.

"She may have said this to you," I continued, "but she always declared to my consul, Dr. Baker, and to everybody else, that I had gone stark mad about her. She valued *herself* too highly to believe her fortune alone drew me on; she knew, further, that I had a handsome salary from the English government; and she was, also, aware that I had abandoned for her another match, with a large fortune. It is idle, though, to discuss these matters now. What I want to say, is"——

"Do you know," persisted Mr. Weed, hoping to soften me this time effectually, "that I should not be astonished if it ended in a marriage yet? I always thought so, and said as much to Miss Gamble."

"What did she reply?"

"She smiled, but said nothing to the contrary."

"It was then the best thing," I declared; "but now it is too late. By-the-by, you have not told me yet why you published her story, without coming to hear mine."

"Haven't I?" he returned, apparently surprised. "There was a reason, at the time. Let me see."

He pulled away at his cigar, and looked up and down in search of some ingenious pretext.

"There ought to be a good reason, Mr. Weed," I remarked; for both as a Journalist and a just man, it was blamable to publish an *ex-parte* statement. "If you had only come to me"——

"Oh! I remember," he resumed, "what prevented me. I had nearly forgotten it."

"What was it?" I asked, really curious.

"Yes, *that* was it. I knew there was something;" and he jumped up and put his back to the fire, as though he wished to warm up his idea before dishing it.

"Well?" I queried.

"Why, in short, I was told that you relied on the British government for protection, and that you didn't care about having anything to do with Americans."

Bravissimo! I cried to myself; Talleyrand himself could not have done better. If I had allowed myself to be disarmed by this absurdity, he would have had an excuse for the public, and a quietus for me.

"It is strange," I replied, with the utmost gravity, "that a man of your sagacity was so easily misled; for you knew that the champion of Miss Gamble was the British Consul, whilst the U. S. Consul, Dr. Baker, was my sole defender. From this, it appears that *you* took the British side of the question."

"Well, I may be mistaken," said the hardened politician, not in the least abashed to find his rocket fly back in his own face.

"But let me ask you a question or so," I continued, "about the famous 'abduction.' What did Miss Gamble tell you about that?"

"Not a word to your discredit," replied Mr. Weed; and off he went again on the soothing tack. "She said distinctly that you were not guilty of the smallest indelicacy in word or act."

"Why, you don't say so!" quoth I, this time greatly astonished.

"Indeed I do," he continued. "She said that she never had the least apprehension of any personal violence."*

I have got you in a tight place at last, methinks, was my inward reflection.

"That is *very* important, Mr. Weed," I remarked aloud. "Are you *sure* that your recollection serves you faithfully?"

"I can't be mistaken in *that*," he replied; "for I wrote down all she said the moment I left her, and while it was all fresh in my mind."

* Mr. Weed has stated this to others, as will be shown.

"That is all I want," I said in a tone of satisfaction; "if Miss Gamble told you I treated her with deference, then, I am satisfied. Indeed, her going to sleep at the 'Iron Crown,' under my protection, after leaving my apartment, is proof enough of my previous good behavior. What did she say about that?"

"She admitted it, but I don't recollect exactly what she"—

"Well, never mind," I said carelessly; for I thought it best not to push him too hard. I therefore changed my ground at once. "Did anybody urge you into writing against me, Mr Weed?" I asked.

"I think not," he said, looking rather puzzled.

"I was told that Miss ———, had a hand in it."

"No, for I saw her at Florence, and after I left Genoa."

"How did you like Italy, Mr. Weed?"

"Very much, indeed."

"I dare say you found Rome the most interesting place of all?"

"I think on the whole it was. By-the-by I should mention an amusing thing that occurred there connected with you."

"Ah!"

"Yes, Mr. Cass got me a private audience of the Pope, and as we were driving there together, he turned round to me and said, 'Do you know why I wanted you to see the Pope? An old friend of mine has got into trouble at Genoa, and I wish you to ask the Pope to intercede for him with the King of Sardinia,' and then he began to relate your affair. 'Bless my soul!' I exclaimed, 'why didn't you tell me that before. I can't speak to the Pope in his favor, for I have taken up the other side, and written a full account of it home.' 'What,' said Mr. Cass, quite taken aback, 'was it you who wrote that?' and so the subject dropped between us, and the Pope escaped the intended application."

"At that time," I returned. "But Mr. Cass is not the man to give up his point, or abandon a countryman in distress. He went to the Pope himself about the matter. But I will not detain you longer, this evening, Mr. Weed," I said, rising, for we had been talking over an hour.

"I have a little engagement on hand," he observed, no doubt anxious to get me off.

"I have brought you a copy of my book, as far as it is printed," I observed, handing it to him. "Read it over, that you may see how dreadfully you have slandered me. Here is your own publication, too, in a Paris Journal, copied from a London one. Compare them together, and I will drop in on you to-morrow, to hear what you think of it. At what hour shall I find you?"

Mr. Weed looked as though I was treating the matter very methodically, but he answered—

"Well, I shall be in at about two o'clock."

"I shall not fail," I said, bidding him good night. "Pray, do not come out. I know the way."

How polite people are apt to be when they have done you a wrong.

I was content with my first interview with Mr. Thurlow Weed. His manner clearly indicated that he found himself in an uncomfortable position, and he made admissions that surprised me beyond measure. His verbal declarations were in flagrant contradiction to his written statement, and I was at a loss to account for it. Both could not be true. He seemed disposed, as I thought, to do me justice, and when he reads over my history of the affair, supported by such conclusive testimony, he will not scruple, I concluded, to retract his calumnies, and express his regrets. I was pleased to think I should have no difficulty with him, though I had been advised, as a matter of policy, to sue him. Sue him for libel, said many of my friends,

and that will give more notoriety than ever to your book, and enlarge its sale. Others said, Don't see him, but write to him. If he commit himself on paper, you have him at greater advantage.—Be on your guard, or he will get the whip-hand of you in some way. I felt the wisdom of these prudential suggestions, but the truth is, I always believed that Mr. Weed had either given way to his prejudices, or been misled by Miss Gamble. I had no disposition, therefore, to harass him with a libel suit, or to lay any snares for him ; but I determined to use what little tact I was master of, to draw him into an acknowledgment of his fault, which I hoped his own sense and good feeling would not resist. In that case I would be satisfied with a few lines of apology. It was in this humor that I returned, on December 2, at two o'clock to the Astor House. I encountered, on entering, one of its proprietors, the energetic Stetson, whom I had not met since my return. After a word or two of mutual greeting, I congratulated him on the Astor House maintaining its ground against the splendid rival establishments, lately sprung up, that were making New York the wonder of the world.

"Oh! yes," he said, rubbing his hands, "we are getting on as well as ever ; and in spite of all their gilding, where's the hotel to surpass this in design, extent, or convenience?"

"You are right," I replied ; "for there's a solid magnificence about the Astor House that, like Shakespeare's fame, 'is not for a day, but for all time.'"

I found Mr. Weed in his room, waiting for me. He was a good deal steadier in manner than the previous evening, and he was evidently better prepared to shape things to his liking, rather than, perhaps, to my interest.

"Well, Mr. Weed, have you read the book?" I began.

"I have been so much occupied," he replied, "that I have only had time to look over a few pages."

This was very shrewd on his part, for he got rid of giving an opinion, by pretending not to have read the book. However, I meant to follow him up closely to-day.

"What do you think of it as far as you have gone?"

"Why," he said, trying to look very innocent, "I don't see that the facts related by you differ very much from those given by Miss Gamble. The discrepancies are not very serious, and, in short, it is pretty much the same story."

I couldn't help admiring the calm assurance of this veteran dissembler; but I was not to be discomfited so easily.

"They are so far the same," I replied, "that the hero and heroine of both are Miss Gamble and myself; but in all else, they are as wide as the poles asunder. In your statement, there are *many events fully detailed that never occurred.* You say, for instance, that I followed Miss Gamble, after contriving a plot with her courier, from Turin to Genoa, at the very hour I was dining with the Sardinian Cabinet at Turin. You assert, also, that I gave the lady one dose of chloroform, and threatened another. Now, these "discrepancies" may seem trifling enough in your eyes, but they are not so in mine. Besides, the coloring you gave your version throughout was adroitly calculated to lower me in public esteem. Come, Mr. Weed, be more just and less ingenious. Can't you say something more satisfactory?"

In replying to me, he expressed himself in so many different phrases, each contradicting the other, that it put me in mind of one of Cromwell's speeches.

"Now, what do you mean by all that?" I asked, very coolly; trying, meanwhile, to look under his eye-brow.

"I mean," he said, changing his seat, "that you had the woman in your hands half-a-dozen times, and I don't understand how a man of the world like you, and a diplomatist, to boot, could let her slip out so often."

He had dropped his tone of blandishment, I saw, and was now trying the effect of an aggressive one.

"Why, I had no wish to hold her against her will," I returned; "and for that matter, I am not the first diplomatist outwitted by Miss Gamble. I would match her for stratagem against more knowing heads than mine. She has managed to get *you* into a rather awkward scrape, it appears. I don't accuse her of want of principle, but there is a *diablerie* in her disposition she cannot control. I remember she told me that sundry years ago she tormented some early admirer of hers till she resolved, out of pity, that if he asked her again, she would consent. She expected to meet him at some ball, and she made up her mind, she said, not to trifle any more. They met; and towards the close of the evening, her offended victim crossed the room to speak. 'I couldn't help it,' she declared; 'but the moment I saw him coming, I bolted in an opposite direction, and he never spoke to me again!' So you see, Mr. Weed, if you and I have both, in turn, been made a shuttlecock, it is because she cannot help it."

"That is a very striking anecdote you have related," returned Mr. Weed, wiping his spectacles, as though he wanted to see clearer and further.

"Perhaps you couldn't get on, as the matter was not to your taste," I said, returning to the book.

"On the contrary, I found it very amusing. It will sell like wild-fire, and make a great sensation. But it has a fault."

"If it had only one, I should be a lucky author. To what do you allude?"

"To a certain levity of tone that seems at war with sentiment. In a word, there is more of calculation, apparently, than feeling, in your pursuit of Miss Gamble, which leaves your reader in doubt whether it was her person, or her purse that inspired you."

"I have heard the remark before," I admitted, "and it is just. My object was simply to relate the incidents of my courtship, so much distorted, and not to reveal the hidden impulses that led to them. I would rather leave the public to judge unfavorably, than to make an exhibition of the secrets of my heart. I am not hardened enough in authorship to put a window in my breast, opening on the street. There was nothing in the struggle I have described to preclude a mutual attachment. Miss Gamble coquetted to postpone our marriage, for the love of the thing; and instead of plying her with entreaties, the usual way, I employed various *ruses* to defeat her. This was from pride and policy, and not from calculation, or a want of affection."

"Oh! I understand it now," exclaimed Mr. Weed. "You have suppressed the sentimental part, and have recorded only the lively sparring that constituted, in fact, the main part of your courtship."

"Those not unfamiliar," I explained, "with the counter-currents of the heart, know that one sign of an ardent passion in certain natures is the zest they take in contending with each other. At our age and with our characters, a sentimental courtship was out of the question; but the stolen look, the involuntary sigh, the unbidden blush, that betray love's infection, may not have been wanting in our case; but such things are not told in print. As I have written my story, I may have left myself exposed to the suspicion of mercenary motives, which I regret; but my chief aim was to vindicate myself against the disreputable acts falsely attributed to me."

"Just so," observed the stoical politician, who was more likely engrossed with some new party intrigue than edified by my dissertation on the vagaries of the crack-brained.

"Did Miss Gamble tell you, Mr. Weed," I asked abruptly, coming to the point, "that I attempted to chloroform her?"

"Yes; she said you tried it once, but only in jest. You threatened, if forced to it a second time, not to fail."

"She wished you, then, to believe that I contemplated an outrage upon her?"

"Yes," he replied; "something of that sort."

"Did she say I gave it a second time, as I threatened?"

"No."

"Then, did she leave you to infer that—that I was not 'forced' to administer a second dose?"

"I don't know," responded Mr. Weed, getting rather perplexed.

"Now, all this seems to me *somewhat* inconsistent with her telling you, as stated last night, that I acted with the greatest delicacy, and that she had not the least apprehension of personal violence. Just what she often told the United States Consul at Genoa."

"Why, yes," Mr. Weed confessed, "it is *rather* contradictory."

"And didn't it strike you so at the time, a sharp man like you?"

"Well, no," he persisted; "she worked it all into one story so ingeniously, that I didn't see the incongruity."

I thought the time had now come to make him open his eyes, if possible; so I added—

"I will tell you something, Mr. Weed, that may surprise you."

"Ah!" he said, as if quite on his guard.

"Are you aware that Miss Gamble denies that she ever said a word to you about chloroform?"

"What!" he cried, as though a thunder-bolt had hit him; and his eye-brows flew right up his forehead. He stared at me in amazement, and his eye sparkled as though his mind was suddenly illumined. I scrutinized this almost invisible feature of

his with care, and found in it the elements of his character. There was sagacity, resolution, cunning, and a dash of good nature. "What!" he repeated; "who told you this?"

"A friend of hers, lately, in London."

Mr. Weed recovered himself in a moment, and down went the eye-brows again. He meditated, and was silent. I saw I should get no more out of him, and I rose.

"Well, sir," I said, in a more decided tone than before, "what do you propose doing for me?"

"I can't say exactly," he replied, looking down at his boots, "for I have not read the book."

"How long will that take you?" I asked.

"Some two or three days."

"Keep it, then, till you have perused it, but do not let it go out of your hands."

"I promise you that."

"And, what then, Mr. Weed?"

"Why, then, when the book appears," he said, moving off towards his bed-room, "I shall say something that will be satisfactory to you."

This was another capital artifice of the Albany Machiavel, for if I had accepted his offer he would have written a pleasant paragraph or so about the book, taking care, of course, not to compromise himself, or seriously contradict the story he had once published.

"No, that will not do, Mr. Weed," I said, rather determined. "I would like you to write me a letter, at once, admitting that you disparaged me in error, and adding what regrets you please."

"Very well," he returned reluctantly, "I will try and do what I can."

"You will write to me, then?"

"I will."

"In what time?"

"In two or three days."

"That will do, and I shall be glad to let the matter drop there."

We parted on the best of terms.

"When do you leave for Albany?" I asked, returning.

"To-morrow morning, early."

"I shall not see you then again; and so good-by."

It is superfluous, I take it, to make any comment on the foregoing conversation. The stupendous contradiction in which Mr. Weed involved himself, by saying that Miss Gamble had testified to my gentle behavior towards her, after he had published her declaration that I had employed chloroform for a felonious purpose, was so palpable that I supposed he would be delighted to get out of his false position in the easy and pleasant manner I had suggested. It cannot be denied that I acted in a candid and liberal spirit in all this. I was blamed, as I said, for want of caution. I preferred yielding to my impulses, however, trusting, as I have done a hundred times, to the poet's foresight—

> "Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
> When our deep plots do fail; which should teach us
> There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

I passed the Astor House about two o'clock, next day, and thought I would look in. Sure enough, I found the sly Editor of the *Evening Journal* seated quietly in his room, up to his knees in newspapers.

"What, not gone?" I exclaimed.

"No," he said placidly, "I am waiting for the Message."

"Not read the book yet?"

"No, I am *so* busy."

"I dare say," and I sat down at his request.

We had a chat on foreign politics, and then got back to the Cuba question. I found the views of Mr. Weed those of a practical politician, but expressed with his usual hesitation, bordering at times on vagueness. "Non-committal" was so long the order of the day at Albany, that it has likely become an endemic there. I had no wish to renew our conversation on the same topic, and soon got up to go. Mr. Weed, however, made a final attempt to gain a point, and lay a "kedge to windward," as sailors say, for he remarked—

"I forgot to say that Miss Gamble told me you combined against her all the influences you could bring to bear; that you got round her old nurse, and won over several of her friends?"

"All's fair in love, Mr. Weed, as in politics, and that would be my excuse if it was so, but I did nothing of the kind. You know Miss Gamble, and must admit that a woman at her time of life, of her intellect, singular character, and vast experience in coquetry, is not to be wheedled and influenced against her will, like a girl in her teens. No, sir, that accusation is as groundless as the rest."

With that I left him, he promising to "do his duty," as he said, and I, never doubting but he would.

I wrote to him at Albany the succeeding day to say I had read over his Genoese letter of two years back, and counted no less than twenty instances of rank fabrication. I touched upon his notion of "influences" again, and ridiculed it. No answer to this. I wrote again, to request the return of my book, as my publisher was uneasy about it. The book was returned, but no letter. Several days elapsed, when I desired a legal friend to address him, but the oracle of the *Evening Journal* has given no response. This is neither courteous nor business like. I appeal to the public; I appeal to the friends of Mr. Weed; I appeal to Mr. Weed himself; am I not entitled to redress? Is this a "luxury too daring," as Milton hath it?

The above had already gone to press, when I received the following letter from Mr. Thurlow Weed, which confirms in its spirit and matter so completely my relation of the interviews with that gentleman, that all must admit its fidelity. This letter is quite a gem in its way; for whilst its apparent design is to extenuate his previous misstatement, it, in fact, reiterates unmodified its worst features. Let the reader judge for himself:

"*December* 12, 1854.

"HENRY WIKOFF, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—The unpublished volume which you handed me in New York, was remanded by Express before I found leisure to finish reading it, and I was called from home without having time to answer your letter.

"On my return, I found a letter from John B. Scoles, Esq., indicating your purpose of seeking legal address in the event of my being unable to make such voluntary reparation as you felt that you have a right to claim from me.

"I am constrained to repeat what I remarked to you in conversation, that *so far as I had proceeded* in your revelations concerning Miss Gamble, I did not discover the essential discrepancies between that lady's version to me, and that which you propose to give yourself. Her account is substantially corroborated by your narrative. But while the *facts* in the case do not materially differ, as stated by both parties, the *details and coloring very naturally leave different impressions.*

"Miss Gamble, in her conversations with me, seemed frank, unreserved, and sincere, and I certainly left her with a strong belief in the truthfulness of her statements.

"The accusation which you regard as most injurious to your reputation, and that which you are most anxious to repel, is the alleged attempt to use chloroform while Miss Gamble was in your apartment at Genoa. My recollection is, that Miss Gamble informed me that after having made a *feint* of applying chloroform, you threatened, if driven by her refusals to extremity, that you would use it in earnest. You informed me that Miss Gamble denied having made this statement. If to your denial of this accusation hers is superadded, I *am bound to believe that I misunderstood her in that particular.*

"You deny, also, that you followed Miss Gamble from Turin to Genoa, having arranged with her Courier to delay her journey. This conflicts with Miss Gamble's statement. I only know that I gave the circumstances substantially as I received them from that lady, who I am persuaded was sincere in her belief of their truth.

"Respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"THURLOW WEED."

This letter was dated December 12th, but mailed only on the 17th, and reached me on the morning of the 18th. Mr. Weed took ample time, therefore, for deliberation. I have italicised the prominent points of this singular production. Mr. Weed still keeps his hand on a back door, as it were, whence to escape should the pressure be too hard, for he speaks always of not having read the book, after retaining it for no less than five days, when only as many hours were necessary. It was his duty clearly to read it forthwith, as he was called upon for a prompt reparation, and it is strange, indeed, that he should give his final opinion before he had done so. As it is, he ventures to declare that Miss Gamble's "account is substantially corroborated by your narrative," without explaining how he made such a discovery; for in the same letter he says he returned the book before he found "leisure to finish reading it." Evidently, Mr. Weed agrees with the late Col. Stone, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who once jocosely remarked that "in this go-ahead age it was not necessary to read a book before criticising it." After all, Mr. Weed has taken the wisest course; for reluctant as he is to see the "substantial" difference between his account of Miss Gamble's remarks and my narrative, he did well to return the volume before he had "leisure" to read it. He would have done better, doubtless, to give no opinion at all in that case.

Again. Mr. Weed remarks that whilst "the facts in the case

do not materially differ, as stated by both parties, the details and colorings (as given by him), very naturally leave different impressions." The distinction here drawn between "facts" and the "details," which are not facts, I suppose, is rather too subtle for my dull comprehension. I hope Mr. Weed will explain himself more distinctly on some other occasion. He admits, however, that the "details and colorings" of his own version "leave very different impressions" from the facts "as stated by both parties." May I ask Mr. Weed why he detailed and colored Miss Gamble's statement of facts in such a way as to do me the utmost injury in his power? May I further make so bold as to inquire if the chloroform story is one of the "details" in question, and not a fact, stated by Miss Gamble? By Mr. Weed's own showing it appears he has exaggerated or "colored," if not falsified, Miss Gamble's original statement.

Once more. Carried away by his candor, Mr. Weed remarks, touching the chloroform story, "If to your denial of this accusation, hers is superadded, I am bound to believe that I misunderstood her in this particular." In other words, as Miss Gamble denies it, he apparently admits himself to be the author of this abominable invention. Now it seems to me the least he could do for propagating in this country, England and France, an imputation so ruinous and infamous as this, would be to offer a sufficient apology. Justice, principle, and feeling, all dictate it, but Mr. Weed appears insensible to their prompting. My right to reparation must, therefore, be indisputable in the public eye, and I mean to claim it at the hands of an Albany Jury. I see no alternative but to prosecute Mr. Weed for libel, since he persists so obstinately in the galling wrong he has done me; but to show that my motive is not a commercial one, I hereby publicly pledge myself to devote whatever sum may be awarded for the wide damage I have sustained, to the relief of the poor of the town of Albany.

CHAPTER III.

A LAST WORD.

It only remains now to bid you a final adieu, my readers. Would that I could say, friends, for as such I would fain look upon those who have followed me unwearied through all the phases of this fitful story. Solicitous as I may be for your suffrages, still have I forborne throughout this volume seeking them by any doubtful means. If my sole object had been to screen myself from blame at any hazard, I could have unfolded more, much more, that would have added vastly to the interest of my tale, but which will remain henceforth unknown. God knows, I have received provocation enough; far more of insult and injury than I have chosen to relate; for little was it ever imagined by many parties herein named that the day of retribution would come. It is here, but it affords me now, and will hereafter, more satisfaction to spare than to strike. I would rather enjoy the calm consolation of knowing that "I am more sinned against than sinning," than to see my relentless enemies cowering under the merciless stroke of the lash I hold.

To them, and all, adieu

THE END.

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